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ILIAD OF HOMER

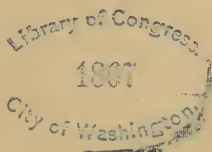
FAITHFULLY TRANSLATED

INTO

UNRHYMED ENGLISH METRE.

BY

F. W. NEWMAN.



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PREFACE.

IF such a people as the ancient Greeks were at this moment existing in the Eastern Archipelago; and if an Englishman who had resided many years among them were faithfully to describe their manners and sentiments, the state of religion and of knowledge, the organization of society, and the arts of peace and war among them;—the book would probably be a universal favourite. Homer himself has done this, and done it with native simplicity and vividness. He sets us as in the midst of the most ancient Greeks. We may disbelieve, as in a modern novel, every individual fact; yet from his poem, as from a good novel, the stranger will imbibe a perfect idea of the state of society. Homer is in truth to his reader better than the best book of travels into old Greece.

Nor only so; but by reason of the unbounded popularity of his poems with his countrymen, their influence over the Greek mind may be compared to the combined effect produced in England by the Bible and by Shakespeare. In discerning the mind of Homer,—as to its intellectual and moral tone,—we get discernment not into one Greek only, but into all the Greeks, of whom he is emphatically a noble type. In this respect, the substance of what he tells is often of less importance to us than the manner in which he tells it; and it becomes a first-rate duty of a translator to adhere closely to his manner and habit of thought, as also to his moral sentiments.

The weakest point of the Greeks, their absurd religion, has its interest and instruction in its eminently *childlike simplicity*. We see in this people (what may be called) the childish mind magnified, both as to intensity and duration; and through them we can trace step by step the wonderful changes of religious thought, from Homer to Pindar and to Plato or Aristotle: but to be familiar first with Homer, is the basis of this contemplation.

It is to be added, that this poet wrote in a stage of the national mind in which divisions of literature were not recognized. Even the distinction of prose and poetry had not yet arisen. He is alternately Poet, Orator, Historian, Theologian, Geographer, Traveller, jocose as well as serious, dramatic as well as descriptive. In this half-developed condition, each separate function is less perfectly performed than afterward; yet the work, as a whole, has charms not easily attained by anything less comprehensive. Here, however, it suffices to warn the reader not to expect, *or to wish*, Homer to be always at the same high pitch of poetry. He rises and sinks with his subject, is prosaic when it is tame, is low when it is mean. To express this suitably, we need a diction sufficiently antiquated to obtain pardon of the reader for its frequent homeliness.

The style of Homer [himself is direct, popular, forcible, quaint, flowing, garrulous, abounding with formulas, redundant in particles and affirmatory interjections, as also in grammatical connectives of time, place, and argument. In all these respects it is similar to the old English ballad, and is in sharp contrast to the polished style of Pope, Sotheby, and Cowper, the best known English translators of Homer. By general consent, Chapman's version is far more Homeric than these. In regard to diction, Dryden in part agrees with Homer, namely, in his love of strong and racy words. A

phrase can hardly be too homely for the true Epic style, if it be but energetic and graphic. Those words only are to be rejected as mean which are also weak and petty.

The problem presented to a translator is highly complicated, and he is constantly obliged to compromise. Even after he has chosen all his principles correctly, he is liable perpetually to miss in detail, from the delicacy of applying them: but if he choose his first principles wrongly, all is over: no skill can bring his work right. He may produce a splendid piece of varnish, as Pope has done; or a vigorous poem, as Chapman; but it will not so represent the original as the translation of a great poem ought. And here, the first matter of all, is, to select the metre; with which the style is intimately connected. The moral qualities of Homer's style being like to those of the English ballad, we need a metre of the same genius. It must be fundamentally musical and popular. Only those metres which, by the very possession of these qualities, are liable to degenerate into doggerel, are suitable to reproduce the ancient Epic. To say this, is to say, that our metre must be composed of systems of either *four* or *three* beats; for it is of such lines that English ballads or *ditties* are composed. Indeed, musicians tell us that all simple melodies are formed in eight bars,—even what is called “the subject” in the most complicated pieces of Mozart or Beethoven. I imagine that the “Long Metre” of our Hymn Books,—(the metre of Walter Scott, by far the most Homeric of our poets,)—is in fact founded on this musical principle; while our “Common Metre” is the same, with merely “a rest” at the end. How naturally one generates the other, is seen in Scott's own practice, who intermingles lines of three beats as a sort of *close* to those of four. The same thing appears in Greek anapæsts, which close with a “parœmiac” verse. Indeed the Homeric line itself is composed of two shorter lines, with

three beats in each,* and is undoubtedly founded on "ditty" or sing-song, like our own ballad. On the contrary, the verse with five accents, which Pope, Cowper, Sotheby use, is adapted only to the terse, polished, oratorical or philosophical poetry of a cultivated age. In such a metre (and peculiarly without rhyme) a high subject is necessary, and an artificial, if not an ornamental, style: even with tender sentiments, simplicity in it is not easily borne, unless there is something elevated or rare in the thoughts; while to be homely and prosaic, even for a few lines, is offensive. Shakespeare knew this so well, that he chooses rather to break into plain prose, than put common thought into five-foot metre. Indeed with this metre the instinct of every translator at once sacrifices as inadmissible all the repetitions of epithets, half lines and whole lines, which so characterize the Greek epic. So glaring a proof of the incongruity of their form might have suggested that the mischief must go far deeper, and that they sacrifice inner qualities of the original life, as well as external badges. The affinity of the five-foot metre for Latinized words, which the ballad rejects, is another criterion which of the two is suitable to the Epic; for the entire dialect of Homer being essentially archaic, that of a translation ought to be as much Saxon-Norman as possible, and owe as little as possible to the elements thrown into our language by classical learning.

These considerations convinced me *à priori* that the English metre fitted to translate Homer's hexameter must be a long line composed of two short ones, having each either *three* beats or *four* beats. The nature of our syntax, which habitually begins sentences with unaccented words, (such as And, Or, If, But, For, When, &c.), farther proved to me that

* Those who take interest in this subject, may find an elaborate analysis of it by my learned and acute colleague, Professor Malden, in a paper read before the Philological Society of London, March 1852.

the line must not be constrained to begin with an accent, as in the metres which we call Trochaic. It remained to inquire what should be its *compass*; and a series of trials showed, that it was best to compose the line of *four* beats added to *three*. Many passages of Homer can be got into an "Alexandrine," that is, into three and three; but I found that, first, this could not be kept up systematically, without becoming too terse; whereas the genius of Homer is to be loose and expansive: secondly, my metre could not be right, unless it would render also the polished hexameter of epigrams and epitaphs; but while "four and three" had compass enough for this, the "three and three" often failed entirely; next, I found that many even of the Homeric lines by no compression could be brought into the Alexandrine, and that beauty and effect was sometimes largely lost if it was impossible to render line by line; lastly, no long trial made it certain to me that the monotony of the Alexandrine is unendurable in a long poem, since the first part of the line has no facility of various subdivision. Such were the general arguments which forced me to believe *four beats* and *three beats* to give the elementary solution of my problem.

But, beside this, I held it as an axiom that rhyme must be abandoned. Even to Chapman, with his Homeric genius, and a metre fundamentally good, it was impossible to let the Englishman know what Homer had said, and not obtrude on him what was Chapman's own: for, the exigencies of rhyme positively forbid faithfulness. Yet on abandoning rhyme, to which our ears are accustomed in the popular ballad, I found an unpleasant void, until I gave a double ending to the verse, *i. e.*, one (unaccented) syllable more than our Common Metre allows. Having attained this result by an exhaustive process of argument and experiment, I found with pleasure that I had exactly alighted on the metre which the modern Greeks adopt

for the Homeric hexameter, ever since they have abandoned the musical principle of *quantity* (or Time) as determining metre, and have betaken themselves to *accent*. Thus, while our Common Metre has

The queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
and weeps the weary day;

my metre, as the modern Greek epic, runs:—

They hied to go, as lions twain,
amid the nightly darkness,
O'er carcases and dusky gore,
through weapons and through carnage.

At the same time, I have occasionally varied the division, so as to throw a syllable more to the end of the first part; thus:

By far the wisest of the augurs,
Calchas, son of Thestor.

It need hardly be said, that the printing of such a couplet into a single line is merely for compactness. They still remain essentially two in one; and until all readers are skilful in metre, it is safer to exhibit to the eye their duality, which my page is broad enough generally to allow.

I am not so rash as to say that if *freedom* be given to rhyme, as in Walter Scott's poetry,—where the echo comes back sometimes in one, sometimes in two or even three, four lines,—a genius may not arise, who will translate Homer into the melodies of Marmion, and produce a faithful and far more delightful poem than can ever come forth out of the principles on which I proceed. But such geniuses are rare, and they generally prefer to employ themselves on original poetry. Sir Walter Scott, I believe, *might* have translated Homer nobly, as far as his talents were concerned; but his very genius forbade him. At the same time, in many passages it is of much value

to render the original line by line. To illustrate the principle, let the English reader consider the following stanza of Byron :

The horrid crags by toppling convent crown'd,
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
 The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
 The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
 The vine on high, the willow-branch below,
 Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

Manifestly, it would be better to translate these lines into prose, than into a metre which ran one line into another ; and a translator who had to turn these *nine* lines into *twelve* (or into six couplets,) would inevitably ruin the passage, whatever in other respects his skill. This is an extreme case ; yet the principle holds in Homer also. A stereotype Homeric line, which recurs again and again, must of course be completed in one line of the English ; as for instance, book i, 43, 68, 73, 84, 130, &c. (and by the way, here also, rhyme is a fatal embarrassment) ; but, as one specimen out of many, I may refer to the four lines, book i, 436—439, to show how desirable it may sometimes be to render line by line ; at which for the most part I aim.

But I on no account tie myself slavishly to such a rule. I abandon it whenever the material is unfavourable. The English reader will discover the fact by the numbers added to the lines, which numbers are taken from the *Greek* text, and are intended to facilitate reference. They will show that five lines of the Greek often go into four lines of English, especially in the battle scenes, and in other passages where a large number of inevitable Saxon monosyllables replace longer Greek words.

In adopting the more antiquated style suitable to the sub-

ject, no English model can be followed; the attempt would cripple the translator and give no pleasure to the reader. Our real old ballad-writers are too poor and mean to represent Homer, and are too remote in diction from our times to be popularly intelligible. It is requisite for a translator to form his own style. I generally adhere to the principle which Aristotle commended in Euripides, as contrasted with Æschylus, viz., to use little strange diction, but impart elevation by the mode of combining known words. I am not concerned with the *historical* problem, of writing in a style which actually existed at an earlier period of our language; but with the *artistic* problem of attaining a plausible aspect of moderate antiquity, while remaining easily intelligible. Now, in doing this, I alight on the delicate line which separates the *quaint* from the *grotesque*. I ought to be quaint; I ought not to be grotesque. Yet no two persons will agree, as to where the one ends and the other begins; and in judging concerning a series of words, he who is for excluding one, and for retaining another, finds his decision to be precisely reversed by his neighbour. This is a difficulty which I cannot avoid. Unless I sacrifice a serious portion of my available vocabulary,—good Saxon words, which only a false taste counts ignoble,—I *must* retain many which one or other will avow that “he hates”; and against hate it is useless to argue. The nature of the case makes me calculate, that even the man who most thoroughly agrees with my general principles, will differ with me about special words; for certain words have different associations and different recent histories with special minds.

If any one wholly dislikes my translation, he has his easy remedy,—to keep aloof from it. But if any one accepts it as a whole, let him not think that he does a service to me or to the world by expressing his own distaste for special words, without suggesting better. For suggestions in detail, I shall be

thankful ; and readers can always introduce their own improvements, for their own comfort, in their private copy of the book.

Although the *structure* of my sentences is antiquated, I venture on but few such *words* as Thomson in his "Castle of Indolence," or even on some used by Walter Scott : and the inversions which I employ are less Latinized than those of Milton. My inversions are not mere metrical expedients, but necessities of the style ; partly, to attain *antiquity* and elevation, partly for *emphasis* or for variety, and to break the prosaic effect of compound tenses with auxiliary verbs. Indeed, in all lively conversation we use far more inversion than in the style of essay-writing ; putting the accusative before the verb, beginning a sentence with a predicate or with a negative, and in other ways approaching to the old style, which is truly native to every genuine Englishman.

The desire of reviewers to deprive our language of its poetical resources is wonderful. Since the above was written, I have read in two highly respectable reviews praise of a modern poet for *not* deviating from the prosaic order of words ! This is an ascription of merit, which would have surprized Sophocles, Virgil, or even Terence, as much as Milton or Pope. The effort to obliterate everything in diction and style which distinguishes poetry from prose, legitimately culminates into Mr. Thomas Carlyle's wish, that men would discard metre, and speak in honest prose.

In regard to grammar, I have used several old-fashioned formulas, but I am aware of only one peculiarity which needs explanation ; viz., after the particle *than*, if a pronoun ends the clause, I have uniformly employed what is called the accusative. In modern style, our classical scholars at an early period introduced from Latin a principle which seems to me essentially unpopular, viz., to end a clause with *than he*, *than thou*, *than she*, &c., where they think a nominative is needed : yet

they confess their despair of introducing *than who*; a circumstance which convinces me that their whole effort has been mistaken. In fact, they have intruded on us an ugly and gratuitous irregularity, in bidding us to say *than whom* in a sentence where they would forbid *than him*. Their argument, based on the doctrine of supplying ellipses, is fallacious. It would condemn a Frenchman for saying *meilleur que moi* and an Englishman for saying *the book is mine*. I cannot listen to unsophisticated English talk, without being convinced that in old English the words *me*, *thee*, *him*, &c., are not merely accusatives, but are also the isolated form of the pronoun, like *moi*, *toi*, *lui*. In reply to the question, "Who is there?" every English boy or girl answers *Me*, until he or she is scolded into saying *I*. In modern prose the Latinists have prevailed; but in a poetry which aims to be antiquated and popular, I must rebel. If any one insists on my quoting some precedent, I call Southey to my aid (a man very particular about his English), who in his "*Thalaba*" says, "He must be a stronger *than thee*, who would break this thread of mine." After all, those readers who cannot bear *than thee*, *than him*, &c., in my lines, must alter them to *than thou*, *than he*.

In regard to pronunciation, our language has undergone a change not dissimilar to that of passing from old Ionic to the later Attic Greek, by a clipping of the sounds, partly by the slurring over of a vowel. We have also shown a tendency to throw the accent to an earlier syllable of a word, as the contemporaries of Aristophanes said *trópaion*, *hómoios*, for the older *tropáion*, *homóios*. All such trisyllabic compounds as *sea-coursing*, *prize-bearing*, are with me accented on the second syllable, and not in modern fashion on the first: so too I pronounce *medicínal*, as in Milton. Again, to be congruous with the older style, I endeavour to keep up the more elongated pronunciations. Thus with *me*, ordinarily such words as

heaven, tower, bower, are of two syllables; *towering, murderous, venison, numerous, threatenest, Ilium, Danaï, chariot, wearied, furious, gorgeous*, are three in the metre; *outrageous, laborious, Saturnius, Olympian*, are generally four syllables. In five-foot metre such words would commonly be clipt, so as virtually to lose a syllable. The more deliberate pronunciation is not only more antiquated, but also has intrinsically something of pomp in it; and is thus on both grounds better adapted to the Epic: yet I scarcely ever follow Shakespeare into making two syllables of the final *-tion* of nouns, which, to say the truth, I find it hard to pronounce without seeming to myself affected. Where the older spelling (as *warriour* for *warrior*) suggests elongation, I have thought it better to retain it. I also spell *highth* as in Milton, partly for antiquity, partly for its analogy to *width, breadth, length*; though I suspect that *heighth* is more correct still.

The participle in *-ed* is often used by me at full;—a pronunciation which is still familiar to us in reading the Bible. Thus *hanged* in book i, 40, is of two syllables. It is not requisite to print with a grave accent (as, *hangèd*), since I write an apostrophe for this *e* when it is elided. Except indeed, that I too late observe,—I have *not* printed such words as “*weari’d*,” “*hurri’d*,” with apostrophes when they are dissyllabic; hence we need “*wearièd*,” “*hurrièd*,” when they are trisyllabic. This ambiguity will occasionally need attention on the part of the reader.

Universally, he is requested to allow no “*e* mute” in proper names, except in those which have become naturalized with us, as *Jove, Thebes, Rhodes*. Thus *Thebe, Rhode, Rhene*, will be pronounced with two syllables, *Athène* with three, *Eurýbates* with four. *Eu* is a diphthong, as in *Theseus, Atreus, Bríareus, Idómeneus*, except when the letters are separated by dots, as in *Eüsórus*. The same remark

applies to *au*, as in Naubolus and Meneläus.—Some attention is requisite to the Greek diphthongs *ai* and *oi*. These were probably sounded in old Greek as by us in *aye* and *boy*; and so we pronounce them at school. But the Romans transcribed them into *ae* and *oe*, which perhaps originally did not denote any change of sound. Afterwards, it seems, both nations narrowed the pronunciation, nearly as the modern Germans have done. Finally, the Italians have generally corrupted both diphthongs into a simple *e*, and so the English vulgarly sound them, by which we have made Caisar (Kaisar) into Sezar! Our printers have aided the obliteration of the *a* and the *o*, by printing *æ*, *œ*, instead of *ae*, *oe*. I am not sorry that my printer, mistaking my directions, has alternately used both methods, as in Mycenæ and Mycenæ. This is a case in which uniformity seems to me a sort of vice; for it inculcates error; as if there were some difference between the two. In Homer and Æschylus we may probably infer that *ai* had a broad sound, from the facility with which it is dissolved. Thus the same word is either one syllable, as *païs*, or two syllables, *païs*;—as *Achaia* in three syllables, or *Achâïa* in four. If the reader will take my advice, he will always sound *ae* (æ, ai) and *oe* (œ, oi) as in our words *aye* and *boy*; he will then feel the transition from Achæans (Achaians), Troians, to Achâïans, Trôïans, natural enough.

It is often an inconvenience to my metre, that some of the Latin names of gods, which we generally adopt, are shorter than the Greek. I have found advantage in retaining the Greek names Aphrodite and Ares, instead of the Latin, Venus and Mars. I have also kept Athene, Artemis, Hermeas, or Hermes, chiefly because their identification with Minerva, Diana, Mercurius, is imperfect: also indeed, to retain the similarity of Athene to Athens. The Minerva of the Romans and Etruscans was not a martial goddess, an Amazon, like the

Greek Athene, but the patroness of female manual accomplishments and of boys' schools. Indeed, Apollo of the *Iliad* is not (as among the after Greeks) the god of the sun, nor Artemis goddess of the moon. The poet does not once name Delos, and in book iv, 101, he calls Apollo "Lycia-born";—though his meaning is not undisputed. The Latin Diana seems to be the same word as the Homeric Dione (b. v, 370), which again is the Greek *Zenone* or Latin *Junone*; and in all, it probably means, the Queen of Heaven. Two or more mythologies have run together in each country.

In all languages, perhaps, poetry must either take liberties with proper names, or paraphrase and evade them. The latter method is suitable for a polished and artificial style, but is totally opposed to the Homeric genius. Unable to use this device, I feel myself more free to do as Homer himself does, viz., vary the pronunciation of his names. Even Pope says at pleasure Merion and Meriones, Protesilas and Protesilaüs, besides such improprieties as Briäreüs, Echépolus, and others. Achilleus and Achileus come alike to Homer; I wish too late that I had always written Achilleus for Achilles. Other slight varieties will readily explain themselves.

A few remarks here on the problem presented to a translator seem to me the more needful, because some reviewers of my translation of Horace's Odes laid down as axioms (to which they assumed my agreement), principles which I regard to be utterly false and ruinous to translation. One of these is, that the reader ought, if possible, to forget that it is a translation at all, and be lulled into the illusion that he is reading an original work. Of course a necessary inference from such a dogma is, that whatever has a foreign colour is undesirable and is even a grave defect. The translator, it seems, must carefully obliterate all that is characteristic of the original, unless it happen to be identical in spirit to something

already familiar in English. From such a notion I cannot too strongly express my intense dissent. I aim at precisely the opposite;—to retain every peculiarity of the original, so far as I am able, *with the greater care, the more foreign it may happen to be*,—whether it be matter of taste, of intellect, or of morals. And as regards the dogma itself, it seems to me about as reasonable as to say, that if a draughtsman executes drawings of Greek statuary, he should aim to pass the drawings off as actual statuary, or as something original from an English hand. Nay, but he distinctly wishes it never to be forgotten that he is imitating, and imitating in a different material. So also the English translator should desire the reader always to remember that his work is an imitation, and moreover is in a different material; that the original is foreign, and in many respects extremely unlike our native compositions.

Again: an original poet aims at attaining the highest excellence in various kinds,—as in sublimity, in beauty, in taste, &c. But a translator must by no means so set his aim; for his first duty is a historical one: to be *faithful*, exactly as is the case with the draughtsman of the Elgin Marbles. I do not say that he is bound to reproduce every petty defect, even defects which are not characteristic or any way essential. But he has a general duty of telling truth concerning the original, which is the more urgent upon him, the higher are its intrinsic merits; and this duty hinders his aiming at other or more excellence than he actually finds in the original.—And because I say this, I have been alleged to hold that the problem of the translator is wholly *industrial*! Just as much industrial as that of Mr. Scharf, in his beautiful drawings of the Lycian and Assyrian sculptures. Certainly, on the one hand, he would not try so to draw them, that an Englishman should fancy they were English sculptures; nor, on the other

hand, would he try to give them those forms, which he himself thought intrinsically most beautiful. But I believe he would be greatly surprized, at being told, that, if he aimed at faithfulness, he must be content henceforward no longer to be called an artist, but only an industrial mechanic.

Nor is it wholly useless here to protest, that I have not the remotest idea of "aiming to reproduce the melodies of Homer," which in the case of Horace has been most gratuitously ascribed to me. Such an aim would seem to me to prove that a translator did not understand his own materials. An accentual metre, in a language loaded with consonants, cannot have the *same sort* of sounding beauty as a quantitative metre in a highly vocalized language. It is not audible sameness of metre, but a likeness of *moral genius* which is to be aimed at. A metre which in the original has antiquated, musical, dignified associations, must be represented in a translation by a metre of like character; what is light, merry, whimsical, must be represented by the light, merry, and whimsical; and so on. But whether this reproduction will be best effected by aiming at any near likeness (or analogy) to the metrical form of the original, is a secondary question of experiment.

Necessitated, as a translator of Homer (in my opinion) is, to adopt a more or less antiquated style, I farther think he may respectfully claim the same sort of forbearance (I might almost call it humility) in criticism, which is habitually used to old writings, and to dialects which differ from our own: that is to say,—He must be tried, not by the current *relative* standard, but by one far more *absolute*. In the present day, so intensely mechanical is the apparatus of prose-composition, —when editors and correctors of the press desire the uniform observance of some one rule (never mind what, so that you find it in the "standard" grammar),—every deviation is

resented as a vexatious eccentricity; and in general it would appear, that dry perspicuity is the only excellence for which the grammarian has struggled. Every expression which does not stand the logical test, however transparent the meaning, however justified by analogies, is apt to be condemned; and every difference of mind and mind, showing itself in the style, is deprecated. On the contrary, how do we behave to an old or to a foreign writer? We invent "figures of Rhetoric," to explain or to apologize for his peculiarities. His phrases are called Synecdoche, or Catachresis, or Metonymy; but if they are clearly intelligible, and not intrinsically unpleasing, we never condemn them barely because they are not scientifically accurate, or because *we* should not so express ourselves, whether in flat prose or in modern polished versification.

Returning from questions of style to the substance of the poem, I must beg the reader to remark, that Homer has no one name for the Greek nation collectively, who afterwards called themselves *Hellènes*. With him the Hellenes are a single tribe, a part of the kingdom of Achilles. The name *Achaïans* is peculiarly, but not exclusively, applied by him to the people of Southern Greece, *i. e.*, the Peloponnesus or Morea: and when he desires to speak most comprehensively, he says Pan-Achaïans, and once Pan-Hellenes. (*Pan* means All.) *Argos* with him is not only a city in the southern peninsula, where Diomed was king, but is likewise a city or district in Thessaly, which he names *Pelasgian Argos* for distinction. Nevertheless Argos (or with an epithet, *Achaïan Argos*) is also used by him more widely for the kingdom of Agamemnon (as book ii, 108), whether he meant the whole Peloponnesus, or rather, the district historically called Argolis. However, the result is, that he employs Achaïans and Argives almost indiscriminately for the people over whom Agamemnon's direct and indirect power extended. A third

name, *Danaï* is also used in the same sense; but this appears essentially poetical and mythological. The Argives are so called, as connected with the mythical hero Danaüs.

Homer's doctrine concerning Pelops and his descendants was far less developed than that of the Greek tragedians. I suppose him to have believed, with the later Greeks, that Pelops, grandsire of Agamemnon (book ii, 105) established the new dynasty at Mycenæ, where Perseus and his race had previously reigned: yet he does not give to the Morea its Greek historical name, Peloponnesus (island of Pelops), but calls it Apia (book i, 269), or land of Apis. This Apis, according to later writers, was a prince of Argos, and son of Phoroneus: he must not be confounded with the Egyptian Apis. To dwell on the peculiarity of the Homeric representations in these and similar matters, is work for an ample treatise, the materials for which already abound in our own language. But probably no one will read such a book, or will care for the discussions of Grote, Thirlwall, and Mure, unless he has *previously* acquired a deep interest in the old Greek nation; and that can only be *after* and *through* the perusal of Homer.

I have myself been urged to this labour of translation, by a belief that our countrymen will never become familiar with the old civilized world, and feed on the instruction which its contrast to ourselves suggests, except by entering through the gate of Homer: and, to enable them to do this, we need a translation executed on the principles rather of a daguerreotypist, than of a fashionable portrait-painter. The translator must not seek to "idealize" the *Iliad*, but to impart to the English reader (as nearly as he is able) the means of *judging for himself* what the true Homer really was. (In all the above, when I say Homer, I mean the poet of *the Iliad*: I have no conviction at all, that the *Odyssey* is from the same author.)

But if once we succeed with Homer, it will have been but a beginning: nearly all the best Greek poetry may then soon become known through English. With the very same objects, I attempted the translation of Horace's Odes,—a book which has the great advantage of compactness. I now more distinctly feel that the English language may cope with even the choral songs of Æschylus, and perhaps with every serious Greek poet except Pindar.

GLOSSARY.

SOME readers may not be sorry to have under their eyes a list of the more antiquated or rarer words which I have employed.

A.

An, grant; if.
Any gait, at all events.
Ay, yes.
Aye, always.

B.

Bale, severe harm.
Beeve, ox, cow, &c.
Behight, stipulate, definitely name, promise.—*Behest*, a promise, definite statement.
Beknow, recognize.
Berob, to plunder a person.
Bestray, partic. *bestraught*, to torment; for *Bestretch*, to rack?
Betoss, toss about.
Beweep, weep for.
Bonny, handsome.
Bragly, braw, proudly fine.
Bulkin, calf.
Buxom, pliant, supple.

C.

Callant, a young man.
Canny, clever, wellomened, sagacious.
Choler, anger.

D.

Dapper, pretty, neat.
Doughty, redoubted, formidable.

E.

Eke, also.
Eld, old age.
Emprize, enterprize.
Erst, originally, formerly.
Eyen, eyes.

F.

Fain, glad, gladly.
Fell, a mountain. (Cumberl.)

G.

Gramsome, direful.
Gride, cut gratingly.
Grisly, horrible.

H.

Hend, catch; *Overhend*, overtake, overpower.
Hie, go, speed.
Hight, named.
Hurly, hubbub.
Hurtle, scuffle, bustle.

K.

Ken, to espy, to take cognizance.

L.

Lea, *Ley*, pasture ground.
Leech, surgeon.
Lief, willing.

Liketh (it), pleaseth.

List, to wish.

Lusty, vigorous.

M.

Mote, meeting, assembly.

N.

Noisome, annoying.

Noyance, mischief.

P.

Pight, built (*i.e.* pegged? cf. *Lat.* Pago, &c.)

Plump, a mass.

Proper, one's own.

R.

Raid, a hostile inroad.

Ravin, prowl after booty.

Rieve, plunder, ravish, bereave.

S.

Sake, cause.

Scan, to measure, count by measuring.

Scathe, to harm.

Shrive.—I have used the verb to *Shrive* in what I supposed to be its broad meaning, viz. "to care for, or tend," the dying or dead. Its Saxon representative *Scrifan*

seems to justify this view; but I find that our English dictionaries limit the word to Hearing Confession.

Sith, inasmuch as.

Sithence, ever since.

Skirl, to cry shrilly.

Spank, to stretch and stride, as a horse.

Spell, to analyze.

Syne (time?), *Long syne*, long ago.

T.

Teem, to empty out, to pour abundantly; *Beteem*, to bring forth abundantly.

Tire, woman's headdress (also, the iron hoop of a wheel.

Trow (I), trust, (I) make sure.

Troth, faith.

Tryst, to meet in rendezvous.

Venison, any wild game.

W.

Whilom, once upon a time, &c.

Wis, *Wit*, *Weet* (I), know.

Ween, I opine.

Welkin, clouds.

Wend, go, proceed.

Wight, living, vigorous; *A Wight*, a living thing.

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CORRIGENDA.

- Page 2, line 50, *for* huddling *read* sprightly.
Page 12, line 380, *for* also *read* for.
Page 14, line 470, *for* were *read* was.
Page 56, line 386, *for* Took *read* Shook.
Page 59, line 28, should end with a full stop.
Page 63, line 167, *for* flout *read* flaunt.
Page 124, line 334, *for* high *read* nigh.
Page 151, line 241, *for* prow's *read* poops'.
Page 154, line 359, *for* Shall *read* Shalt.
Page 222, line 239, *for* Thus *read* This.
Page 255, Note, *for* "so Tartarus" *read* "for Tartarus."
Page 323, line 197, *for* the noble *read* thy noble.
Page 391, line 59, *for* of *read* of the.
Page 416, line 79, *for* of the *read* of.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK I.

OF Peleus' son, Achilles, sing, oh goddess, the resentment
Accursed, which with countless pangs Achaia's army wounded,
And forward flung to Aïdes full many a gallant spirit
Of heroes, and their very selves did toss to dogs that ravin,
And unto every fowl, (for so would Jove's device be compass'd);⁵
From that first day when feud arose implacable, and parted
The son of Atreus, prince of men, and Achileus the godlike.

Which of the gods entangled you in wrathfulness of quarrel?
Jove and Latona's son it was, who, with the king embitter'd,
Sent mid the army sore disease, till troop on troop would perish: 10
Because-that Atreus' royal son disdainfully rejected
Chryses, Apollo's worshipper, who, to release his daughter,
Unto the sharp Achaian galleys came with boundless ransom,
The ensign bearing in his hands of arrowy Apollo
Upon his golden sceptre wreath'd, and sued to all the Achaïans, 15
And most of all, to Atreus' sons, twin marshals of the people:—

“Children of Atreus! and the rest of dapper-greav'd Achaïans!
Oh! unto you may all the gods, who hold Olympian dwellings,
Grant Priam's city for a spoil, and happy voyage homeward:
But my dear child yield up to me, and take my proffer'd ransom, 20
In homage to the son of Jove, Apollo the far-darting.”

Then all Achaia's other folk murmur'd assent well-omen'd,
To pity and revere the priest and take the brilliant ransom;
But Agamemnon, Atreus' son, delight in mercy found not,

3. Aïdes, *i. e.*, the unseen or invisible; Pluto.

17. The *greave* is a metal plate on the outer side of the leg. *Dapper*, *i. e.* pretty; in Dutch, brave: compare “braw” of the Scotch.

But sent him off with contumely and words of stern monition : 25
 "Beware, old sire! lest here, beside Achaia's hollow galleys,
 Or now I catch thee lingering or afterward returning ;
 Lest-that thy sceptre save thee not nor yet thy sacred ensign.
 But *her* I never will release : sooner shall age o'ertake her,
 Far distant from her land of birth within our house at Argos ; 30
 For there shall she the shuttle ply and at my bed attend me.
 But come! my temper fret not; else, less safe thy journey homeward."

The old man quail'd before the word, and hastily obey'd him.
 Speechless he went along the strand of the much-brawling water :
 Then many a pray'r in loneliness he pour'd with aged bosom 35
 To prince Apollo, whom to bear, bright-hair'd Latona travail'd :

"Lord of the silver arrows, hear! who overshelt'rest Chrysa,
 Who bravely reign'st in Tenedos and in the heav'nly Killa ;
 If ever pleasant offerings to thee, O god of Sminthus !
 I hanged o'er the temple-walls, or burn'd upon thy altar 40
 The fatten'd limbs of bulls and goats; this wish for me accomplish !
 Cause by thy bolts the Danaï dearly to pay my sorrows."

So utter'd he the word of pray'r ; and bright Apollo heard him.
 Down from Olympus' highths the god with swelling heart descended,
 Bow on his shoulder carrying and closely-roofed quiver. 45
 And loud and angrily the shafts did at his shoulder rattle,
 When forth he started : but himself like gloom of Night came rushing.
 He from the galleys took his seat afar, and aim'd an arrow ;—
 Then of the silver-corded bow right fearful was the twanging.
 Atfirst the mules and huddling dogs he visited ; but shortly 50
 Against the warriors themselves a shaft, with anguish freighted,
 He aim'd : and ever as he drew, thick blaz'd the piles of corpses.
 Nine days the weapons of the god made riot through the army,
 And on the tenth did Achileus the mote of people summon.
 For so did Juno, white-arm'd goddess, secretly advise him, 55
 In sorrow for the Danaï, for-that she saw them dying.
 When therefore they assembling came, and all were met together,
 Thus did Achilles, fleet of foot, uprising speak among them :
 "Atrides, thou and I may now, I reckon, straggling homeward
 Retrace the voyage back again,— should haply Death allow us,— 60

If war at once and pestilence thus wear away the Achaians.
 But come now; let us of some priest inquire, or some diviner,
 Or some interpreter of dreams; (for dreams too Jove inspireth);
 Who may reveal, what cause hath rous'd such wrath in bright Apollo:
 Whether perchance for stinted vows or hecatomb he blameth:— 65

If at our hand the fragrancy from fat of lambs partaking
 And perfect goats, he haply choose to ward away the ruin.” [them

Thus spake the prince, and down he sat: and straightway rose before
 By far the wisest of the augurs, Calchas, son of Thestor,
 Who knew the present and the past, and all hereafter coming, 70
 And had as far as Ilium the Achaian galleys guided,
 Because of that sage art of his, which bright Apollo gave him:
 Who thus with kindly soul harangu'd, and spake his word among them.

“Achilles, dear to Jupiter! me biddest thou to interpret
 The sore displeasure of the prince Apollo the far-darting? 75
 I then will tell; but thou to me must swear in solemn treaty,
 That verily with word and hand thou zealously wilt aid me.
 For troth! I reckon to enrage a man, mid all the Achaians
 Who lords it mightily, and meets obedience from Argos.
 For stronger is a king, when he with common man is angry: 80
 For even if on that one day he may digest his choler,
 Yet in his bosom haply still he fostereth a hatred,
 In aftertime to compass it; then think, if thou wilt save me.”

But him Achilles, fleet of foot, address'd in words responsive:
 “Take courage, surely; and avow whate'er the gods have shown thee.
 For by Apollo, Jove-belov'd, who, mov'd by thy entreaty,
 O Calchas! to the Danaï divine decrees expoundeth;—
 While I yet live, and on the earth gaze up to light of heaven,
 No man of all the Danaï beside the hollow galleys
 On thee the heavy hand shall lay; not, were it Agamemnon, 90
 Who now among the Achaians claims to be by far the noblest.”

The spotless seer then courage took, and thus his message utter'd:
 “Not on the score of stinted vows or hecatomb he blameth,
 But on his worshipper's account, whom Agamemnon scorning
 Refus'd his daughter to release or to accept the ransom. 95
 Therefore doth the Far-darter send, and yet will send, disaster;

Nor will he of the pestilence withdraw the deadly grapple,
Till some one to her father dear restore the curl-eyed damsel
Unpurchas'd, unredeem'd; and lead in sacred train to Chrysa
A hecatomb; then haply we might pacify and trust him." 100

Thus spake the seer, and down he sat; and straightway rose before
The widely-reigning Atreus' son, the hero Agamemnon, [them
In anguish: for with frenesy his soul of black within him
Was fill'd; and those two eyes of his like coals of fire were gleaming.
Calchas address'd he first of all, with glance that evil boded: 105
"Prophet of ill! thou never yet didst canny saying utter:
To thee it alway pleasant is of evil things to augur:
But goodly word to me, not once hast spoken or accomplish'd.
And now among the Danaï expounding thou haranguest,
That therefore the Far-darter doth, forsooth! disaster send them, 110
Sith-that for Chryses' damsel I the brilliant ransom willed
Not to accept; for surely much the maid herself prefer I
At home to keep, and love her e'en than Clytemnestra better,
My wife of early love; for ay! in naught is she behind her,
Neither in feature nor in frame, in mind or handy cunning. 115
Still, even so, to give her back I choose, if this be better:
My people I desire to be in safety, not to perish.
But ho! for me forthwith a prize prepare; lest unrewarded
Alone of Argives I be left: for that, I trow, befits not.
For look ye all, what prize for me by other road is coming." 120

To him thereat divine Achilles, foot-reliant, answer'd:
"Atrides most illustrious, in greed supreme of all men!
Whence shall the Achaïans lofty-soul'd a prize for thee discover?
For nowhere keep we common spoil in store; and from the cities
Whate'er we pillag'd, all is shar'd; and troth! it were unseemly 125
To make the general folk regorge what once hath been divided.
But to the god surrender now this maid; and we the Achaïans
Threefold and fourfold will repay, if haply Jove allow us
To win the meed of pillaging Troy's nobly-fenced city."

98. *Curl-eyed* is quite literal to the Greek, though interpreters shrink from rendering it. I refer it to the outline in which the eyelids meet, which in the pictures of Hindoo ladies may be often observed to be remarkably curly.

106. *Canny* (Scotch); clever, well-omened.

To him in words reciprocal spake royal Agamemnon : 130
 " Achilles, image of the gods ! do not, howe'er intrepid,
 Steal past me thus: thou wilt not me outstrip: persuade thou shalt not.
 Dost wish, a prize thyself to have, and me, despoil'd, dishonour'd,
 Just as I am, to sit; and troth ! me to restore her, biddest ?
 Now, if the lofty-soul'd Achaians find a prize to grace me, 135
 Right worthy of my dignity, and suited to my humour,
 'Tis well; but if they find it not, and I, with hand at random,
 Clutch either thine or Ajax' prize, or haply from Ulysses
 Seize and lead off;—why then, whome'er I visit, may be wrathful.
 But all such riddles better we hereafter shall interpret; 140
 And now in the salt flood divine launch we a dusky galley,
 And rowers for it carefully collect, and place within it
 A hecatomb, and bring on board the dainty-cheek'd Chryseis,
 And of our councillors let one with high command be present,
 Or Ajax or Idomeneus or the divine Ulysses, 145
 Or thee, Pelides ! marvellous among the race of mortals;
 That thou for us by sacred rite mayst win the Far-averted."
 But him Achilles, fleet of foot, with scowling glance accosted :
 " Ah thou in shamelessness array'd, with fox's greedy temper,
 How, ever, shall Achaian man with zeal obey thy summons, 150
 Either upon a march to go, or stoutly close in combat ?
 For hither not with sake of war against the spearmen Troians
 Came I in quarrel of my own : no charge have I against them :
 For never drave they beeves of mine, nor horses have they driven,
 Nor ever on the loamy clods of hero-feeding Phthia 155
 Did damage to my harvestry ; for verily betwixt us
 Is many a shady mountain-ridge and many a roaring billow.
 But thee, O huge in impudence ! for thy delight we follow ;
 Earning renown at Troian cost for thee and Menelaüs,
 O dog in forehead !—naught of which abasheth thee nor troubleth. 160
 And lo ! of e'en my proper prize thou threatenest to strip me,
 For which I greatly toil'd, and which Achaia's sons awarded.
 Never have I an equal lot to thine, when we the Achaians
 Clutch from the Troians mightily some thickly-peopled fortress.
 In sooth, the chieffer offices of ever-rushing battle 165

My hands administer ; but if perchance a distribution
 Arrive, thy share is larger far ; and I unto my galleys
 My portion, small but cherish'd, bear, when wearied with fighting.
 But now to Phthia will I go, sith better far I find it
 Home to return with crested ships ; nor, staying here dishonour'd, 170
 For thee intend I floods to teem of opulence and riches."

Then Agamemnon, prince of men, to him in turn responded :
 "Flee surely, if thy temper thus persuadeth ; nor entreat I
 That thou on score of me remain : for at my side are others,
 Enough to honour me ;—and Jove, the Counsellor, is foremost. 175
 Of all Jove-nurtur'd kings, than thee, none is to me more hateful ;
 For alway feud to thee is dear, and violence and combat.
 If excellent thy prowess is,— I trow, 'tis God that gave it.
 Then hie thee homeward on thy ships, along with thy companions,
 And to the Myrmidons be prince : but I about thee fret not, 180
 Nor to thy mood of wrath give heed ; nay, thus to thee I threaten :
 Sith of Chryseïs bright Apollo willeth to despoil me,
 Her, in a galley of my own, by hand of my companions,
 Shall I escort ; but I myself unto thy tent proceeding,
 May carry off thy proper prize, the dainty-cheek'd Briseïs, 185
 And teach thee my pre-eminence, and make all others shudder
 To hold pretensions side by side and think to play my equal."

Thus spake he, and in Peleus' son a pang of grief implanted.
 The heart within his shaggy chest with double purpose falter'd,
 Whether from side of thigh to draw the keenly-whetted cutlass, 190
 And put the assembly to the rout, and slay the son of Atreus,
 Or to allay his bitterness, and bridle in his passion.
 While all his bosom and his soul in such debate did struggle,
 And he in sheath the weighty sword was jerking ;—lo ! Athene
 From heav'n descended, forward sent by Juno, white-arm'd goddess, 195
 Whose heart for both of them avow'd anxiety and kindness.
 Behind him, by his auburn hair she grasp'd the son of Peleus,
 And stood, to him alone reveal'd ; but none beside him saw her.
 First marvell'd he ; then was abash'd, when quickly he distinguish'd
 Maiden Athene : dreadfully her two eyes beam'd upon him. 200

171. Teem (Northern and Scotch) to empty out—pour out.

Then duly he accosting her did winged accents utter :
 "Offspring of ægis-holding Jove! what errand brought thee hither?
 Of Agamemnon Atreus' son didst wish to see the outrage?
 But roundly will I tell it thee, and think 'twill be accomplish'd,—
 He by his éxtreme haughtiness may chance his life to peril." 205
 But him in turn accosted then Athene, grey-ey'd goddess :
 "I came thy frenesy to check, in hope thou wilt obey me,—
 From heav'n descending; forward sent by Juno, white-arm'd goddess,
 Whose heart for both of you avows anxiety and kindness.
 But come, desist from feud, nor jerk that sword within the scabbard; 210
 But wrangle thou with words alone, which, troth! will not be wanting.
 For roundly will I say,—and this shall be a fact accomplish'd,—
 E'en thrice as many brilliant gifts hereafter shall be brought thee
 This outrage to repay; but thou, refrain thee, and obey us."

But her Achilles, fleet of foot, address'd in words responsive: 215
 "A charge from you, twain goddesses, obedience demandeth,
 Embitter'd though my passion is: but thus I find it better:
 Who yieldeth fealty to gods, to him they greatly listen."
 This said, upon the silver hilt his heavy hand he planted,
 And back into the scabbard thrust the mighty sword, obeying 220
 Athene's word. But gone was she aloft into Olympus,
 To ægis-holding Jove's abodes, to meet the other Spirits.
 Again the son of Peleus then with words of altercation
 Address'd himself to Atreus' son, nor yet from rage desisted:

"O gorg'd with wine! the eyes of dog, but heart of deer, who bearest, 225
 Never didst thou with all the folk put corslet on for battle,
 Nor hardihood of soul hast thou among Achaia's chieftains
 On ambuscade to go; but this to thee destruction seemeth.
 Truly more gainful is it, mid Achaia's ample army
 To plunder of his gifts, whoe'er a word against thee sayeth;— 230
 A king who doth his folk devour, for-that they all are worthless;
 Else, verily, Atrides! this were now thy final outrage.
 But roundly will I say,—and swear a mighty oath upon it: |
 That, by the sceptre in my hand, whence leaf or twig shall never
 Sprout forth, sithence the parent trunk it left upon the mountains; 235
 Nor bud will it; for by the brass both leaf and bark around it

Are peel'd away ; but now in turn Achaia's children bear it,—
 Servants of Justice,—in their palms; by Jupiter deputed
 To enforce observance of the Right : (a mighty oath I tender) :
 There shall upon Achaia's sons a longing for Achilles 240
 Come, soon or late, on one and all; but them, though pierc'd with an-
 Unable wilt thou be to help, when hero-slaying Hector [guish,
 Shall hew them down in crowds : but thou thy soul within shalt mangle
 Enrag'd, that thou didst vilely treat the noblest of the Achaians."

Thus spake the son of Peleus; then, against the ground his sceptre, 245
 Studded with golden nails, he dash'd; and took his seat among them.
 On other side Atrides rag'd : then rose between them Nestor,
 (The bland of speech, the clear of tone, the Pylian haranguer ;)
 Who from his tongue an utterance pour'd down, than honey sweeter.
 To him already waned had of voice-dividing mortals 250
 Two ages, which in early days were rear'd with him, and follow'd,
 In heav'nly Pylos' land ; but he over the third was reigning :
 Who thus with kindly soul harangu'd, and spake his word among them.

"Good Spirits! sure, a mighty grief home to Achaia reacheth.
 Truly might Priam joyful be, and all the sons of Priam, 255
 And other Troians too, in soul be mightily delighted,
 If all these things were learn'd by them, of you, twain chieftains battling,
 Who are of Danaï supreme in council and in combat.
 But now comply ; and both of you in age are far below me.
 For I long since with ancient men, of prowess yours surpassing, 260
 Held intercourse ; and never they contempt display'd toward me.
 For not yet *such* men have I seen, nor ever shall behold them,
 As were of yore Peirithous, —Dryas, the people's shepherd,—
 And Polyphemus, match for gods, Exadius and Cæneus,
 And Theseus, Ægeus' son, who bare the form of an immortal. 265
 Of all the men who tread on earth, these hardiest were nurtur'd.
 Most hardy were themselves; and they, with mountain-lurking monsters
 Most hardy, fought; and all of them they marvellously slaughter'd.
 And I, with these, high intercourse afar from land of Apis
 Maintain'd, from Pylos coming forth, compliant to their summons. 270
 And in my measure I too fought ; but like to *them* no mortal,
 Of all who now set foot on earth, could quit himself in battle.

And they to my discourse gave ear, and oft obey'd my counsel :
 But ah ! obey ye also ; sith obedience is better.
 Nor thou, though great in excellence, bear off from him the damsel ; 275
 But let alone the prize, as once Achaia's sons bestow'd it :
 Nor thou, Pelides, bend thy mind against the king to wrangle
 With adverse force ; since ye the rest are no way peers in honour
 With sceptre-holding King, to whom Jove hath deputed glory.
 And if thou doughty art in might, and goddess-mother bare thee, 280
 Yet loftier is he, because his kingdom rangeth wider.
 Atrides, thou thy temper check ; and oh ! I do implore thee
 Yield up thy bitterness against Achilles, who supremely
 A bulwark is from evil war to all Achaia's children."

To him in words reciprocal spake royal Agamemnon : 285
 " Ay, verily, all this, old friend ! discreetly hast thou spoken ;
 But this man willeth high above all other men to tower ;
 O'er all he claimeth sway to hold, and over all to lord it,
 And give command to all : but this I do not think to suffer.
 But if the ever-living gods have fram'd him for a spearman, 290
 Do they thereby set forth to him free privilege of railing ?"

Then quickly catching up his word, divine Achilles answer'd :
 " For cowardly in truth might I and worthless be reputed,
 If every matter I should yield to thee, whate'er thou biddest.
 These thy enactments now impose on others : for hereafter 295
 To me give no commands : for I mean to obey no longer.
 This also will I say,—and thou within thy mind revolve it :
 Not with the heavy hand will I do battle for the damsel,
 With thee, nor yet with other man, since ye, who gave her, take her.
 But of the rest, that mine are call'd in my sharp dusky galley, 300
 Nothing of those, against my will, mayst thou to touch adventure.
 Or else,—come on, and trial make, that these may know the issue :
 For instantly thy livid blood shall start around my weapon."

Thus did the two with adverse force stand up in altercation
 Wrangling, and broke the assembly up beside the Achaian galleys. 305
 Pelides hied him to his tents and galleys nicely balanc'd
 Along with Menœtiades and other dear companions :
 Then to the salt flood Atreus' son push'd forth a speedy galley

And for it twenty rowers pick'd, and for the god's acceptance
 A hecatomb he plac'd on board; and dainty-cheek'd Chryseïs 310
 Camelast; and o'er them Leaderwent Ulysses much-devising.
 They then embarking floated forth along the watery channels.
 But at the king's behest, the folk, well cleans'd with holy washings,
 Into the salt wave's purity rejected all defilement.
 And they, on shingles of the brine nor corn nor wine producing, 315
 Prime hecatombs of bulls and goats were serving to Apollo;
 Whose fragrance mounted to the sky, with curls of smoke aspiring.

Such cares employ'd the multitude; but not did Agamemnon
 Slacken the feud, which he at first against Achilles threaten'd.
 Talthylus and Eurybates he carefully accosted, 320
 Who held to him as heralds twain and ministers obeisant:
 "Go both; and entering the tent of Peleus' son, Achilles,
 Seize by the hand and lead away the dainty-cheek'd Briseïs.
 But if they shall not yield her up; why then,—myself may seize her,
 Coming with larger multitude; which were to him more painful." 325

Thus speaking, forward sent he them, with words of stern monition:
 The twain, on shingles of the brine nor corn nor wine producing,
 Pac'd sadly to the Myrmidons and reach'd their tents and galleys.
 But him they found outside the tent, near to his dusky galley,
 Seated: nor did Achilles then rejoice, when he beheld them. 330
 In tremor they before the king with reverential homage
 Stood still; yet spake they no salute, and no inquiry made they.
 But he in his own mind discern'd, and first the twain accosted:

"All hail! ye heralds, who from Jove bear message, and from mortals.
 Draw nearer; justly I reproach not you, but Agamemnon, 335
 Who for the maid Briseïs' sake has hither sent you forward.
 But, come, Patroclus Jove-deriv'd, prythee, bring out the damsel,
 And to their guidance yield her: but, I claim them both to witness,
 Before the face of blessed gods, before the face of mortals,
 Ay! and before that king so stern. And if there rise hereafter 340
 Some need of me, from all the rest to avert unseemly ruin,
 Remember ye!—for he in truth, with deadly bosom fumeth,

334. *From Jove, i. e.,* heralds were esteemed as depositaries of a sacred law—international law.

Nor knoweth wisely to look out forward at once, and backward,
How his Achaians by the ships might best in safety combat."

Thus answer'd he ; Patroclus then obey'd his dear companion. 345
And straightway leading from the tent the dainty-cheek'd Briseïs,
He yielded her: then hied the twain back to the Achaian galleys.
Along with them unwilling went the woman ; but Achilles
Afar from his companions sat in loneliness and weeping,
On shingles of the hoary brine, at depths of purple gazing. 350
And much unto his mother dear he pray'd, with hands uplifted :
" Oh mother ! since thou me hast borne for life of narrow compass,
Honour at least was Jupiter the Olympian high-rumbling
Bound to vouchsafe me ; yet he now no whit of honour granteth :
For troth ! the widely-ruling prince Atreides Agamemnon 355
Dishonours me. My prize he holds : himself is my despoiler."

When tear-beflooded thus he spake, his queenly mother heard him,
As sat she in the briny depths beside her aged father.
She from the hoary waves, like mist, emerging fleetly scudded,
And took her seat before himself, while still his tears were streaming,
And soothing him with hand and voice, she spake, his name pronouncing :
" My child ! why weepest thou ? and what the grief, thy heart that woundeth ?
Lock not thy breast, but speak it out ; and so, we both shall know it."
Then her, Achilles, fleet of foot, accosted deeply groaning :
" Thou knowest well ; and what avails harangue to one acquainted ? 365
Against the king Eëtion, to Thebe, sacred city,
We sallied out, and pillag'd it and hither drave the booty.
And all of that, Achaia's sons divided well among them,
But first for Atreus' son selected dainty-cheek'd Chryseïs.
Thereafter Chryses,—worshipper of silver-bow'd Apollo,— 370
Appear'd before the galleys sharp of brazen-cloak'd Achaians,
Wishful his daughter to release, with store of boundless ransom,
And in his hands the ensign bare of arrowy Apollo
Upon his golden sceptre wreath'd ; and sued to all the Achaians,
And most of all, to Atreus' sons, twin marshals of the people. 375
Then all Achaia's other folk murmur'd assent well-omen'd,
To pity and revere the priest and take the brilliant ransom ;
But Agamemnon Atreus' son delight in mercy found not,

But sent him off with contumely, and words of stern monition.
 Then the old man with swelling heart departed ; and Apollo 380
 To his entreaty lent an ear ; also greatly did he love him.
 Against the Argives bolts of woe he shot : thereat the people
 Were dying, heaps on heaps : and o'er Achaia's ample army
 Rov'd everywhere the darts divine. To us a seer haranguing
 Did skilfully the oracles of Hecatus interpret. 385
 I instantly was first to urge atonement to the godhead :
 On Atreus' son then choler came, and suddenly uprising,
 He spake a speech of threatening, which, lo ! is fact accomplish'd.
 For, *her* in sooth on galley sharp the curling-eyed Achaïans
 Escort to Chryse,—goodly gifts unto the prince conducting : 390
 But *her*, whom late Achaïa's sons to me as prize awarded,
 Her now the heralds from my tent have torn,—the maid Briseïs.—
 But thou around thy bonny child enfold thy arms, if able :
 Unto Olympus haste to Jove, and supplicate,—if ever
 To him by word or deed thou didst a pleasant service render. 395
 For often I thy boasts have heard within my father's palace,
 How gloomy-clouded Saturn's son (saidst thou) among the immortals
 Only from thee assistance found to avert unseemly ruin ;
 When all the Olympians beside to shackle him were minded,
 Maiden Athene, Juno queen, and oceanic Neptune. 400
 But goddess ! thou arriving swiftly didst from bondage save him,
 When thou to long Olympus hadst the Hundred-handed summon'd,
 By gods entitled Briareus, by all mankind Ægæon :
 (For than his father *he* again is mightier in prowess :)
 Who then beside Saturnius sat glorying in grandeur. 405
 Before him quail'd the blessed gods, and thought of bonds no longer.—
 Sit by his side, and clasp his knees, and of all this remind him,
 If he may haply willing be to show the Troians favour,
 And hem against the galley's poop and water's edge, the Achaïans,
 In carnage perishing ; that all may well enjoy their monarch, 410

385. *Hecatus* (Far-avertter ?) a title perhaps equivalent to Apotropus Apollo—remover of disease : so *Hecate*, of his sister Artemis, for her knowledge of the medicinal properties of plants, &c.

404. *His father*, Uranus ; *he again*, not Jove only.

And widely-ruling Atreus' son may know his own perverseness,
 Infatuate, who vilely scorn'd the noblest of the Achæians."

To him responded Thetis thus, with tear her cheek bestreaming :
 " Alas ! my child ! and wherefore then did hapless parent rear thee ?
 O mightest thou by galley-side from tears and pangs exempted 415
 Sit still ! since brief of span thy lot, nor very long endureth.
 But now beyond the rest art thou at once both speedy-fated
 And doleful : so with evil lot I bare thee in my palace.
 But I, to thunder-loving Jove to speak thy word, will hasten
 Myself,—in hope he may comply,—to snowy-capt Olympus. 420
 Do thou at present sit beside thy swift-careering galleys,
 And rage against the Achæians ; but—refrain from war entirely.
 For Jove to Ocean yester-eve for solemn feast departed
 Unto the blameless Æthiops ; and all the gods attended :
 But on the twelfth-revolving day returns he to Olympus. 425
 Then to the brazen-floor'd abode of Jove will I betake me,
 And will his knees embrace ; and troth ! I reckon to persuade him."

With such address departed she, and where she found him, left him,
 In passion swelling still, to lose the dapper-girdled woman,
 For-that by force, against his will, they seiz'd her. But Ulysses 430
 The sacred hecatomb escorting reach'd the shores of Chrysa.
 When here arriv'd they were, inside the copious depth of harbour,
 Furling the sails, they stow'd them close within the dusky galley :
 Then in its case the mast they lodg'd, by shroudings gently lower'd
 Right handily ; and *her* with oars push'd forward into moorings. 435
 Then out they toss'd the mooring-stones, and bound to them the stern
 And out themselves did disembark upon the rough sea-margin, [ropes,
 And out they brought the hecatomb for arrowy Apollo,
 And out from that sea-coursing ship Chryseïs last descended.
 Her then Ulysses much-devising led before the altar, 440
 And to her tender father's hands consigning her, address'd him :
 " Me Agamemnon, prince of men, O Chryses, charg'd with mission
 In service of the Danaï ;— thy child to bring,—and offer
 A sacred hecatomb, to avert the shining prince's anger,
 Who now with many a moanful grief the Argives hath afflicted." 445
 With such address consign'd he her ; and he receiv'd rejoicing

His daughter dear : then speedily arranged they in order
 The god's illustrious hecatomb around the well-built altar,
 In holy water dipp'd the hand, and barleycakes uplifted.
 For them did Chryses loudly pray, his hands to heaven raising : 450

“ Lord of the silver arrows, hear ! who overshelt'st Chrysa,
 Who bravely reign'st in Tenedos and in the heav'nly Killa.
 In former time to my request already hast thou listen'd,
 Didst honour me, and mightily hast harm'd the Achaian people.
 Now once again implor'd, do thou this wish for me accomplish, 455
 And from the Danaï at length avert unseemly ruin.”

So utter'd he the word of pray'r ; and bright Apollo heard him.
 But after pray'r was made, and they the barley-cakes threw forward, [them,
 The victims' necks they backward drew, and slaughter'd them, and skinn'd
 And parted out the thighs ; but these in double fold they cover'd 460
 With fragrant fat, and over them arrang'd the choicer pieces.
 Below, the old man faggots kindled, dropping wine resplendent
 Above ; and near him five-prong forks by younger men were wielded.
 Now when the joints were roasted well, and they the vitals tasted,
 The rest they slash'd in smaller bits, and spitted every morsel, 465
 And broil'd them all right cleverly, and drew them off perfected.
 After the toil had found its end and all the feast was ready,
 They banqueted ; nor did their soul lack well proportion'd banquet.
 But when desire importunate of food and drink were ended, 470
 Then did the youths to many a bowl crown the high-mantling garland,
 And, after fit initial cups, mov'd round to all in order.
 And they all day with melody made to the god atonement,
 Youths of Achaia, chanting high ; and sang in noble Pæan
 The Far-avertter : listen'd he, and was in heart delighted. [ness,

Now, at what hour the sun went down, and Evening brought the dark-
 They, then and there, did slumber take beside the galley's moorings :
 But at what hour the Early-born, the rosy-finger'd Morning,
 Appear'd, then sail'd they off to join Achaia's ample army.
 To them Apollo, Far-avertter, wafting breezes granted :
 They rais'd the mast, and merrily the canvas white expanded. 480

477. *Rosy-finger'd.* He seems to conceive of Morning as of an “ Eastern lady,” whose fingers are dyed red with *henna*.

Right square upon the sail the wind blar'd, and the purple billow
 Shriek'd mightily around the bows, as rush'd the galley onward.
 Over the water scudded she, accomplishing her voyage.
 But when they fully had attain'd Achaia's ample army,
 Upon the dry and solid earth they haul'd the dusky galley 485
 High on the sand, and underneath long buttresses extended,
 And they themselves were scatter'd free amid the tents and galleys.
 But he, Achilles, fleet of foot, Pelides Jove-descended,
 Sat by the swift-careering ships and still his anger foster'd.
 Nor ever now frequented he the assembly man-ennobling, 490
 Nor mov'd to war; but gloomily with inward passion wasted:
 There lingering, he long'd to join the shout of arms, and combat.

Now when thereafter came around the twelfth-revolving morning,
 Then did the ever-living gods return unto Olympus,
 All in a band, and Jove went first. But Thetis, she forgot not 495
 The charges of her proper child; but from the wave emerging,
 Early of dawn forthwith she climb'd great Heaven and Olympus;
 And found wide-sighted Saturn's child apart from others sitting,
 Upon the topmost pinnacle of many-ridg'd Olympus.
 In front of him she took her seat, with her left hand embracing 500
 His knees; and with her better hand beneath his chin she seiz'd him,
 And supplicating, thus address'd the prince the son of Saturn:
 "O Father Jove, if ever I among the immortals pleas'd thee
 By word, or e'en by deed, do thou this wish for me accomplish.
 Give honour to my son, who most of all is speedy-fated. 505
 For Agamemnon, prince of men, hath cast on him dishonour,
 Holding Achilles' proper prize: himself is the despoiler.
 But Jove! Olympian Counsellor! set thou the price upon him:
 And so long to the Troïans give puissance, till the Achaians
 Set value on my son, and learn him to exalt with honour." 510
 She spake; and cloud-collecting Jove no word to her responded,
 But silent long he sat. But Thetis, once engag'd to win him,
 Clung to the knees she first had touch'd, and doubled her entreaty:
 "Now promise it unfailingly and nod to me approval,
 Or else refuse, and let me know (sith thee no fear withholdeth) 515
 How much among all deities am I the most dishonour'd."

To her with indignation huge spake Jove the cloud-collector :
 " O ! deadly work thou sendest me, in bitter jar and brawling
 With Juno to contend, when she by wrangling words will fret me.
 For sooth ! she alway even now among the gods immortal 520
 Revileth me, and saith that I the Troians aid in battle.
 But thou at present backward draw thy step, lest haply Juno
 Get knowledge : I for thy request will study, to perform it.
 Dost doubt ? then by the nod will I give token, to assure thee.
 For this, among the immortals, is from me the firmest sanction : 525
 For whatsoe'er with bending head I once assent, is neither
 Deceptive nor revokeable, nor faileth of fulfilment."
 Such promise utter'd,—Saturn's son with raven eyebrow nodded ;
 And that majestic deathless head did its ambrosial tresses
 In mighty undulations wave, and great Olympus shudder'd. 530
 After such counselling, the twain were parted. She thereafter
 Leapt from Olympus' blazing highth into the briny billow ;
 And Jove unto his own abode return'd : the gods, to greet him,
 Rose all at once from off their seats, before their proper Father :
 Not one his coming dar'd to wait, but all stood up before him. 535
 Thus HE did there upon his throne sit down. Yet not was Juno
 Slow to take knowledge and discern that silver-footed Thetis,
 The daughter of the Ocean sire, with him had join'd in counsel ?
 And she forthwith Saturnius with cutting accents chided : [540
 " Who of the gods, O skill'd in wiles ! with thee did join in counsel ?
 Pleasant to thee it alway is, apart from me remaining,
 With secret purpose to decide ; nor ever yet thou lovest
 To me in willing confidence thy inner thoughts to utter."
 To her responded thereupon the Sire of gods and mortals :
 " All the discourses of my mouth, aspire not thou, O Juno, 545
 To know : for difficult will they be e'en to thee, my consort.
 But of them whatsoever is for conference adapted,
 Not one shall earlier than thee this know, of gods or mortals :
 But what, apart from other gods, it pleaseth me to ponder,
 Inquire not thou too anxiously, nor seek my mind to fathom." 550

529. *Ambrosial*, fit for an immortal ; we want to say "immortalic."

To him responded thereupon the large-ey'd queenly Juno :
 " O son of Saturn, grim and dire, what saying hast thou blurted ?
 Naught in the past have I inquir'd ; in naught thy mind have fathom'd :
 But troth ! in much tranquillity, whate'er thou wilt, thou plannest.
 And now in soul I grimly dread, lest silverfooted Thetis, 555
 The daughter of the Ocean sire, have haply won thee over.
 For at thy side with early dawn she sat, thy knees embracing.
 Therefore, I guess, in promise sure thou nodded hast, to honour
 Achilles, and a carnage make along the Achaian galleys."

Then cloud-collecting Jupiter, addressing her, responded : 560
 " O elf-possessed wight ! who aye suspectest, and discernest,
 But naught wilt thou the more avail to compass ; yea, and rather
 My heart from thee wilt separate ; which were to thee more painful.
 If, as thou thinkest, so it is, my will (be sure) decideth.
 But dumb in silence sit thee down, to my command submissive. 565
 Lest near I draw, and cast my hands inviolable on thee,
 And all Olympus' habitants to succour thee avail not."

When thus he spake, with terror quail'd the large-ey'd queenly Juno ;
 And dumb in silence down she sat, her tender heart subduing.
 Then were the heav'nly gods, throughout the abode of Jove, indignant :
 But Vulcan, fam'd in handicraft, to them began discourses,
 ♀ To gratify his mother dear, the whitearm'd goddess Juno.

" Oh ! deadly work will here be seen, no longer to be suffer'd,
 If ye, in cause of mortals, both do jangle thus and wrangle,
 And mid the gods propose a match of cawing. Sooth ! no pleasure 575
 Of goodly banquet will remain, since worser counsels conquer.
 Now to my mother I advise, (who, troth ! is sage without me,)
 To gratify my father dear ; lest the Saturnian father
 Raise a new quarrel, and embroil along with us the banquet.
 For if the Olympian lightener should entertain the fancy 580
 To wrench the mountain from its bed ;— his might is far transcendant.
 But oh ! with words of gentleness do thou, my mother ! soothe him ;
 And instantly the Olympian will be to us propitious."

Thus did he speak, and springing up, a goblet doubly hollow
 He, to his mother dear, in hand presented, and address'd her : 585

" Bear up, my mother, and endure, however sharp thy sorrow,

Lest I (beloved as thou art) beneath my eyes behold thee
 Well lash'd and thrash'd; nor then shall I (tho' anguish-struck) be able
 To succour: for the Olympian is troublous to encounter.
 For once upon a time before, when I to aid was eager, 590
 Hitch'd by the foot, me toss'd he down from the celestial threshold.
 The livelong day was I in course; and when the sun was setting,
 I came to ground on Lemnos' isle, and little breath was in me.
 But quickly there the Sintians did from the fall recruit me."

Thus prattled he, and mov'd a smile to Juno, whitearm'd goddess, 595
 Who, smiling, from her kindly son in hand the cup accepted.
 But he to all the other gods, from right to left proceeding,
 Cup-bearer acted, from the bowl teeming the luscious nectar.
 Then rose among the blessed gods interminable laughter,
 Vulcan to see across the halls so diligent in service. 600

Thus then, throughout the livelong day, until the sun was setting,
 They banqueted; nor did their soul lack well-proportion'd banquet,
 Nor yet the harp so beautiful, in hand of bright Apollo,
 And Muses, who with dainty voice sang each to each responding.

But when the brilliant light of sun had sunk beneath the ocean, 605
 To take their rest then wended they each to his proper dwelling,
 Where with sagacious handicraft the greatly-famous Vulcan
 The doubly dextrous, had prepar'd for every one his mansion.
 And Jove, the Olympian lightener, to his own bed proceeded,
 Where erst it was his wont to mount, when press'd by gentle slumber: 610
 There rested he: and by his side lay golden-throned Juno.

591. *Celestial*: "needing divine language to express;" *i. e.* supernatural. I sometimes render it *unearthly*.

608. *Doubly dextrous*, using both hands with equal skill

BOOK II.

Now all beside, both gods above, and men with crests of horsetail,
 All night were resting : only Jove delicious slumber held not.
 But he in fluctuating heart did ponder, how to honour
 Achilles, and a carnage make along the Achaian galleys.
 To his deliberating mind this counsel wisest seemed,— 5
 On Agamemnon, Atreus' son, to send a ghastly Vision ;
 So duly he accosting him did winged accents utter :
 "Thou ghastly Vision, up! and seek the sharp Achaian galleys.
 Hie to the tent of Atreus' son, the hero Agamemnon,
 And every thing to him declare exact, as I enjoin thee. 10
 Bid him the rout promiscuous of streaming-hair'd Achaians
 Well to array : for now would he Troy's ample-streeted city
 O'ermaster : for the immortal gods, who hold Olympian dwellings,
 No longer doubly minded are : for supplicating Juno
 Hath bent them to her will ; and griefs are fasten'd on the Troians." 15
 He spake ; and off the Vision fled, soon as he heard the bidding ;
 And gliding rapidly attain'd the sharp Achaian galleys :
 Then hied he straight to Agamemnon, Atreus' son, and found him
 Reposing in his tent ; and round was pour'd ambrosial slumber.
 There right above his head stood he, like to the son of Neleus, 20
 Nestor ; whom most of aged men did Agamemnon value.
 In such similitude, to him spake the celestial Vision :
 "O son of Atreus skilful-hearted courser-taming,—sleepest ?
 Not all the night behoveth it a Counsellor to slumber,
 To whom,—with such a weight of care,— the peoples are entrusted. 25
 Now speedily discern my word : from Jove I bring a message,
 Who, far asunder, yet for thee great care and pity feeleth.
 He biddeth thee the rout entire of streaming-hair'd Achaians
 Well to array : for now wilt thou Troy's ample-streeted city
 O'ermaster : for the immortal gods, who hold Olympian dwellings, 30

No longer doubly minded are : for supplicating Juno
 Hath bent them to her will, and griefs are fasten'd on the Troians
 From Jupiter. But thou, when left by heart-consoling slumber,
 Hold this within thy mind, nor let forgetfulness invade thee."

With such address departed he, and where he found him, left him, 35
 Things in his heart imagining, for no fulfilment destin'd.
 For, simpleton ! in that same day to capture Priam's city
 Confided he ; nor knew the deeds which Jove in truth was plotting ;
 Who held the purpose, to inflict, by dint of stubborn struggles,
 On Troians and on Danaï new miseries and groanings. 40
 He woke from sleep ; and round him stream'd the utterance of heaven.
 Upright he rais'd him, and put on a new and dainty tunic
 Goodly of texture : over it he cast an ample garment,
 And underneath his supple feet he bound the comely sandals.
 About his shoulders next he slung the sword with silver studded ; 45
 Last, his paternal sceptre took, for ever undecaying,
 And with it went along the ships of brazen-cloak'd Achaïans.

So soon as Morning's heav'nly Queen was climbing long Olympus,
 Announcing light to Jupiter and other gods immortal ;
 Did Agamemnon quickly bid the clear-intoning heralds 50
 To summon into public mote the streaming-hair'd Achaïans.
 These gave the word of summoning : right quickly those assembled.
 But first a Council took its seat, of lofty-minded elders,
 Close to the galley of the king, the Pylos-nurtur'd Nestor.
 When these together he had call'd, a canny word disclos'd he : 55

" Listen, my friends ! In guise of dream came a celestial vision
 To me, amid the ambrosial night : and most, of godlike Nestor,
 In form, in feature and in size, had narrowly the semblance.
 There, right above my head, he stood, and spake to me his errand :—
 " O son of Atreus skilful-hearted courser-taming,—sleepest ? 60
 Not all the night behoveth it a Counsellor to slumber,
 To whom,—with such a weight of care,— the peoples are entrusted.
 Now speedily discern my word : from Jove I bring a message,
 Who, far asunder, yet for thee great care and pity feeleth.
 He biddeth thee the rout entire of streaming-hair'd Achaïans 65
 Well to array : for now wilt thou Troy's ample-streeted city

O'ermaster: for the immortal gods, who hold Olympian dwellings,
No longer doubly minded are: for supplicating Juno
Hath bent them to her will; and griefs are fasten'd on the Troians
From Jupiter: but hold thou this in heart.—He, thus commanding, 70
Flew off and vanished; and from me sweet slumber then departed.
But come,—if we may cleverly Achaia's sons accoutre:
And I their temper first will try with words, as is permitted,
And with their galleys many-bench'd homeward to flee will counsel.
But ye must, each in different part, by skilful words detain them," 75

So much he spake, and down he sat; but next arose before them
Gerenian Nestor, Neleus' son, the prince of sandy Pylos;
Who thus with kindly soul harangu'd and spake his word among them:
"O friends, who to the Argive folk are governours and leaders,
If, of the Achaians, other man had told us of this Vision, 80
We might pronounce it falsity, and rather shun the speaker:
Now HE hath seen, who mid the host claimeth to be supremest.
But come,—if we may cleverly Achaia's sons accoutre."

With such address, he led the way, and parted from the council.
Then all the sceptre-bearing kings, unto the people's Shepherd 85
Obedient, dispers'd around, where rush'd the people streaming.
In fashion as the nations move of honey-bees incessant,
Which from a smooth and hollow rock come fresh and fresh for ever,
And settle thickly clustering upon the vernal flowers;
Here hover some, some flutter there, tumultuous and boiling: 90
So then of these the many tribes from out the tents and galleys
Duly in squadron were arrang'd along the ample bosom
Of sandy beach, for public mote; and Rumour blaz'd among them,
Jove's messenger, exhorting all to haste; nor did they loiter.
The assembly all in bristle was; the ground itself with clatter 95
Groan'd, as the peoples took their seat. Them heralds nine in number
With clear command were marshalling, to check the general tumult,
And gain attention to the voice of the Jove-nurtur'd princes.
Right earnestly the people took their sittings, each restricted
To several space, and ceas'd from noise. Then royal Agamemnon 100
Arising, held the sceptre forth, which toilsome Vulcan fashion'd.
Vulcan to Jupiter the prince, the son of Saturn, gave it;

Jove gave it to his minister,	the slaughterer of Argus ;	
Prince Hermeas bestow'd it next	on courser-smiting Pelops.	
Pelops again with it adorn'd	Atreus, the people's shepherd,	105
But to Thyestes, rich in rams,	Atreus bequeath'd it dying :	
Thyestes yielded it in turn	to Agamemnon's honour,	
For lordship over many an isle,	and o'er the whole of Argos.	
So resting him on this, he spake	these words among the Argives :	
“ Friends, heroes of the Danaï	and ministers of Ares !	110
Saturnius hath mightily	in dire annoy enchain'd me ;	
Cruel ; who formerly to me	with word and nod assented,	
To storm wellfenced Ilium	and bear away the booty.	
But now an evil artifice	hath plotted, and doth urge me	
Argos to seek, ignoble ; sith	I many lives have wasted.	115
So seemeth it the will to be	of Jupiter o'ermatching,	
Who hath the lofty pinnacles	of many a city lower'd,	
And yet will lower ; for his sway	is mightiest to mortals.	
But this is eke to future age	an ignominious rumour,	
That, after effort impotent,	a people of Achaians,	120
So choice and multitudinous,	was foil'd in war and combat	
Against a town of fewer men :	nor see we end in prospect.	
For if, by joint agreement, we,	both Troians and Achaians,	
A faithful treaty chose to strike,	and each to count their numbers ;	
If Troians severally cull'd	the hearthmen of the city,	125
And we, the Achaians, into troops	of half a score weremarshall'd,	
And every troop a man of Troy	to bear the wine selected ;	
Full many a demi-score, I ween,	would lack the cup-presenter.	
So much superiour, I say,	Achaia's sons in number	
Are than the city-dwelling throng	of Troians : but, to aid them,	130
From many a friendly city, men	spear-brandishing are present,	
Who mightily distract my hands,	nor suffer me, though eager,	

103. Hermeas (Mercury) slew the hundred-eyed Argus.

105. *Pelops* came from Lydia to Greece, into “the land of Apis” (see v. 269 above), which was from him called (later than Homer) Peloponnesus, or island (peninsula) of Pelops. Previously the race of Perseus reigned in Mycenæ: Pelops was the founder of a new dynasty of which Homer here intends to record the succession.

108. *Argos*, here perhaps means Argolis, a district of Peloponnesus.

To storm and pillage Ilium, that thickly-peopled fortress.
 Nine circling times of lofty Jove already are accomplish'd ;
 Sapp'd are the timbers of our ships, and rotted is the tackle. 135
 Meanwhile, I trow, our consorts dear, and eke our childish offspring,
 Sit in the halls expecting us ; but, as ye see, the purpose
 For us is unfulfill'd, for which we made the voyage hither.
 But come! as I the word shall speak, let all compliant follow :
 Unto our native land belov'd upon the galleys hie we ; 140
 For ample-streeted Ilium no longer shall we capture."
 Thus speaking, agitated he, the soul within their bosom
 To all among the multitude, who had not heard the Council.
 Upon the assembly movements vast fell, as on long sea-billows
 Amid the depths of Icarus ; which East and South together 145
 Tumultuate, from out the clouds of Jove the Father darting.
 And as, when on a cornfield deep the West wind rushing sudden
 Bestirreth it with squally plunge, and every ear depresseth ;
 So agitated was the mote entire ; and they with clatter
 Stream'd to the galleys : everywhere beneath their feet ascended 150
 Dust as a cloud ; and each to each made mutual exhorting
 To cleanse the channels of the ships ; to lend the hand, and drag them
 Down to the briny flood divine : their shouting reach'd the heaven,
 As home they hurried. Forth they pull'd the props beneath the galleys.—
 Then unpredestin'd homeward flight had Argive fates defeated, 155
 But that the danger Juno saw, and thus address'd Athene :
 " Ah me ! unweariable child of Jove the ægis-holder !
 Say ! to their native land belov'd, shall Argives thus betake them,
 Over the sea's broad-swelling backs in homeward voyage fleeing ?
 Then would they for a glory leave to Priam and the Troians 160
 The Argive Helen ; whom to win, Achaia's sons so many,
 Far from their native land belov'd, on Trojan soil have perish'd.
 But now proceed amid the host of brazen-cloak'd Achaians,
 And by thy gentle arguments each warrior arrest thou,
 Nor let them launch upon the brine the easy-steering galleys." 165
 She spake, nor uncompliant found Athene, grey-ey'd goddess.
 Down from Olympus' summits she with sudden rush descended,
 And gliding rapidly attain'd the sharp Achaian galleys :

Ulysses there she met, to Jove an equipoise in counsel,
 Standing; nor forward did he stretch to the dark well-deck'd galley 170
 His hand; sith as a pang of grief his heart and soul had enter'd.
 And him Athene grey-ey'd goddess, standing near, accosted:

“O Jove-deriv'd, Laertes' son, Ulysses much-contriving,
 Say! shall ye thus, intent on home and native land beloved,
 Rushing, take flight disorderly on galleys many-benched? 175
 Then would ye for a glory leave to Priam and the Troians
 The Argive Helen; whom to win, Achaia's sons so many
 Far from their native land belov'd, on Trojan soil have perish'd.
 But now amid the Achaian host proceed, and from them start not,
 And by thy gentle arguments each warrior arrest thou, 180
 Nor let them launch upon the brine the easy-steering galleys.”

So counsell'd she; and he discern'd the goddess' voice which call'd him.
 To run preparing, off his cloak he cast; but it the herald
 Eurybates of Ithaca, attending him, recover'd.
 Himself, appearing straight before Atrides Agamemnon, 185
 Receiv'd from him his father's sceptre, ever undecaying,
 And with it went along the ships of brazen-cloak'd Achaians.

Whatever leading warrior or monarch he encounter'd,
 Him he with gesture of respect and gentle words arrested:
 “O elf-possess'd! for *thee* to quail as coward, not beseemeth: 190
 But tranquil sit thyself, and cause the people to be tranquil.
 For not yet clearly knowest thou what was Atrides' meaning:
 Achaia's sons now tempteth he, but soon perchance will punish:
 Nor did we all in council hear, the deeds which he projected.
 Beware, lest on Achaia's sons his anger work some evil. 195

And troth! of such Jove-nurtur'd king exalted is the spirit:
 From Jove his honour is; and Jove, the Counsellor, befriends him.”

But whomsoe'er of common folk he active found and shouting,
 Him with the sceptre he chastis'd, and word of menace added:

“O elf-possessed wight! be still, and hear the word of others, 200

169. *An equipoise*; for “equal.” This is more than quaint. I would not defend it as literal, if I did not believe that the Greek phrase also sounded odd to an Athenian.

Who are thy betters far ; but thou unwarlike art and feeble,
 Who no esteem canst arrogate in battle nor in council.
 'Tis not for all Achaians here, I trow, to play the monarch.
 Not good is many-headed rule : let one alone be ruler,
 Let one be king, to whom the child of crooked-witted Saturn 205
 Sceptre and ordinances gives, for royal sway among them."

Thus hewith princely governance went marshalling the army ;
 But they, from galleys and from tents, again to mote were rushing,
 With murmurings ; as when a wave of the tumultuous ocean
 Screecheth upon the mightystrand, and all the floods rebellow. 210

Then did the others take their seats, confin'd to rightful places ;
 But still, incontinent of word, chatter'd alone Thersites,
 Who with disorderly discourse and cleverness illomen'd,
 Disdainful of decorum, knew against the kings to wrangle.
 Whatever might the Argives stir to laughter, that he utter'd ; 215
 And of the host which came to Troy none was as he so ugly.
 One of his eyes was fix'd awry ; one foot of his was crippled ;
 His shoulders round and bunching were, toward his breast contracted :
 Sharp was his head ; and downy hair, but scanty, budded o'er it,
 With Achileus he chiefly was in feud, and with Ulysses ; 220
 For chiefly them revil'd he : now at godlike Agamemnon
 He keen invectives screech'd aloud. Against him were the Achaians
 Smitten with indignation and marvellously wrathful.
 But he with brawling insolence then rail'd at Agamemnon :

" What farther, son of Atreus, now complainest thou, or lackest ? 225
 Of copper, lo ! thy tents are full ; and women pick'd for beauty
 Within thy curtains numerous are found, whom WE the Achaians
 On thee preeminent bestow, when WE some fortress capture.
 Or gold dost need beside, which some of courser-taming Troians
 May haply bear from Ilium, as ransom for his offspring, 230
 Whom *I* in bonds may lead away, or other of the Achaians ?
 Or youthful damsel needest thou for dalliance of fondness,
 Whom thou detainest at thy will, unjustly ?—yet, a chieftain
 Nowise beseemeth it, in ill to plunge Achaia's children.
 O gentle hearts ! Achaia's shame ! no longer men, but women ! 235
 Home with our galleys let us go ; leave this man, here remaining,

O'er his prerogatives to brood,
 Whether in aught his mightiness
 Who now dishonour casts upon
 Achilles: for his prize he holds:
 Not bitter-hearted is in truth
 Else, verily, Atrides! this
 Thersites thus with mockery
 Atrides; but beside him quick
 Who with indignant utterance
 "O thou promiscuous in talk!
 Refrain, Thersites! nor desire
 For of the army which in Troy
 I well believe, is found, than thee,
 'Tis safer therefore, not with Kings
 And spit reproachful words on them,
 Nor yet distinctly know we all,
 And whether we, Achaia's sons,
 Against Atrides Agamemnon,
 Reproach thou therefore utterest,
 Many good gifts on him bestow;
 But roundly will I say,—and this
 If e'er again I light on thee
 May then the head no longer stay
 Nor of Telemachus may I
 But I on thee will seize, and strip
 The cloak and tunic, and whate'er
 And from the assembly driving thee
 Send thee to champ thy grief beside
 Thus spake he, and with sceptre stout
 Smote him: Thersites writh'd; and quick
 The crush'd and lacerated flesh
 Rose on his back with stains of blood:
 in Troy: till he discover,
 from us derives protection;
 a man, than him far better,—
 himself is the despoiler.
 Achilles, but indulgent;
 were now thy final outrage."
 revil'd the people's shepherd,
 stood the divine Ulysses,
 and scowling glance reproach'd him:
 although a fluent speaker,
 alone with kings to wrangle.
 with Atreus' children landed,
 no other mortal viler.
 within thy teeth to chatter,
 and watch the homeward voyage.
 how these affairs are ending,
 return for good or evil.
 shepherd of the people,
 because the Argive heroes,
 and thou with chiding raillest.
 shall be a fact accomplish'd:
 as now, the dotard playing,
 on shoulders of Ulysses,
 be longer call'd the father,
 the pleasant garments off thee,
 and whate'er hideth thy shame
 from daylight;
 with ignominious lashes,
 the swift-careering galleys."
 across his back and shoulders
 from his eyes a teardrop.
 beneath the golden sceptre
 and down he sat, and trembled.

237. *Troy*, is often said by Homer for the district *Troas*; while *Ilium* is specially the *city* of *Troy*.

252-3. Are said to the multitude, not to Thersites.

Tortur'd with pain, he wip'd the tear, with blank and silly visage.
 The rest, though grieving, pleasantly in laughter turn'd against him. 270
 And thus spake one, with eye that glanc'd upon some other near him :
 " Kind Spirits! troth! unending is Ulysses' noble service,
 Who doth in canny counsel lead, and brazen War arrayeth.
 And now hath he this best of deeds achiev'd among the Argives,
 To hinder from his jabberings this ribald-blurting rascal. 275
 His haughty spirit will not soon again, I trow, impel him
 Against the kings his spite to vent in insolent invective."

Thus spake the crowd : but rising up, Ulysses city-rieving
 The sceptre held ; and at his side Athene, grey-ey'd goddess,
 Unto a herald like in form, the people call'd to silence, 280
 That all Achaia's sons who stood the nearest or the farthest
 Might hear at once the speaker's voice, and ponder on his counsel ;
 Who thus with kindly soul harangu'd, and spake his word among them :

" Atrides ! now to all the race of voice-dividing mortals
 Most ignominious, O prince ! the Achaians seek to make thee ; 285
 Nor longer care they to fulfil the vow, which erst they promis'd
 When hitherward on voyage bent from courser-feeding Argos,—
 To storm well-fenced Ilium and bear away the booty.
 For now, in guise as children weak, or like to widow women,
 With soft remembrances of home they whimper each to other. 290
 And homeward, verily ! the toil might drive us in vexation.
 For one, who but a single Moon from his own wife is parted,
 Upon his galley many-bench'd, which yon tempestuous water
 And stormy whirlwinds drive about,—hath plentiful annoyance :
 But nine times over, now to us the Sun's revolving circle, 295
 While here we stay, is passing ; hence I blame not, that the Achaians
 Beside their crested galleys feel annoyance ; still, disgraceful
 Is it, in all case, long to stay, and homeward hurry empty.
 Endure, my friends, and wait awhile ; until we know with surety,
 Whether in truth the word divine, or falsely, Calchas telleth. 300
 For this in all our minds is fix'd— and all of you may witness,
 Who stand from fates of death exempt, which rushing carried others
 On yester-eve or days before :— that, when the Achaian galleys
 Gather'd at Aulis, bearing woe to Priam and the Troians,

And we, beneath a planetree fair, beside the sacred altar, 305
 With gift of perfect hecatombs did worship the immortals,
 Around, upon a fountain-brink, whence rippled brilliant water ;
There did a mighty sign appear : a serpent, streak'd with purple,
 Terrific, whom the Olympian himself sent forth to daylight,
 Shot from the altar's under-side, and on the planetree darted. 310
 But thereupon were little ones, the nestlings of a sparrow,
 Crouching to hide beneath the leaves toward the branchy summit ;
 Eight was their number ; ninth was she, the parent of the younglings :
 There he devour'd them one by one, while piteous their twitter.
 The mother flitted round and round, her darling ones bewailing ; 315
 But by the wing, with rapid coil, he caught the orphan mourner.
 When thus the sparrow and her young he finally had swallow'd,
 The god, who sent him forth to light, made him a signal token ;
 For crooked-witted Saturn's child in stony form enchain'd him :
 And we in wonderment stood by, to see the deeds which follow'd, 320
 When thus dire monsters of the gods our hecatombs invaded.
 But Calchas instantly harangu'd, the oracles expounding :—
 Why dumb in silence are ye held, O streaming-hair'd Achaïans ?
 To us hath Jove the Counsellor display'd this mighty portent,
 Late seen, and in fulfilment late, whose glory ne'er shall perish. 325
 As did the snake the sparrow's self devour with all her offspring,
 In number eight, but ninth was she, the parent of the children ;
 So here, by like account, shall we years just so many combat,
 But in the tenth shall we o'erpow'r the ample-streeted city.—
 So Calchas then interpreted ; which all is now accomplish'd. 330
 But come ye ! patiently abide, O dapper-greav'd Achaïans !
 Here on the spot ; until we storm the ample walls of Priam."
 The Argives, when he thus harangu'd, skirl'd loudly ; and the galleys
 Responded with terrific crash, beneath the Achaïans shouting,
 That exhortation to applaud of the divine Ulysses. 335
 Also with them the charioteer Gerenian Nestor pleaded :
 " O gods and spirits ! verily at random do ye prattle
 Like silly children, ignorant of deeds of warlike prowess,

333. *Skirl* (Scotch), to sing shriekingly ; related to our word *Shrill*.

Whither are gone the oaths for us ? and whither are the treaties ?
 In fire should our advice be cast, and prudent men's decisions, 340
 The pure libations, and the pledg'd right hands in which we trusted ?
 For vainly wrangle we with words incessant, nor are able
 An equal remedy to find, tho' long time here abiding.
 But still, as erst, Atrides ! thou, holding unshaken counsel,
 Over the Argives play the chief amid their stubborn warfare ! 345
 And if some one or two consult apart from thy Achaians,
 To Argos earlier to go, before they may discover
 Whether the word be true or false of Jove the ægis-holder,—
 Leave these to pine and vanish ; sith to them is no fulfilment.
 For Saturn's child o'ermastering, I say, approval nodded, 350
 High on the right hand lightening, tokens of favour showing,
 Upon the day, when Argives erst their swift-careering galleys
 Ascended, carnage and despair unto the Troians bearing.
 Therefore, let none be willing here in homeward course to hurry,
 Before that every one have seiz'd some Troian wife as booty, 355
 On sake of Helen to avenge our scurry and disasters.
 Or if among you one for home be marvellously eager,
 Let him his hand put out to touch his weldeck'd dusky galley,
 That he before the others may slaughter and fate encounter.
 But prince ! wise counsel take thyself, and hear another wisely : 360
 The word, which I will speak to thee, shall not deserve rejection.
 By tribes and brotherhoods thymen distinguish, Agamemnon !
 Let brotherhood from brotherhood, and tribe from tribe, have succour.
 If such be thy command, and if the Achaians show compliance,
 The coward then shalt thou discern,— of chieftains or of people,— 365
 And also who is brave ; for each will fight his proper battle :
 And whether by unearthly will a city scape thy pillage,
 Or by the people's cowardice and ignorance of combat."
 To him in words reciprocal spake royal Agamemnon :
 "Troth ! still thou in debate, old friend ! Achaia's sons surpasses. 370
 Would that I had,—O father Jove, Athene and Apollo !
 Ten counsellors who might with thee compete, among the Achaians :

Then quickly should king Priam's city bow the head before me,
 Captur'd and pillag'd mightily beneath the hands of Argives.
 But griefs on me are come from Jove, Saturnian, ægis-holder, 375
 Who into strife entangleth me and quarrel unaccomplish'd.
 Sith for a damsel's sake have I with Achileus contended
 By altercation opposite; and *I* in rage was foremost.
 But if in counsel we again ever be join'd, no longer
 Shall Troy postponement earn of woe, for e'en a scanty moment. 380
 But now to banquet come, that next we may the battle summon.
 Let each man sharpen well his spear, and each adjust his buckler,
 Each to his nimble-footed steeds duly supply the fodder,
 Each keenly eye his chariot, and well prepare for battle,
 That all of us the livelong day with Ares stern may bargain. 385
 For no cessation will we give, for e'en a scanty moment,
 Till haply intervening Night men's controversy sunder.
 Now over many a breast the strap of the man-hiding buckler
 Shall sweat, and clinging to the spear shall many a hand be weary;
 And many a courser too shall sweat, the polish'd chariot trailing. 390
 But whomsoe'er my eye shall see wishing to shun the battle,
 And loiter by the crested ships, for him it were not easy
 Against the dogs and ravining birds to find a safe protection."

At this harangue the Argive host skirl'd loudly, as a billow,
 When by the rushing South impell'd, upon the lofty margin 395
 Of a sea-jutting craggy rock which never waves abandon,
 Tho' veer the winds to every side, hither or thither blowing.
 Then rising mov'd they rapidly, along the galleys scatter'd,
 And rais'd a smoke from every tent, and set themselves to dinner.
 To diverse gods of birth eternal they their worship offer'd, 400
 With vows imploring to escape death and turmoil of Ares.
 But a fat bull, five years in age, the princely Agamemnon
 To Saturn's overswaying son in sacrifice devoted,
 And Pan-Achaia's elder chiefs he to the banquet summon'd;
 Nestor, of all the first: but prince Idomeneus was second; 405
 The two Ajaces next were call'd, and then the son of Tydeus;

Ulysses was the sixth, to Jove an equipoise in counsel.
 But Menelaus, good at need, came of his proper motion ;
 For well he knew his brother's soul, by many cares distracted.
 Around the bull these stationed them, and barley-cakes uplifted ; 410
 Then amid all, the general vow spake royal Agamemnon :
 " O Jove, most glorious and great ! cloud-wrapt ! in heaven dwelling !
 Let not the sun go sooner down and yield the world to darkness,
 Before that Priam's royal hall I headlong cast to ruin
 Buried in ashes, and consume with foeman's fire the pillars ; 415
 And round the breast of Hector's self the tunic soft be mangled
 By griding brass ; and many a man among his trusty comrades
 Into the dust thrown headlong, seize the earth with bite convulsive."

So spake he ; nor did Saturn's child as yet the vow accomplish :
 The sacrifice accepted he, but toil ungrudging added. 420
 Then after pray'r was made, and they the barley-cakes threw forward,
 The victims' necks they backward drew, and slaughter'd them and skinn'd
 And parted out the thighs ; but these in double fold they cover'd [them,
 With fragrant fat, and over them arrang'd the choicer pieces.
 And these they roasted with the flame from leafless faggots kindled, 425
 But pierc'd the vitals, and above the might of Vulcan held them.
 Now when the joints were roasted well, and they the vitals tasted,
 The rest they slash'd in smaller bits, and spitted every morsel,
 And broil'd them all right cleverly, and drew them off perfected.
 After the toil had found its end, and all the feast was ready, 430
 They banqueted, nor did their soul lack well-proportion'd banquet.
 But when desire importunate of food and drink were ended,
 To them the Pylian charioteer, Nestor, began advices :

" O Agamemnon, prince of men, most glorious Atrides !
 No more debate admit we here, nor longer by postponement 435
 Lose we the action, which the God within our hands entrusteth.
 But come ye ! to the general throng of brazen-cloak'd Achaians
 Now let the heralds notify a levy at the galleys :
 And for ourselves, patrol we through Achaia's ample army
 Thus in a troop, that quicker we may waken eager Ares." 440

He spake; nor found the prince of men reluctant to obey him :
 But Agamemnon quickly bade the clear-intoning heralds
 To summon to the ranks of war the streaming-hair'd Achaians.
 These gave the word of summoning : right quickly those assembled.
 Thereafter, those Jove-nurtur'd kings around the son of Atreus 445
 Arrang'd and pick'd the people: them grey-ey'd Athene aided,
 With costly ægis on her arm, immortal, undecaying.
 A hundred fringes, all of gold, around it were suspended ;
 All were of dainty broidery, each worth a hundred bullocks.
 With this she glancing flash'd, and pass'd through all Achaia's people, 450
 Exciting them to tramp of war ; and every heart among them
 She fill'd with vigour, ceaselessly to toil in war and combat.
 And sweeter suddenly became the battle, than the voyage
 Unto their native land belov'd on smoothly-hollow galleys.

As balefully a fire may blaze amid a countless forest, 455
 Along the ridgy mountain-tops, and cast afar its splendour ;
 So then, as march'd the companies, from off their brazen smoothness
 Irradiance unearthly shot, and reach'd the lofty heaven.

In fashion as of feather'd birds the motley-crowding nations,—
 Of geese, or cranes, or long-neck'd swans, within the Asian meadow, 460
 Whereon Cäyster standeth wide with over-brimming water,—
 Hither and thither flit about exulting in their pennons,
 Or with loud screams alight in front, and all the mead is noisy ;
 So then of these the many tribes from out the tents and galleys
 Into Scamander's ample plain were pouring ; but beneath them 465
 From feet of horses and of men the earth terrific rumbled.
 Thus stood they on the meadow-banks of flowery Scamander
 By tens of thousands, as in spring bud forth the leaves and blossoms.

Like as the many races are of buzzing flies incessant,
 Which rambling dart about, where'er the cattle are in station, 470
 Within the vernal period, when pails with milk are wetted ;
 So many then upon the plain the streaming-hair'd Achaians

460. *Asia*, primitively meant the delta of the river Cäyster ; next, the kingdom of Croesus, bounded eastward by the Halys, or Kizil Irmak ; thirdly, the kingdom of Persia was called *Upper Asia* ; lastly, *Asia* was extended to include the entire eastern continent.

Stood forth the Troians to confront, all eagerness to crush them.

And as, amid vast herds of goats, right easily the herdsmen
Distinguish each his proper flock, when mix'd are they in pasture; 475
So these the leaders, parting well, hither and thither marshall'd
For mell of war; and mid them mov'd the royal Agamemnon,
Wearing of thunder-loving Jove, in eyes and head, the semblance,
Of Neptune at his shoulder-breadth, of Ares at his girdle.

In fashion as amid the herd stands out by far the foremost 480
The bull, pre-eminent of rank among the kine collected;
So on that day pre-eminent did Jove exalt Atrides,
Chosen above the common throng and amid heroes chiefest.

Utter for me, ye Muses, now, who dwell in high Olympus,—
For *ye* in truth are goddesses, all-present, and all-knowing, 485
But *we* a rumour only hear, nor know we aught for certain;—
Who mid the host of Danaï were governours and leaders.
But for the multitude, not I might tell their tale, or name them,
Not, if I had a tenfold mouth and tenfold tongue within it,
And tho' my chest were made of brass, and naught my voice could shatter,
Unless the Olympian Muses, who of Jove the ægis-holder
Are daughters, those commemorate who under Troy were warring.
Now will I all the ships rehearse, and all their chiefs, in order.

Of the Boeotian galleys was	Peneleos commander,	
Arkesilas and Clonius,	Leitus and Prothœnor.	495
All who in Hyria had lot,	all who in rocky Aulis,	
In Eteonus many-slop'd,	in Scoenus or in Scolus,	
On Mycalessus' ample floor,	in Thespia and Graia;	
All who Erythrae occupied,	Eilesius, or Harma,	
And all who dwelt at Eleon,	at Peteon or Hyla,	500
At Ocale and Medeon,	a nobly builded fortress;	
In Thisbe, land of turtle-doves,	in Copae or Eutresis;	
All who in Coroneia dwelt	and grassy Haliartus,	
And all who Glisan occupied,	and all Plataea's people,	
And all who Hypothebe held,	a nobly builded fortress;	505

479. In antique medallions, great breadth of shoulders is assigned to Neptune.
Ares, or Mars, ought to be small in girth, as seems to be here intended.

Or who in bright Onchestus dwelt, domain to Neptune sacred,
 And all who held Mideia's soil and grape-abounding Arne ;
 All who in heav'nly Nisa dwelt and in remote Anthedon ;—
 By these were fifty galleys mann'd; and youths, six score in number,
 Of the Boeotians embark'd on board of every galley. 510
 Aspledon, and Orchomenus, the Minyeian city,
 Were by two sons of Ares rul'd, whom in the house of Actor
 Astyoche, a maid august, into her chamber mounting,
 To Ares fierce produc'd ; but he her secret bed had enter'd.
 One son was nam'd Ascalaphus, Ialmenus the other ; 515
 And thirty smoothly-hollow ships contain'd their train of people.
 Epistrophus and Schedius of Phocis were commanders,
 Sprung from the son of Naubolus, the lofty-soul'd Ipheitus.
 All who in Kyparissus dwelt and in the rocky Pytho,
 In Daulis and in Panopeus and in the heav'nly Crisa, 520
 All who around Hyampolis or round Anemoreia
 Inhabited, or who beside divine Kephisus' river,
 Or who Lilaia occupied close to Kephisus' sources :
 From these a company was made of forty dusky galleys.
 Their leaders moving busily the Phocians were ranging, 525
 Who close to the Boeotians were on the left accoutred.
 But over Locris Ajax swift, Oileus' son, was leader,
 In bulk and stature not so large as Telamonian Ajax,
 But greatly smaller: slight was he, and girt with linen corslet,
 But with the spear excell'd mid all Hellenes and Achaians. 530
 In Opus and Calliarus and Kynus dwelt his people,
 In Bessa and in Scarphe and in beautiful Augeia,
 By waters of Boagrius at Thronius and Tarphe.
 Of Locrians, who dwell against Euboea's sacred island
 On adverse coast, with him in train came forty dusky galleys. 535
 As for Euboea's proper folk, the Abantes breathing courage,
 In Chalkis or Eretria and vineclad Histiaea ;
 Who dwelt at Dium's fortress steep and maritime Kerinthus,
 Or who Carystus tenanted or held their lot at Styra,
 These Elephenor, branch of Ares, rul'd beneath his sceptre, 540

Calchodon's offspring, leader o'er the lofty-soul'd Abantes.
 And in his train the Abantes mov'd, with long hair backward streaming,
 Spear-wielding rapid warriors, with ashen shafts extended
 Eager to burst the corslet through upon the foeman's bosom.
 With him there came a company of forty dusky galleys. 545

Them who Athene's city held, a nobly builded fortress,
 Land of the mighty-hearted king Erechtheus,—whom Athene,
 Jove's daughter, nurtur'd (tho' to him life-giving Earth was mother),
 But she in Athens planted him within her own rich temple,
 Where, as the circling years are full, by gift of rams and bullocks 550
 The youths of the Athenians do pleasure to the goddess;—
 O'er these the son of Peteos, Menestheus, was commander.
 To him not yet upon the earth a man had risen equal
 To marshal chariots in rank and buckler-wielding heroes :
 Nestor alone his rival was, and Nestor was his elder. 555
 With him there came a company of fifty dusky galleys.

Ajax, the prince from Salamis, was of twelve galleys leader,
 And where the bands of Athens stood, thither he plac'd his comrades.
 But them who Argos tenanted and wall-encircled Tiryns,
 Hermione and Asine in inward gulf retreating, 560
 And Troezen and Eione and vineclad Epidaurus ;
 And all Achaia's youth who dwelt in Mases or Aegina ;
 These Diomedes, good at need, beneath his sceptre marshall'd,
 And Sthenelus, the darling son of Capaneus the famous.
 As third with these, Euryalus, a godlike man, proceeded, 565
 Whose sire the prince Mekisteus was, and Taläus his grandsire.
 But Diomedes, good at need, the bands collective guided :
 Of these there came a company of eighty dusky galleys.

But those who in Mycenae dwelt, a nobly builded fortress,
 Or in Cleonae's goodly walls or in the wealthy Corinth, 570
 In lovely Araethurea or in Orneiae dwelling,
 And Sikyon, where formerly Adrastus held the kingdom ;
 All who in Hyperesia and lofty Gonoessa
 Or in Pellene dwelt, or held round Aegium possessions

547. *Erechtheus*, i.e. indigenous ; a name denoting that the Athenian nation sprang out of the soil. "Athens" is the city of Athene.

Or widely-spreading Helike, and up the whole sea-margin ; 575
 From these a hundred ships were led by royal Agamemnon,
 Atrides : peoples in his train most numerous and noblest
 Follow'd ; and mid them shone himself with dazzling brass invested,
 In matchless glory triumphing, preeminent of heroes,
 Because-that mightiest was he and led the greatest peoples. 580

Those who the mountain-hollows held of clifted Lacedaemon,
 Messa, the land of turtle-doves, or Sparta and Bryseia ;
 And all who Pharis occupied and beautiful Augeia ;
 Who had their lots round Oetylus and Laas, or were planted
 At Helus, fortress maritime, and Amyclæ ;—their peoples 585
 Did Menelaus, good at need, his brother, lead behind him
 In sixty galleys ; but his bands had separate equipment.
 Among them mov'd he actively, by his own zeal excited,
 Urging to battle ; and his heart was vehemently eager,
 On sake of Helen to avenge his scurry and disasters. 590

But those who Pylos tenanted and beautiful Arene,
 Thryum, a ford of Alphæus, and Aepy's goodly buildings ;—
 Who dwelt at Kyparissæis and round Amphigeneia,
 Pteleion, Helus, Dorium ;— where formerly the Muses
 Met Thamyris the Thracian and stopt him from his warblings, 595
 When from Oechalian Eurytus out of Oechalia wending :
 For boastfully he undertook to conquer, if the Muses,
 Daughters of ægis-holding Jove, themselves his song would rival ;
 But they in anger marr'd his eyes to sightlessness, and ravish'd
 His song celestial, and made his hand forget its harping.— 600
 The bands of these the charioteer Gerenian Nestor guided,
 And ninety smoothly-hollow ships were rang'd beneath his order.

But all who held Arcadia, beneath Kyllene's mountain
 Lofty and steep, beside the tomb of Aepytus ; where heroes,
 Hand to hand combating, are found ;— and all who dwelt at Ripe, 605
 Pheneion, or Orchomenus with flocks of sheep abounding ;—
 All who at Tegea had lot or lovely Mantineia,
 Windy Enispe, Stratie, Parrhasia, Stympalus ;
 O'er these Anchaius' son bare rule, the royal Agapenor,
 In sixty galleys : and on board of every galley mounted 610

Men of Arcadia numerous, with feats of war acquainted.
 For Agamemnon, prince of men, himself, the son of Atreus,
 The welldeck'd galleys gave to them, across the purple waters
 To voyage; since Arcadians marine employment know not.
 But those who o'er Buprasium were spread, and sacred Elis, 615
 Contained within Aleisium and limit of Hyrmine,
 From the tall rock of Olenus to Myrsinus remotest;
 Also to these were chieftains four; and every chief was follow'd
 By ten swift ships, on board of which many Epeians mounted.
 Over two parts Amphimachus and Thalpius were leaders; 620
 To this man Cteatus, to that was Eurytus the father:
 The third did strong Diores lead, the son of Amarynkeus:
 Over the fourth, command was held by godlike Polyxeinus,
 Whose father was Agasthenes, his grandsire prince Augeias.
 But those who from Dulichium, and from the sacred islands 625
 The Echinæ, come, across the sea, which lie oppos'd to Elis;
 Meges the captain was of these, an equipoise to Ares,
 Son of a chief by Jove belov'd, the charioteering Phyleus,
 Who to Dulichium withdrew, embitter'd with his father.
 With Meges came a company of forty dusky galleys. 630
 The high-soul'd Kephallenians were by Ulysses marshall'd;
 Who at leaf-shaking Neritus or Ithaca were planted,
 All who in Crokyleia dwelt or Aegilips the rugged,
 And who round Samos held their lot, or dwelt upon Zakynthus,
 And tenants of the continent, the adverse coast possessing; 635
 All these Ulysses led, to Jove an equipoise in prudence.
 With him there went in company twelve scarlet-sided galleys.
 Thoas, Andraemon's offspring, o'er the Aetolians was leader,
 Who held their lot at Olenus, and Pleuron and Pylene,
 And Chalkis, hard upon the sea, and Calydon the rocky. 640
 For neither did the sons survive of mighty-hearted Oeneus,
 Nor Oeneus' self; but death had seiz'd on auburn Meleager.
 To Thoas then was princely rule o'er all Aetolia granted,
 And with him came a company of forty dusky galleys.
 By spear-renown'd Idomeneus the Cretans were commanded. 645
 Whoever Gnossus tenanted or wall-encircled Gortyn,—

Who Lyctus and Miletus held	and chalky-soil'd Lycastus,—	
Dwellers of Rhytium or Phaestus,	thickly-peopled cities ;	
And who in hundred-citied Crete	elsewheremaintain'd their dwellings;	
These spear-renown'd Idomeneus	beneath his sceptre guided,	650
And Merion, an equipoise	for hero-slaying Ares.	
With them there came a company	of eighty dusky galleys.	
Tlepolemus, of Heracles	the tall and goodly offspring,	
Led of the haughty Rhodians	from Rhodes nine dusky galleys.	
These over Rhodes possessions held,	into three States divided,	655
Of Lindus and Ielysus	and chalky-soil'd Cameirus.	
Their armies by Tlepolemus	the spear-renown'd were guided,	
To whom, by mighty Heracles,	Astyoche was mother,	
Whom out of Ephyra he brought,	from the Sellëis river,	
When of Jove-nurtur'd warriors	he many a town had ravag'd.	660
But in the palace tightly built	Tlepolemus to manhood	
Scarcely was nurtur'd, when he slew	his sire's maternal uncle,	
A branch of Ares, now decay'd,	Likymnius beloved.	
Then galleys instantly he built,	and, many folk collecting,	
Went o'er the deep a fugitive :	for deadly threats were utter'd	665
By other sons, and sons of sons,	of Heracles the mighty.	
Drifting at random, fill'd with pangs,	on Rhodes at length he landed :	
There, tribe by tribe, three-fold they dwelt,	and greatly were they favour'd	
By Jupiter, who over gods	and over mortals reigneth ;	
And upon them Saturnius	unearthly riches shower'd.	670
Nireus again from Syme led	three even-balanc'd galleys,	
Nireus, of Charopus the prince,	and of Aglaia, offspring :	
Nireus, of all the Danaï	that under Troy were warring,	
The man of fairest form, except	the spotless son of Peleus.	
But easy of despoil was he,	and scant his train of people.	675
But all who at Nisurus dwelt	and Crapathus and Casus,	
And Cos, Eurypylus' abode,	and the Calydna islands,	
Over their bands Pheidippus was,	with Antiphus, the leader,	

672. *Charopus* means Blue-eyed ; *Aglaia*, brilliancy. Such names given to the parents of Nireus are evidently mythical, if not the poet's invention. Nireus is not mentioned again in the poem.

Two sons of Thessalus, a son of Heracles the princely :
And thirty smoothly-hollow ships were rang'd beneath their guidance.

Now, as for those who habited in the Pelasgian Argos,
In Alus or in Alope, or had their lot in Trachis ;
And all who Phthia occupied, and Hellas, fair with women,
Who were entitled Myrmidons, Hellenes and Achaïans ;
Of fifty galleys mann'd from these was Achileus the leader. 685

But them, of harshly yelling war no memory excited,
For none stood forward in their ranks, to marshal and command them :
For at his galleys lay, divine Achilles foot-reliant,
Swelling at heart to lose the maid, the comely-hair'd Briseis,
Whom, by much toil, select he won, as booty from Lyrnessus, 690
When of Lyrnessus spoil he made, and storm'd the walls of Thebe,
And cast to earth those spearmen keen Epistrophus and Mynes,
Whose sire Euenus was, and prince Selepius their grandsire.
So, grieving for the maid, he lay ; but soon to rise was destin'd.

But those who dwelt at Phylake and that domain of Ceres, 695
The flower-spangled Pyrasus, —Ito, of flocks the parent,
And Antron, hard upon the sea, and grassy-couch'd Pteleion ;
Of these again commander was the brave Protesilaüs,
While living ; but already then the earth's dark bosom held him.
His spouse with mangled cheeks remain'd in Phylake deserted, 700
Within his half-completed house : but him a Dardan hero
Slew, when from off his ship he leapt, far foremost of the Achaïans.

Nor yet, e'en so, unled were they, — though for their leader pining, —
But them in ranks of war array'd Podarkes, branch of Ares,
Whose father Iphiclus was son of sheep-abounding Phylax. 705
Unto the mighty-hearted slain own-brother was Podarkes,
But of more tender age ; but he was loftier and braver,
Protesilaüs, martial chief : nor did, in sooth, the people
Suffer from lack of governance ; yet long'd they for their hero.
With him there came a company of forty dusky galleys. 710

But those who Pheræ occupied, beside the marsh of Boebe,
And Boebe's self and Glaphyræ, and nobly-built Iolcus

683. *Hellas*, which afterwards became the name of all Greece, in Homer denotes a limited district of Thessaly.

These did Admetus' darling son lead in eleven galleys,
 Eumelus; whom Alkestis bare,— fairest of all her sisters,
 Divine of women, Pelias' child,— to steed-renown'd Admetus. 715

But those who in Thaumakia held lots, and in Methone,
 And Meliboea occupied and rugged-soil'd Olisdon,
 All these did Philoctetes lead, in archery accomplish'd.
 O'er seven galleys bare he rule, and each with fifty rowers
 Was well equipp'd, in archery for stalwart fight distinguish'd. 720
 But he upon an island lay, enduring stubborn anguish,
 Upon the heav'nly Lemnos, where Achaia's children left him,
 Tormented by the evil sore of that malignant hydra.

There lay he anguish-struck; but soon the Argives by their galleys
 Were doom'd remembrance to regain of princely Philoctetes. 725
 Nor yet, e'en so, unled were they, though for their leader pining,
 But Medon did their ranks array, Oileus' bastard offspring,
 Whom for his city-rieving sire Rhene his mother nurtur'd.

All who in Tricca dwelt, and in Oechalia, the city
 Of Eurytus the Oechalian, and many-knoll'd Ithome;— 730
 Two sons of Aesculapius,
 Excelling in the healing art, were over these the leaders:
 And thirty smoothly-hollow ships were rang'd beneath their guidance.
 But those who held Ormenius and Hypereia's fountain,
 And who Asterium possess'd and Titan's whity summits; 735
 Of these Eurypylus was chief, Euaemon's brilliant offspring;
 And with him came a company of forty dusky galleys.

But those who at Gyrtone dwelt or occupied Argissa,
 And Olöosson, city white, and Ortha and Elona,
 These Polypoetes, firm in war, beneath his sceptre guided, 740
 Son of Peirithöus, to whom immortal Jove was father:—
 (This offspring to Peirithöus renown'd Hippodameia
 Bare on the day, on which the Beasts with downy hides he punish'd,
 Which he thrust out from Pelium and to the Aethîkes drove them:—
 Not singlehanded; but, with him Leonteus, branch of Ares; 745
 The offspring he of Caeneus' son, the haughty-soul'd Coronus.

723. *Hydrus*, *Hydra*, water-snake. The arrow that wounded Philoctetes was infected with the snake's poison.

Of these there came a company of forty dusky galleys.
 But two and twenty galleys swift did Guneus lead from Kyphus :
 Him the Peraebi, firm in war, and Enienes follow'd,
 Who fix'd their dwellings round about the winter-land Dodone, 750
 Or joyful tillage tended near delightful Titaresus,
 Who poureth in Peneius' lap his dainty-streaming water,
 Nor with the silver-eddy Peneius ever mingleth,
 But, always sundered, as oil along the surface floateth ;
 For-that it streameth from the Styx, which gods invoking shudder. 755
 Of the Magnetes Prothoüs Tenthredon's son was leader,
 An eager hero : these were spread along Peneius' currents,
 Or held their homes where Pelion his head leaf-shaking reareth.
 With Prothoüs in company came forty dusky galleys.
 These of the Danaï were nam'd the governours and leaders. 760
 But Muse ! do thou declare for me who among all were noblest,
 Both men and steeds, which companied in train of the Atridæ.
 Preeminent of coursers shone the famous breed of Pheres,
 Which drew Eumelus' chariot, and vied with birds in fleetness :
 Like were their manes, and like their age ; their height of equal measure.
 These erst were in Pieria rear'd by silver-bow'd Apollo,
 Both of the gentler sex ; yet they spread fear and flight before them.
 But of the men preeminent was Telamonian Ajax,
 While-as Achilles stood away : for no one with Achilles
 Might vie, nor with the steeds that drew the spotless child of Peleus. 770
 But he, enraged at Agamemnon, shepherd of the people,
 By his sea-coursing crested ships lay indolently listless ;
 And all his people, straying loose along the rough sea-margin,
 Took their amusement at the quoit or darting with the jav'lin
 And arrows ; while by every car unharness'd stood the horses, 775
 Munching their grassy lotus-food and marsh-engender'd parsley,

755. *Styx*, *i. e.* disgust : apparently a naphtha stream ; supposed to flow out of hell. The gods were believed to swear by this river.

758. *Pelion*, a mountain of Thessaly, crowned with forests.

776. *Parsley*, or celery perhaps. But we are used to render it *parsley*, as the prize of the Nemean games.

Tranquil: and in the princes' tents the chariots well-cover'd
 Idly repos'd; and they themselves, their warlike leader missing,
 Stroll'd and patroll'd along the camp, nor join'd the moving army.

But it, as fire along the fields invading, hurried onward. 780
 Rumbled the ground beneath their tread, as when around Typhœus
 The thunder-loving Jupiter the earth in anger scourgeth
 Mid Arim hills, where (rumour saith) Typhœus lies extended:
 So then beneath the feet of these rumbled the earth deep-thrilling,
 As on they went; and speedily the breadth of plain travers'd they.

But Iris swift with feet of wind on message to the Troians
 From ægis-holding Jupiter came down with painful tidings.
 And they in general mote were met before the doors of Priam,
 The younger and the elder men, in full assembly gather'd. 789
 Then Iris swift of foot drew near, and stood, and spake her message.
 In voice she did the semblance take of Priam's son Polites,
 Who, to his fleetness trusting, sat as watcher for the Troians
 On summit of the barrow-hill of ancient Aesyetes,
 To espy, if e'er the Achaian host rush'd forth to leave their galleys.
 In such resemblance Iris swift her message spake to Priam. 795

"Oh father, undecisive talk to thee is alway grateful,
 As formerly in peace; but war inevitable riseth.
 For verily I oft have gone through many a fight of heroes,
 But never people yet saw I so many and so mighty.
 For troth! like to the forest-leaves or to the sands in number, 800
 Now move they through the plain, to fight, and make the prize our city.
 Thee, Hector! chiefly would I charge, whom so to act behoveth:
 For Priam's ample city is by many allies defended,
 But men from diverse race deriv'd to diverse language listen.
 Let every chieftain give the word to those who know his guidance, 805
 And each his proper citizens in several order marshal." [him,

Thus spake she; nor did Hector doubt the goddess' voice which call'd
 But quickly he the mote dismiss'd, and to their arms they hurried.
 Then open all the gates were flung, and out the folk came rushing,
 The footmen and the horsemen both, and rous'd unmeasur'd riot. 810

In front a steep and lofty knoll before the city riseth,
 Standing apart amid the plain, by chariot roads encircled;

Which truly is by earthly men entitled Batiaea,
 But by the gods, the monument of nimble-limb'd Myrine :
 There were the Troians and allies in several order marshall'd. 815

Hector with helm of motley work was to the Troians leader,
 Offspring of Priam ; tribes of men most numerous and noblest
 Were after him array'd for war, with ashen lances eager.

Next stood Anchises' bonny child as captain of the Dardans,—
 Æneias,—whom on Ida's slopes immortal Aphrodite 820
 Bare to Anchises,—goddess bright unto a mortal wedded.

Nor lonely stood he; with him stood Antenor's double offspring,
 Archelochus and Acamas, well skill'd in various battle.

But those who in Zeleia dwelt beneath the foot of Ida,
 Troians of wealthy race, who drank Aisepus' darkling water ; 825
 O'er those Lycaon's brilliant son, young Pandarus, was leader,
 On whom Apollo's self of yore bestow'd his archer weapons.

But those who Adrasteia held and country of Apaesus,
 Or who in Pityeia dwelt and Tere's lofty mountain,
 These did two sons of Merops lead, Adrastus, and Ampheius 830
 With linen corslet. Verily their sire, Percotan Merops,—
 Who above all men divinations knew,—forbad his children
 To hero-wasting war to march : but they his word obey'd not ;
 For why ? the Fates to gloomy death the youths unknowing hurried.

But those who occupied their lots round Practis and Percota, 835
 And Sestus and Abydus held and glorious Arisba ;
 Over their armies Asius, a chief of men, was leader ;
 Asius, son of Hyrtacus, whom coursers from Arisba,
 Flame-hued and stately, bare along, from the Selleïs river.

814. *Myrine*, an Amazon. See Book III, 189.

816. *Motley*. I hold the old-fashioned belief that the Greek *aiolos* is equivalent to the Latin *varius*, and that the verb in *Odyssey*, 20, 27, means *variat*. I see no indication that "rapidity" or "flexibility" are ever intended; qualities not found in Hector's helmet or in Ajax's shield, *Iliad*, 7, 222. Since even Buttmann interprets the *aiola nyx* of Sophocles "nox (astris) varium," *i. e.* spangled night, the rendering "spangled-helmeted" seems admissible here, and may be adopted through the poem if any prefer it. See Note on 4, 490.

As for the tribes of warriors, Pelasgians spear-frenzied, 840
 Who dwelt upon the massy clods of loamy-soil'd Larissa
 These did Hippothoüs conduct, and Pylas, branch of Ares,
 Whose sire Pelasgian Lethus was, and Teutamus their grandsire.
 Next Acamas and Peiröos, the Thracians conducted,
 All whom within its noble stream the Hellespont embraceth. 845
 But of the warrior Kicones Euphemus was commander,
 Whose sire Troezenus, rear'd by Jove, claim'd Keas for his father.
 The bending-bow'd Pæonians were by Pyraechmes guided
 From widely-flowing Axius and Amydon's recesses,
 From Axius, whose stream is shed the daintiest to mortals. 850
 Pylæmenes of shaggy heart the Paphlagonians marshall'd,
 Where a wild breed of mules among the Eneti is nurtur'd;
 Men who in Sesamus had lot, and tenants of Kyturus,
 Or who on banks of Parthenus maintain'd illustrious dwellings,
 And Cromna and Ægialus and lofty Erythini. 855
 But Hodius and Epistrophus the Halizones guided
 From distant Alybe, wherein a fount of silver lieth.
 The Mysi Chromis own'd as chief, and Ennomus the augur;
 Nor he by arts of augury black destiny averted.
 But him Pelides, fleet of foot with hand relentless slaughter'd 860
 Within the river, where his might to many more was deadly.
 The Phryges next, with Phoreys and Ascanius the godlike,
 Came from Ascania's distant land, all eager for the combat.
 But Antiphus and Mesthles o'er the Mæones were leaders,
 Twain offspring to Talaemenes bestow'd by lake Gygaea, 865
 Who marshall'd the Mæonians born at the foot of Tmolus.
 The Carians with barbarous voice by Nastes were commanded,
 Who at Miletus dwelt, and held the leafy mount of Phthiræ,
 And Mycale with lofty tops and currents of Mæander.
 Over their bands Amphimachus and Nastes were commanders, 870

840. The *Pelasgians* in Homer are never confounded with Achaians, Athenians, Arcadians, or any of those afterwards known as "Hellenes," Greeks. Argos in Thessaly was called Pelasgian (v. 681 above) in contrast to Achaian Argos, or Argolis, ix, 141.

Both Nastes and Amphimachus, Nomion's brilliant children ;
 Nastes, who enter'd war, with gold bedizen'd like a damsel,
 O simpleton ! nor this at all sad destiny averted :
 But him amid the river's flood Aeacides swift-footed
 Subdued ; and skilful Achileus bare off the golden booty. 875
 Sarpedon and unblemish'd Glaucus led the Lycian heroes,
 Who came afar, from Lycia, from banks of whirling Xanthus.

874. *Æacides*, son (or grandson) of *Æacus*. Achilles was son of Peleus son of *Æacus*.

877. Xanthus, in Homer, is not only this Lycian river, but is also the sacred name of Scamander, the Trojan river.



BOOK III.

WHEN severally thus were they beneath their leaders marshall'd,
 TheTroian ranks, like flocks of fowl, mov'd on with noise and clatter ;
 As verily the scream of cranes across the sky is carried,
 Who, scar'd by storm ineffable, and by the scowl of winter,
 Soar on the pinion clamouring toward the streams of Ocean, 5
 Unto the men of Pygmy breed murder and ruin bearing,
 And at the early morning, set dire controversy forward.
 But yon Achaïans, breathing might, march'd all of them in silence,
 Each for his comrade resolute some feat of arms to venture.

And as, along a mountain's tops, mist from the South wind gathers, 10
 To shepherds hateful, but to thief than shades of night more friendly,
 And so far as one casts a stone, may each man see before him ;

4. *Ineffable*. The Greek word literally means : " inexpressible even to gods."

6. *Pygmy*, in Greek, means " as large as one's fist." There is little doubt that the monkeys in Africa are the origin of the notion of " pygmy " men, whom the cranes attacked.

Sothen the dustwave wreath'd in storm was rais'd beneath their tramping,
As on they went : and speedily the breadth of plain travérs'd they.

When both to shorter distance came, advancing each on other, 15
Foremost among the ranks of Troy stood godlike Alexander,
With panther skin and bending bow slung loosely from his shoulder
And cutlass ; but in double hand two brazen-pointed lances
He brandish'd, and loud challenge made to all the Argive bravest,
In battle's perilous debate with adverse force to combat. 20

When Menelas, by Ares lov'd, descried his foe advancing
With long and lofty stride, before the common crowd of Troians ;
His joy was as a lion's joy, on some large game alighting,
Whether an antler-bearing stag or roebuck meet his clutches ; 25
For he in hungry mood, I ween, doth greedily devour it,
Though hard upon his traces press swift hounds and lusty callants.
So Meneläus joy'd to meet the godlike Alexander
Beneath his eyes ; for he, in sooth, thought to repay the guilty ;
And straightway from his chariot leapt to the ground in armour.

But when the godlike Alexander him discover'd sudden 30
Appearing in the foremost ranks, his tender heart was smitten ;
And back he to his comrade-troop, avoiding fate, retreated.
As when a startled man, within the thickets of a mountain,
Hath sudden met a serpent's eye, his limbs are seiz'd with tremor,
And helplessly recoileth he, and o'er his cheek is paleness ; 35
So then, in fear of Atreus' son, did godlike Alexander
Shrink timorously back, within the crowd of haughty Troians.

But Hector saw, and bitterly with words of scorn address'd him :
" Ill omen'd Paris ! fair of face ! seducer ! woman-frenzied !
Oh that thou never birth hadst known, or hadst unwedded perish'd ! 40
For this would I prefer for thee, and far more gainful were it,
Than thus to be a contumely and mark of hate for others.
Troth ! loud and scornfully do laugh the streaming-hair'd Achaians,
Who say, that with a face so fair thy prowess in the battle

30-32. Alexander (Paris) was accoutred in light armour, and quite unprepared to meet Menelaus. The poet is often obscure on the whole question, and seems to forget : thus in v. 339, Menelaus arms, as if not already full-armed.

Must needs excel : but thou in soul nor force nor vigour bearest. 45
 Didst thou, with such a heart as that, belov'd companions gather,
 And o'er the briny waters sail in the sea-coursing galleys,
 And, mix'd with men of foreign soil, bear off a beauteous woman,
 A bride of chieftain warriors, from out the land of Apis ;
 A mighty torment to thy sire, the town, and all the country ; 50
 A triumph to thy enemies but to thyself dishonour ?
 In sooth 'twas wiser, not to wait for warlike Menelaüs,
 Or put the might of *him* to proof whose bloomingspouse thou holdest.
 For not thy harp would succour thee, nor gifts of Aphrodite,
 Nor tresses nor fair features, when thou wouldst in dust be mingled. 55
 But very cravens are the folk ; or thou, long since, in guerdon
 For all the mischief thou hast wrought, wouldst wear a stony tunic."

But thus responsively to him spake godlike Alexander :
 " With right, and not beyond the right, hast thou reproach'd me, Hector !
 Ever thy heart unworn doth last, like edge of axe unblunted, 60
 Which by the arm of him, whose skill a galley's timber shapeth,
 Grides through a plank, and mightily the force of man increaseth :
 So in thy bosom undismay'd abideth aye thy purpose.
 Blame not in me the lovely gifts of golden Aphrodite ;
 For not to be rejected are the glorious gifts of heaven, 65
 Which, at their pleasure, gods bestow, and none at will may seize them.
 But now, if still thou wishest me to enter war and combat,
 Cause all the rest to sit at ease, Achaïans and Troians,
 But Menelas, by Ares lov'd, match thou with me together,
 For Helen and for all her gear in feats of war to bargain. 70
 And whichsoe'er may victor be and mightier in prowess,
 Let him the woman have at home and all her gear around her.
 And ye the rest, well reconcil'd in faithful oaths and friendship,
 Dwell o'er the loamy fields of Troy ; but yonder host may voyage
 To courser-feeding Argos and Achaia, fair with women. 75

He spake : and great was Hector's joy, to hear his brother's errand.
 Along the Troian front he mov'd, and check'd their close battalions,
 Grasping his spear midway ; but all stood motionless in order.
 Then many an arrowshot at him the streaming-hair'd Achaïans
 Sent eagerly, and many a stone and javelin they darted : 80

But Agamemnon, prince of men, perceiv'd and shouted loudly :

“Hold, hold, Achaians! dart not, shoot not, warriors of Argos!
For Hector, of the motley helm, some word to speak engageth.”

Thus when he spake, they paus'd from fight, and quick were hush'd in
To listen : then mid both the hosts spake motleyhelmed Hector. [silence,

“Hear me, ye Troians! hear me too, ye dapper-greav'd Achaians;
In Alexander's name I speak, for whom this strife hath risen.
He biddeth that the rest of us, Achaians and Troians,
Upon the many-feeding earth put off our beauteous armour;
But twixt the armies he himself and warlike Menelaüs, 90
For Helen and for all her gear, alone in fight will bargain :
And whichso'er may victor be and mightier in prowess,
Let him the woman have at home and duly take her dowry,
And us the rest be reconcil'd in faithful oaths and friendship.”

He ended : and on either side they all were dumb in silence. 95
Then Menelaüs, good at need, thus spake his word among them.

“To me too listen, all of you! for sense of wrong and outrage
Me chiefly reacheth : now at length I trust to part the combat
Of Argive and of Troian; sith many a woe hath pierc'd you
Out of my quarrel, and on score of Alexander's frenzy. 100
But of us two whichever be to fate and slaughter destin'd,
Die let him; so to you the rest be combat quickly parted.
Twin lambs of adverse sex bring ye— one white, the other dusky,
For Earth and heavenly Sun: but we for Jove, will bring another.
And fetch ye noble Priam's self, to ratify the treaties 105
In person;—sith his children are outrageous and faithless;—
Lest Jove's high treaties damag'd be by aught of rash transgression.
For younger men's intentions float unstable and untrusty :
But if an old man interpose, forward at once and backward
Glanceth his thought, how either side may best arrange the future.” 110

He spake; and gladden'd by his word both Troians and Achaians,
With hope that war's calamities their destin'd end were reaching.
So drew they up their steeds in line, and from their cars dismounted,
And from their sides the armour stript and on the earth reclin'd it,
Each army to the other near, with scanty space betwixt them. 115

Then to the city heralds twain right speedily did Hector

Forward dispatch, two lambs to fetch, and bear the call to Priam.
 But royal Agamemnon sent Talthybius on errand
 The smoothly-hollow ships to seek, and bring for the Achaians
 One lamb; nor he unfaithful was to godlike Agamemnon. 120
 Iris meanwhile as messenger arriv'd to white-arm'd Helen,
 In form like to Laodice, whom royal Helicaon
 Antenor's son, in marriage held, —old Priam's fairest daughter.
 Helen within her hall she found; but she a mighty tissue 125
 Was working,—purple, double web,—and many a toil embroider'd
 Of courser-taming Troïans and brazen-cloak'd Achaians,
 Which for her sake they still endur'd beneath the hands of Ares.
 Then Iris swift of foot drew near, and stood, and spake her message:
 “Lady beloved, hither come, the wondrous deeds to witness 130
 Of courser-taming Troïans and brazen-cloak'd Achaians;
 Who formerly, across the plain, with thirst of deadly contest,
 Each upon other bare the rage of tear-abounding Ares:
 But lo! in silence sit they now, and respite have from battle,
 Leaning upon their shields; and near, are fix'd their lengthy lances. 135
 But Meneläus, lov'd by Ares,—he and Alexander
 In single combat shall for thee with lengthy lances bargain.
 And whoso winneth, him shalt thou as consort dear acknowledge.”
 Thus spake the goddess, and within the heart of Helen wafted
 Sweet longings for her ancient lord, her city, and her parents. 140
 And instantly with limbs enwrapt in folds of gauzy splendour,
 Forth from the bower hurried she, a tender tear distilling,
 But not alone: as retinue beside her, two companions
 Attended,—large-ey'd Clymene and Aethre, Pittheus' daughter.
 Quickly above the gates of Troy, —the Skæan gates—arriv'd they;
 Where, at the royal Priam's side, Panthöus and Thymoetes
 And Hiketaon, branch of Ares, Clytius and Lampus,
 Antenor and Ucalegon, aged alike and prudent,
 Over the Skæan gates of Troy, high aldermen, were sitting:
 Who verily through age were slack for battle; but in council 150
 Laborious, to crickets like, which, mid the dewy forest,
 Perch'd on a bush, unceasingly their tiny treble quaver:

145. *Skæan gates, i. e. left-hand.*

Such then upon the tower sat the leaders of the Troians.
 And when they Helen now beheld on to the tower coming,
 In winged accents softly one made whisper to another : 155

“ For such a woman, none can blame, if dapper-greav’d Achaians
 Against the Troians many a year choose bitter woe to suffer.
 Unto the deathless goddesses her face hath awful likeness.
 Still let her, e’en though such she is, hie homeward in her galleys,
 Nor here be left a pestilence for us and for our children. 160

While thus they whisper’d, Priam spake, and call’d the name of Helen :
 “ Hither advance thee, dearest child, and take thy seat before me,
 To see thy former lord amid his kinsman and his comrades :
 Not upon thee the blame I cast : the gods it is, that grieve me,
 Who from the Achaians visit me with tear-abounding battle. 165
 But come ; declare to me by name this man of bulk majestic,
 Whoso among Achaian men thus comely is and stately.
 For others verily there are of head and stature taller ;
 But nowhere yet so noble form my eyes have e’er encounter’d,
 Nor so magnificent : in troth, a royal man he seemeth.” 170

To him with words responsive spake Helen, divine of women :
 “ Dear marriage-father ! thou to me art reverend and awful.
 Would that I had contented been with evil death, when hither
 Companion to thy son I came, abandoning my bower,
 My kinsfolk and my darling girl, and lovely friends of childhood. 175
 But such a fate befell me not ; so now I pine with weeping.
 But as for that thou askest me, that shortly will I tell thee :
 This is the elder son of Atreus, princely Agamemnon,
 At once a wisely-ruling king, and eke a doughty spearman.
 To me the vixen-fac’d he once, methinks, was husband’s brother.”

As thus she spake, the aged man broke forth in words admiring :
 “ Oh blessed son of Atreus, born with favoring gods and fortune,
 How many a bold Achaian youth bows humbly to thy sceptre !
 Once into vine-clad Phrygia in distant days I enter’d,
 Where men with motley steeds I saw, the many bands of Otreus 185
 And Mygdon, who with gods might cope : such were the Phrygian levies,
 Along the banks of Sangarus encamp’d in close battalions :
 For I, to their alliance join’d, among their ranks was counted,

When Amazons, a match for men, invaded them with battle.
Nor yet were these so many, as the curling-ey'd Achaians." 190

Next, the old man Ulysses saw, and spake, anew inquiring:
"Come, dearest daughter; name to me, who is this second hero.
Shorter is he in stature, than Atrides Agamemnon,
But broader to the sight, across his mighty chest and shoulders.
Upon the many-feeding earth his armour lies; and boldly, 195
Amid the flashing rows of war, like some tame pet, he bustles.
Unto a ram with solid wool I verily compare him,
Who through a vast and dazzling flock backward and forward paceth."

Then Helen, born of Jupiter, to him alternate answer'd:
"This is the much-devising man, Laertes' son, Ulysses, 200
Who on the stony ruggedness of Ithaca was nurtur'd,
Well-skill'd in various enterprize and craftiness of counsel."

Then straight to her responsive spake the prudent-soul'd Antenor:
"Oh Lady! verily thy word unerringly was utter'd.
For long ago, on sake of thee, in public errand hither 205
With Meneläus lov'd by Ares came divine Ulysses.

Them did I entertain as guests and in my halls befriended,
And learn'd the features of them both, and heard their prudent counsels.
Now when amid the gather'd crowd of Troïans they mingled,
While-as they stood, at shoulders' breadth was Meneläus taller, 210

But of the twain, when down they sat, Ulysses was the grander.
Whene'er, in full assembly, both did speech and counsels ravel,
Then Menelaus runningly with curt harangue proceeded.
Few were his words, but sweet and clear: no windy talker was he,

Nor rambling from his argument, though he in birth was younger. 215
But when Ulysses much-devising sudden rose before us,

He stood, and downward cast his eyes, with firm and vacant glances;
His sceptre he nor forward stretch'd, nor backward did he wield it,
But rested on it motionless, like to some empty fellow;
Some wild fanatic he might seem, or simpleton all witless. 220

But when at length from out his chest the mighty voice came gushing,
And words that hail'd incessantly, like wintry snows exhaustless,
No longer then might other mortal strive against Ulysses,
Nor longer did Ulysses' form with admiration fill us.

A third time then the aged man inquir'd, at sight of Ajax : 225
 "What other of Achaian men is that, so grand and goodly,
 With lofty head and shoulders broad preeminent of Argives?"

To him then Helen ample-rob'd, divine of women, answer'd :
 "This is the huge majestic Ajax, bulwark of the Achaians ;
 And on one side Idomeneus is seen amid the Cretans, 230
 Like to some god ; and round him, lo ! the Cretan leaders gather.
 Him Menelaus lov'd by Ares oftentime did welcome
 Within our hospitable home, whene'er from Crete he sallied.
 Now all the rest distinguish I of curling-ey'd Achaians,
 Whom rightly I could recognize and tell their names and titles. 235
 Only my eye discerneth not twin marshals of the people,
 The courser-taming Castor, and strong-fisted Polydeukes :
 Own brothers both to me were they, both children of my mother.
 Did they perchance not join the host from lovely Lacedæmon ?
 Or hither did they voyage take in the sea-coursing galleys, 240
 But now in fight of warriours reluctant are to mingle,
 Fearing the countless infamy and mockings cast upon me?"

So fancied *she* : but *them* already Earth life-teeming shelter'd
 There, in their own beloved land, their native Lacedæmon.

But, for the treaties of the gods, heralds along the city 245
 Carried the sacramental gear, twin lambs, and wine propitious,
 Fruit of the earth, in skin of goat ; while, chief of Troian heralds,
 Idæus, a resplendent bowl and golden goblets carried,
 And standing by the aged prince, thus urgently address'd him :

"Son of Laomedon, arise ! thee now the chieftains summon 250
 Of courser-taming Troïans and brazen-cloak'd Achaians,
 To join them on the plain below, and strike a faithful treaty.
 But Menelæus, lov'd by Ares, shall with Alexander,
 In single combat for their spouse, with lengthy lances bargain.
 And whoso winneth, him the wife and all her gear shall follow. 255
 Then too may we, well reconcil'd in faithful oaths and friendship,
 Dwell o'er the loamy fields of Troy ; and yonder host shall voyage
 To courser-feeding Argos and Achaia fair with women."

So spake he : but the aged man shudder'd ; and bade the attendants
 His ear to harness : busily the king's command obey'd they. 260

Then on the seat did Priam mount, and drew to him the bridles,
 And on the car so beautiful Antenor sat beside him :
 Thus thro' the Skæans to the plain held they the nimble coursers.

But when arriv'd they were, among Achaïans and Troians,
 Upon the many-feeding earth they from the car descended, 265
 And station'd them in midmost throng of Troians and Achaïans.
 But Agamemnon, prince of men, uprais'd him on the instant ;
 And up the wise Ulysses rose. Thereat, the stately heralds
 Brought mutual the sacred gear ; wine in the bowl they mingled,
 And on the hands of adverse kings sprinkled the holy water. 270
 But Atreus' son with ready hand his hunting-knife unfasten'd,
 Which by his sword's great scabbard hung, companion never absent,
 And shear'd from head of every lamb the forelocks : these the heralds
 Parted and bare among the chiefs of Troians and Achaïans.

For them Atrides loudly pray'd, with hands to heaven lifted : 275

“Oh father Jove, from Ida ruling, glorious and greatest,
 And Sun, who overseest all, and hearkenest to all things,
 And River gods, and mother Earth, and Ye Below, who punish
 The men whose work is done,—whoe'er a perjur'd oath has utter'd !
 Be all of you our witnesses, and guard our faithful treaties. 280
 If Alexander win the fight and slaughter Menelæus,
 Then let him keep his foreign wife and all her gear beside her ;
 And we the rest will homeward go in our sea-coursing galleys.
 But if the auburn Menelæus slaughter Alexander,
 Then let the Troians straight restore Helen and all her dowry, 285
 And let them pay to us beside a forfeit that is seemly,
 And which to folk as yet unborn may tarry in possession.
 But if, tho' Alexander fall, Priam and Priam's children
 Refuse the treaty to fulfil and pay to me the forfeit,
 Then I, abiding here, will still, on score of that amercement, 290
 In warfare persevere, until I reach the end of battle.” [weapon

He spake, and thro' the victims' throats deep drove the keenedg'd
 Of brass unpitying ; but they upon the ground lay gasping,
 Relax'd and helpless ; for the knife had all their vigour emptied :
 The chiefs then dipping in the bowl took up the wine in goblets, 295
 And to the gods of birth eternal pour'd with invocation.

And thus did one or other speak of Troians and Achaians :

“ Jove greatest and most glorious ! and all ye gods immortal !
Whichever side shall work annoy, and first transgress the treaties,
As thus the wine on earth is spilt, so may their brains be sprinkled, 300
Theirs and their children’s ; but their wives a booty be to others ! ”

So prayed they ; but Saturn’s child not yet the vow accomplish’d.
Then Priam, sprung from Dardanus, thus spake his word among them :

“ Hear me, ye Troians ; hear me too, ye dapper-greav’d Achaians !
Back now to windy Ilium must I return : for never 305
Could father’s eyes endure to see his own beloved offspring
With Meneläus lov’d of Ares join in deadly battle.
Haply ’tis known to Jupiter and other gods immortal,
For which of these two combatants the end of death is destin’d.”

So spake the godlike man ; and plac’d upon his car the victims ; 310
Then mounted he the seat himself, and drew to him the bridles,
And on the car so beautiful Antenor sat beside him :
Thus back to Ilium the twain did sorrowfully travel.

Then with divine Ulysses’ aid Hector the son of Priam
First measur’d out the ground for fight ; thereafter, each producing 315
A lot for either chief, within the brazen-plated helmet
Shuffled and shook to see which first should hurl the brazen weapon.
Then all the peoples made their pray’r, with hands to heaven lifted,
And thus did one or other speak of Troians and Achaians :

“ Oh father Jove, from Ida ruling, glorious and greatest ! 320
Whichever chieftain of the twain hath put this work betwixt us,
Grant that his life its refuge make within the house of Pluto,
And we the rest be reconcil’d in faithful oaths and friendship.”

So spake they ; but with eyes revers’d great motley-helmed Hector
Toss’d up the morion ; and swift out leapt the lot of Paris. 325
Then all in either host did take their seat in comely order,
Where stood their nimblefooted steeds and lay their curious armour.
But round his shoulders thereupon the godlike Alexander,
Lord of the bright-hair’d Helen, plac’d his all-resplendent harness.
First on his shins the dapper greaves, with silver anklets clever, 330
He fasten’d ; but, to guard his chest, his brother dear, Lycaon,
Lent him a corslet of his own ; but him it fitted bravely.

About his shoulders next he slung a sword with silver studded,
 Brazen of edge; and after it his buckler great and stubborn: 335
 And on his gallant head he put a leathern helm well-plated,
 Bushy with horsetail; dreadfully the crest above it nodded:
 Last, pick'd he out a sturdy spear unto his grasp adapted.
 So warlike Meneläus too equipp'd himself for battle.

When thus apart from either host the twain were well accoutred, 340
 In measur'd step their posts they took mid Troians and Achaians,
 With dreadful glances. Deep amazement held the hearts of gazers,
 Both courser-taming Troïans and dapper-greav'd Achaians.
 There, at short distance, stood they both, upon the ground appointed,
 Their adverse lances brandishing, indignant each at other. 345
 First Alexander forward threw the spear with lengthy shadow
 And hit the shield of Atreus' son which equal was on all sides;
 Nor might the metal force its way, but first the point was broken,
 By the bluff shield resisted. Next, Atrides Meneläus,
 With pray'r to father Jupiter, prepar'd to hurl his weapon. 350
 "Grant vengeance, royal Jove! to me, and neath my hands lay pro-
 The godlike Alexander, who in injury was foremost: [strate
 That e'en in late posterity, each may hereafter shudder,
 Mischief to work against a host who op'd his doors in friendship."

He spake; and poising, forward threw the spear with lengthy shadow,
 And hit the shield of Priam's son which equal was on all sides.
 Right thro' the shield's resplendency hurtled the massy weapon,
 And thro' the corslet's crafty work with rush uncheck'd was planted:
 Close to his side from front to back it glided thro' the tunic,
 Harmless; for quick the hero flinch'd and gloomy fate avoided. 360
 Thereat, the son of Atreus drew his sword with silver studded,
 And rising smote the helmet's ridge: but instantly the weapon
 Out of his hand all aidless dropt, threefold and fourfold shiver'd.
 Then gazing up to heaven high, the son of Atreus groaned:

"Oh father Jove, of all the gods none is, like thee, malignant. 365
 For all his baseness, troth! I thought to punish Alexander:
 But now within my hands the sword is broken; and the jav'lin
 Was vainly darted from my arm, nor have I hit my foeman."

He spake, and wildly rushing, seiz'd the helmet thick with horsetail,

And twisting haul'd his foe toward the dapper-greav'd Achaians. 370
 But him, around his tender neck, the embroider'd strap was choking,
 Which to his triplecrested casque beneath his chin was fasten'd.
 Then surely had he dragged him off and earn'd surpassing glory,
 But that Jove's daughter Aphrodite speedily perceiv'd it,
 And burst in twain the leathern thong of the bull stoutly slaughter'd, 375
 And empty in his broad hand left the triplecrested helmet.

The hero thereupon, amid the dapper-greav'd Achaians,
 Toss'd it with whirl indignant: but his comrades dear regain'd it.
 Then back again with brazen lance against his helmless foeman
 He rush'd, all eagerness to slay: but him did Aphrodite 380
 Rescue, as gods do, easily, and wrapp'd in mist abundant,
 And cradled him in fragrancy, within his perfum'd bower.

Again then sallied she herself, Helen to call: and found her
 Upon a tower high; and round were Trojan women many.
 The goddess seizing with her hand the robe that breath'd of nectar, 385
 Took it, beneath the semblance hid of an eld-stricken woman,
 Who, diligent of carding wool, in beauteous tasks was skilful,
 And greatly Helen lov'd, when She dwelt yet in Lacedæmon.
 In such similitude, to her spake heav'nly Aphrodite.

"Come hither! Alexander calls: at home he claims thy presence. 390
 There in his bower tarries he, upon his turned sofa,
 With garb and beauty glistening: and not from fight of heroes
 Wouldst thou pronounce him fresh arriv'd, but to the dance proceeding,
 Or, haply! in the dance fatigu'd, and resting from the labour."

She spake, and strongly did bestir the woman's heart within her. 395
 Nor yet was Helen slow to mark the eyes divinely sparkling,
 And eke the neck so glorious, and that immortal bosom:
 She knew, and marvell'd at the sight, and spake, her name pronouncing:

"Oh elf-possession being! why delightest to cajole me?
 Dost haply, out at Phrygia or beautiful Mæonia, 400
 Within some thickly-peopled town, desire to plant me further?
 If, there too, thou some darling hast of voice-dividing mortals.
 And now, because that Menelas to godlike Alexander
 Hath prov'd in war superiour, and homeward fain would carry
 Me, hateful wight; dost therefore now with cunning guile beset me? 405

Go then, and sit thee by his side ; the path of gods forsake thou,
 Nor let thy feet their courses bend hereafter to Olympus ;
 But toil for ever, him to serve ; keep sentinel around him,
 Until he take thee for his wife, or haply for his bonds slave.
 But I, not thither wend my way,—for troth ! it were a scandal,— 410
 Around his bed to minister ; lest all the Trojan women
 Mock me hereafter : now, enough of woes uncounted bear I.”

But her, celestial Aphrodite angrily accosted :
 “Provoke me not, thou insolent ! lest I in wrath forsake thee,
 And such be then my enmity, as now my love is wondrous. 415
 And lest against thee I devise, in both, a bitter hatred,—
 Both Troïans and Danaï : then vilely wouldst thou perish.”

But Helen, born of Jupiter, hearing such answer, trembled.
 Wrapt in a veil of dazzling white, proceeded she in silence,
 By Trojan women all unseen ; for why ? the goddess led her. 420

But when, in Alexander’s house all gorgeous they enter’d,
 Her two attendants actively to diverse work betook them,
 But she, divine of women, sought her lofty-roofed chamber.
 For her, the heavenly Queen of Smiles, immortal Aphrodite,
 Carried and plac’d a double chair in front of Alexander. 425
 Thereon did Helen, brilliant imp of Jove the ægis-holder,
 Sit, with her two eyes turn’d away, and sharply chode her consort :

“Art come from battle ? on the field ’twas thy desert to perish,
 Slain by a mighty warrior, in olden time my husband.
 Oft was in former days thy boast that thou, than Menelæus 430
 By Ares lov’d, wast mightier with sword and spear and prowess.
 But, front to front, do thou again a challenge send for combat
 To Menelas, by Ares lov’d. But no ! in sooth I counsel
 To check thy haughty fancies, nor with auburn Menelaüs
 In battle’s perilous debate with equal weapons venture, 435
 Imprudently ; lest haply soon his javelin subdue thee.”

To her with words reciprocal spake princely Alexander :
 “Oh lady ! wound not thou my soul with bitterness of insult.

426. *Imp*, i. e. graft, scion ; hence in high style, offspring ; as with the Greek tragedians *ernos*.

Now, by Athene's aid, for once hath Menelæus conquer'd ;
 Again shall *I* o'er *him* prevail : for gods *me* also succour. 440
 But come ! in dear companionship upon the couch repose we.
 For never yet so much did love my very soul encompass,—
 Not even, when in early day from lovely Lacedæmon
 I snatch'd thee as my prize, and sail'd in the sea-coursing galleys,
 And on the isle of Cranæ in bed and fondness held thee,—445
 As now the sweet desire of thee hath ta'en my bosom captive."

Thus speaking, to the couch he led, and with him went his consort ;
 So mid the perforated frames the twain repos'd in secret.
 But Atreus' son, amid the crowd, like some wild beast was stalking,
 If here he might, or there, espy the godlike Alexander. 450
 But no one of the Troïans, nor of the allies so famous,
 To Menelas, by Ares lov'd, might Paris then discover :
 Tho' not from tenderness, I ween, had any spar'd to show him ;
 For, like to black destruction, abhorr'd was he by all men.
 Then Agamemnon, prince of men ; thus spake his word among them :
 "Troians and Dardans and allies ! unto my summons listen !
 To Menelas, by Ares lov'd, the victory hath fallen.
 Do *ye* then Argive Helen yield and all her gear around her,
 Full speedily ; and pay beside a forfeit that is seemly,
 And which to folk as yet unborn may tarry in possession." 460
 Atrides spake : and at his word the Achaian army shouted.

BOOK IV.

Now by the side of Jove the gods were in full session gather'd,
 Over the golden pavement; and among them, queenly Hebe
 The nectar flagon bare around; but they, in golden goblets,
 Gave welcome each to each, toward the Troian city gazing.
 Then instantly did Saturn's child with contumelious banter 5
 Endeavour Juno to provoke by keen harangue allusive.

"To Menelas, from heaven's band twain goddesses are helpers,—
 Athene, war-repelling maid, and Juno queen of Argos.
 Yet they afar from him do sit and cast but glance upon him,
 Detain'd in self-enjoyment; while to Paris, Aphrodite, 10
 The queen of Smiles, is sentinel, and screeneth him from danger;
 And now anew hath rescued him, when desperate his fortune.
 —To Meneläus, lov'd by Ares, victory hath fallen:
 Our part it is to ponder, how may these affairs be ended.
 Whether pernicious war to rouse and the grim cry of battle, 15
 Listeth, or amity betwixt the combatants to order.
 But if, to all of us aloft, pleasant it be and canny,
 Let folk still throng within the walls of Priam's royal city,
 And Argive Helen be again the boast of Meneläus."

He spake: thereat they mutter'd deep, both Juno and Athene: 20
 Close sat they, side by side, and woes against the Troians plotted.
 Truly Athene dumb abode before her proper father,
 Though wounded by his argument and seiz'd with fierce displeasure.
 But Juno hid not in her breast her wrath, but thus address'd him:

"O son of Saturn, grim and dire, what saying hast thou blurted? 25
 How meanest thou my work to make empty and unrewarded,
 And all my moil and all my sweat? My very steeds are weary,
 The people gathering, for woe to Priam and his children,
 Do so: but we, the other gods, not all shall praise thy doing."
 To her with indignation huge spake Jove the cloud-collector: 30

"Oh elf-possessed wight! do then Priam and Priam's children
 So many mischiefs work on thee, that eagerly thou longest
 To storm and ravage Ilium, that thickly-peopled fortress?
 If through the gates thou mightest pass, within the long defences,
 And there, as cannibal, devour Priam, and Priam's children, 35
 And all the Troians, then mayhap thy choler would be healed.
 Work thou thy will against them, lest in aftertime the quarrel
 Into a mighty fray arise of Jupiter with Juno.
 This also will I say,—and thou within thy mind revolve it!
 When I, in turn outrageous, am bent some town to ravage, 40
 A town, wherein are born and rear'd the favourites of Juno;
 Then seek not thou to dissipate my rage, but yield it freedom:
 For I too this to thee concede, freely, with heart reluctant.
 For verily, of all the towns which men on earth inhabit,
 Beneath the beams of yonder sun, beneath the starry heaven, 45
 Not one than sacred Ilium to *my* regards is dearer,
 And Priam's self, and all the folk of ashen-speared Priam.
 For never hath my altar wanted well-proportioned banquet,
 And fragrant fat, and streams of wine; which are our proper honour."
 To him responded thereupon the large-ey'd queenly Juno: 50
 "Three cities verily to me in all the world are dearest,—
 Achaian Argos, Sparta and Mycenæ ample-streeted.
 Destroy and ravage these, whene'er they to thy soul are hateful:
 These to defend I stand not forth nor grudge thee thy indulgence.
 For if thy angry will I thwart, and seek to stay their ruin, 55
 I by the struggle nothing win; for greatly art thou stronger.
 Yet some regard should I too meet, lest fruitless be my labour:
 For I am, e'en as thou, a god:— from the same source our being;—
 And eldest born I claim to be of crooked-witted Saturn,
 Eldest by birth, and rank also; for that I hold the title 60
 Thy wedded queen to be; and thou mid all the immortals reignest.
 And now, if mutually we concession make alternate,
 I unto thee, thou unto me; the other gods immortal
 Our primacy will own. But thou quickly dispatch Athene
 Into the deadly battle-cry of Troians and Achaians, 65
 To compass, that the Troïans may first against the treaties,

Begin with noyance to assail the high-renown'd Achaians."
 Nor did the Sire of men and gods resist, when thus she pleaded;
 But instantly with winged words address'd him to Athene:
 "Hie to the army speedily, mid Troians and Achaians; 70
 And compass, that the Troïans may first, against the treaties,
 Begin with noyance to assail the high-renown'd Achaians."
 He by such charge Athene spurr'd, herself already eager;
 And, speedy darting, down she came from summits of Olympus.
 In such aspéct, as when the son of crooked-witted Saturn 75
 Sendeth a shining meteor, a prodigy to sailors
 Or to some army's ample ranks; and trails of light it flasheth;—
 In such appearance, down to earth maiden Athene darted,
 Plumping amid them. Deep amazement held the hearts of gazers,
 Both courser-taming Troïans and dapper-greav'd Achaians. 80
 And thus spake one, with eye that glanc'd upon some other near him:
 "Either again pernicious war and the grim cry of battle
 Shall visit us, or Jupiter, the arbiter to mortals
 Of war and peace, will amity betwixt the armies order."
 So then did one or other speak of Troians and Achaians. 85
 But she, in semblance as a man, —like to a sturdy spearman,
 Laodocus, Antenor's son,— the crowd of Troians enter'd,
 Searching for godlike Pandarus, if here or there she find him.
 And soon she found the warrior,—Lycaon's spotless offspring,
 Standing: and all around were pour'd the shielded stout battalions 90
 Of men, who from Aïsepus' streams beneath his guidance follow'd.
 There, near before his face, she stood and winged accents utter'd:
 "Wilt thou, mayhap, my word receive, Lycaon's skilful offspring?
 Art brave enough, a speedy shaft to send at Meneläus?
 This would, with all the Troïans, favour and glory win thee, 95
 And signally among them all with royal Alexander.
 From him thou earnest instantly full many a brilliant present,
 If he might Atreus' son behold, the warlike Menelaüs,
 Mounting upon the deadly pile, a trophy to thy arrows.
 But come! an arrow-shot address to famous Menelaüs; 100
 And to the archer-deity, the Lycia-born Apollo,

101. *Lycia-born*. Some think the word means *born of light*. In the Iliad, Apollo is not god of the sun, nor is connected with Delos.

Vow, an illustrious hecatomb of firstling lambs to offer,
 When safe unto thy home restor'd, Zeleia's sacred city."

Athene, thus addressing him, his silly heart persuaded.
 Quick he uncas'd the polish'd bow, made from a bounding ibex, 105
 Which as from out a rock it came, himself in ambush waiting
 Hit on the chest, and back it fell upon the hard earth prostrate.
 The horns that from its forehead grew were sixteen palms in measure.
 These the horn-bowyer duly scrap'd and joined with cunning labour; 110
 Then polishing, at either end a golden ring he added.
 Low resting this against the ground, Lycaon's brilliant offspring
 Strung it; and his companions brave before him held their bucklers,
 Lest, ere he reach the warlike lord, Achaian Meneläus,
 Haply Achaia's warlike sons start sudden up to shield him. 115
 But he the quiver's lid uprais'd, and thence a shaft selected
 Perfect in feather, never shot, a germ of dismal anguish.
 Quickly did he upon the string adjust the stinging arrow,
 And to the archer-deity, the Lycia-born Apollo,
 Vow'd, an illustrious hecatomb of firstling lambs to offer, 120
 When safe unto his home restor'd, Zeleia's sacred city:
 Then seiz'd the arrow at the notch and smoothly drew the oxgut,
 And brought the string against his breast, against the bow the iron.
 But when the mighty bow was strain'd to well-proportion'd circle,
 The arch recoil'd, loud shriek'd the string, and forth the arrow darted, 125
 Whetted for murder, all a-rage amid the crowd to hurtle.
 Nor, Meneläus! of thy life the blessed gods immortal
 Forgetful were; and foremost came Jove's booty-driving daughter,
 Who, standing vigilant, repell'd the shaft with anguish freighted.
 She from the flesh the dart beat off so far, as may a mother 130
 Beat from her boy a fly, when he in pleasant sleep reposeth.
 Athene's self with guiding hand upon the girdle brought it,
 Where golden buckles join'd, and where the corslet met it double:
 There, on the girdle fitly set, lighted the stinging arrow.
 Right through the girdle's broidery it cut an easy passage, 135
 And thro' the corslet's crafty work with force uncheck'd was planted:

117. I venture to treat *herma* as equivalent to Lat. *germen* and *gemma*. In Æsch. Suppl. I think it means *germ*, where it is ridiculously rendered *ballast*. In the plural the word confessedly means jewels. Compare *ernos*.

The baldric, which, for fence of darts, did clasp his tender body,
 Warded the mischief bravely; yet thro' even this it pierced.
 Spent in its force, the arrow-shot but skin-deep graz'd the hero,
 And from the gash the blood straightway in cloudy streamlet trickled. 140
 As when some dame of Maeonis or Caria distaineth
 With Punic dye the ivory to be a horse's cheek-piece;
 Within her chamber stor'd it is, and vainly many a horseman
 Prayeth to bear it; there it waits, to grace a king's equipment,
 Alike, a beauty to the steed, and to the driver glory: 145
 Such, Meneläus! was thy side, from noble thigh and downward
 Unto thy comely ankle, seen,— with crimson all distained.

But Agamemnon, prince of men, shudder'd thereat in terror,
 When he from out the gash beheld the dusky gore descending.
 And Meneläus too himself, belov'd of Ares, shudder'd: 150
 But when he saw the leathern strap and barbs, outside remaining,
 Into his bosom back again his spirit he recover'd.
 Then holding Meneläus' hand, did royal Agamemnon
 Speak with deep moan; and after him moan'd also his companions.

“Dear brother! deadly to thy life, alas! a treaty made I, 155
 Against the Troians posting thee sole champion for Argos:
 So have the Troians wounded thee, and trodden down the treaty.
 But verily not vain are oaths and streams of wine unmingled
 And blood of lambs and right hands pledg'd, wherein we had confided.
 For even if the Olympian have not at once fulfill'd them, 160
 Yet will he, late of time, fulfil: then men with great amercement,
 By their own heads, and by their wives and children, have repaid it.
 For this, in heart and soul, full sure I know:—a day is coming.
 A day, when sacred Ilium for overthrow is destin'd,
 And Priam's self and all the folk of ashen-spear'd Priam; 165
 When lofty-bench'd Saturnius, Jove, who in heaven dwelleth,
 Wrathful at this deceit, himself shall flout his gloomy ægis
 Against them all. Not then, in sooth! fruitless will be the curses;
 But anguish grim on me shall fall for thee, O Meneläus!
 If thus thou die, accomplishing thy life's predestin'd portion. 170
 With vile reproaches back shall I go to much-thirsted Argos:
 For memory of their native land straightway will move the Argives:

Then should we for a glory leave to Priam and the Troians
 The Argive Helen; while thy bones within the loam shall moulder
 Abandon'd here in Troy,—to us a monument of failure. 175
 And thus, I reckon, then shall speak some overweening Trojan,
 Leaping along the barrow mound of famous Meneläus :
 Oh, would that Agamemnon might on all so wreak his vengeance,
 As hither fruitlessly he led his army of Achaïans !
 And lo ! he to his home is gone, to his dear native country, 180
 With empty galleys,—leaving here the worthy Meneläus.—
 So shall one say hereafter :—then, may the earth yawn to gulp me.”

But auburn Meneläus spake, his brother's heart to strengthen :
 “Be of good cheer! ’tis yet too soon the Achaïan host to frighten :
 Not in a mortal part is fix'd the pointed dart : my girdle 185
 All-broider'd ward'd it in front, and eke the sash and baldric,
 My under-furbishing, which men, who work in copper, labor'd.”

To him with words reciprocal spake royal Agamemnon :
 “Oh that it so may really be, beloved Meneläus !
 But the chirurgeon shall probe the noyance, and assuagements 190
 Spread in, which haply may afford reliefs of dismal anguish.”

This said,—unto Talthylus, herald divine, he turn'd him :
 “Talthylus ! with utmost speed Machaon hither summon,
 The son of Æsculapius, chirurgeon unblemish'd.
 Straight must he visit Atreus' son, the warlike Meneläus, 195
 At whom some skilful archer hand hath aim'd an arrow truly,
 —Glory to him, but woe to us,—or Lycian or Trojan.”

He spake ; nor disobedient the herald heard his bidding,
 But sped to go along the host of dapper-greav'd Achaïans,
 Peering to see Machaon's form ; and soon espied the hero 200
 Standing : and all around were pour'd the shielded stout battalions
 Of men, who with him companied from courser-feeding Tricca.
 There, near before his face, he stood, and winged accents utter'd :

“Rise ! son of Æsculapius ! king Agamemnon calleth.
 Quick must thou visit Atreus' son, the warlike Meneläus, 205
 At whom some skilful archer-hand hath aim'd an arrow truly,
 —Glory to him, but woe to us,—or Lycian, or Trojan.”

He spake, and strongly did bestir the hero's heart within him.

So they, returning, hied along Achaia's ample army
 Amid the crowd. But when they came where auburn Menelaus 210
 Was wounded, and in circle thick around him all the noblest
 Were gathered, and midst of them the godlike man was standing ;
 First would Machaon pull the shaft from the well-fitting girdle,
 But that the pointed barbs were snapt and tangled, as he drew it.
 Then from his waist unfasten'd he the girdle all-embroider'd, 215
 The sash, and baldric underneath, which smiths of copper labor'd.
 But when he saw the wound, wherein lighted the stinging arrow,
 He suck'd from it the blood, and spread within it mild assuagements,
 Which friendly-hearted Cheiron once unto his sire imparted.

While Menelaüs, good at need, in such concerns detain'd them, 220
 Meantime the shielded Troïans in close array were present ;
 The others too their armour donn'd, and hero-glee remember'd.
 Then not a-slumber hadst thou seen the godlike Agamemnon,
 Nor like a coward skulking low and from the fight reluctant,
 But all a-blaze with eagerness for man-ennobling combat. 225
 For he his car with brass inlaid and harness'd steeds abandon'd :
 Snorting and puffing, them his squire, offspring of Ptolemaeus,
 Eurymedon, Peiraeus' grandchild, rein'd behind the tumult.
 To him he many charges gave at hand to have them alway,
 When weariness might seize his limbs, long marshalling the peoples ; 230
 But he himself, on foot proceeding, view'd the ranks of heroes.
 Whome'er he saw industrious of charioteering Argives,
 Beside them standing, thus he spake to whet their proper courage :

“Argives! not yet remission make of furious encounter !
 Never will father Jupiter of lies become a patron :’ 235
 But they who wilfully have wrought annoy, against the treaties,
 The vultures on their tender flesh shall surely make a banquet.
 And in our galleys we, whene'er their fortress we may capture,
 Shall bear their darling wives away and eke their infant offspring.”

But whomsoe'er again he saw relax'd from hateful warfare, 240
 These did he vehemently chide with argument embitter'd : [you ?

“Oh Argive braggarts! theme for scorn! and doth no shame possess
 Why thus aghast and stupified, in guise of fawns, abide ye ?
 As these,—when they, by lengthen'd race over the plain, are weary,—

Stand still, nor in their empty hearts is any courage gender'd ; 245
 So ye, like fawns, stand stupified, nor make the battle ready.
 What? wait ye, till the Troians come nearer, where our galleys
 With ample poops aloft are haul'd above the hoary billow,
 That so ye try, if Saturn's child will stretch his hand to save you?"

Thus marshalling, proceeded he beside the thick battalions. 250
 Moving along the troop of men, then came he to the Cretans,
 Who, round the sage Idomeneus, accoutrement were making.
 Their chief was in the foremost ranks, like to a boar in prowess,
 While, to exhort the rearmost bands, Meriones was active.

Then Agamemnon, prince of men, at sight of them was joyous, 255
 And instantly with honey'd words Idomeneus accosted :

"Chiefly, Idomeneus! to thee of charioteering Argives
 Honour I give,—alike in war, and eke in diverse action,
 And at the pleasant banquet, where the noblest of the Argives
 Mix in the bowl the sparkling wine which age hath duly ripen'd. 260
 For verily, whereas the rest of streaming-hair'd Achaians
 Drink by the portion, yet for thee, as for myself, the goblet
 Standeth beside me alway full, to drink, when humour urgeth.
 But such as formerly thy boast, such rouse thee now to battle."

To him in turn Idomeneus, the Cretan chief, responded : 265
 "O son of Atreus, verily will I thy lov'd companion
 Be, even as in olden time I promis'd and assented ;
 But others rather stir thou up of streaming-hair'd Achaians,
 That we incontinent may close in battle ; since the Troians
 The oaths have voided ; but on them shall death and woes hereafter 270
 Alight, who wilfully have wrought annoy, against the treaties."

So answer'd he ; and Atreus' son pass'd on, in heart delighted.
 Moving along the troop of men, he came to the Ajaces :
 Both were full-arm'd, and after them a cloud of footmen follow'd.
 As when a goatherd may a cloud behold from some tall summit, 275
 Moving across the deep, beneath the blaring of the Westwind ;
 To him, as he apart doth stand, dusky like pitch it seemeth,
 O'ershadowing the waters drear, and a thick squall it carries ;
 He sees and shudders, and his flock beneath a cavern driveth :
 Such the Jove-nurtur'd warriors along with the Ajaces 280

Mov'd onward into foeman's war in closely-wedg'd battalions,
 In a broad shade of blue confus'd, with shields and lances bristling.
 Then Agamemnon, prince of men, at sight of them was joyous,
 And duly he accosting them did winged accents utter :

"Ajaces! who twain captains are of brazen-coated Argives, 285
 To you no charge—(for need is none)—make I to urge your peoples ;
 For ye yourselves do eagerly to sturdy battle whet them.
 Would that I found (O father Jove, Athene and Apollo !)
 In all my chiefs such enterprize within the bosom planted !
 Then quickly should king Priam's city bow the head before me, 290
 Captur'd and pillag'd mightily beneath the hands of Argives."

So saying, them he left behind, but after others hasted.
 Next met he Nestor, clear of voice, the Pylian haranguer,
 Ranging his comrades carefully, and stirring them to battle :
 Amid them, mighty Pelagon, and, shepherd of the people, 295
 Bias, and Haemon wide of sway, and Chromis and Alastor.
 In front his charioteers he plac'd, with chariots and horses,
 But, for the rearguard, posted he his footmen brave and many,
 A bulwark of the war to be : and set his worser people 299
 Full in the midst, where each perforce, despite his will, must combat.
 First to the charioteers he gave his charges : these, discreetly
 Bade he to hold their steeds, nor dare in mell of war to justle.
 "Let none, on charioteering skill or bravery reliant,
 Hanker for solitary fight in front, against the Troians :
 Nor yet retire ; for easier will then be your despoilment. 305
 If any seek another's car, his proper horses leaving,
 Let him with lengthy lance reach out : this mánagery is better.
 For thus the men of former days did walls and cities capture,
 Such prudence and such enterprize within their bosom holding."

So did the aged man exhort, of old in warfare skilful. 310
 But Agamemnon, prince of men, at sight of him was joyous,
 And duly then accosting him did winged accents utter :

"Would that, O aged friend, as now the heart in thy dear bosom,
 So did thy knees bear company, and so thy force were steady !
 But on thee Eld all-levelling leans hard. I would some other
 Of men might barter it, and thou hold lot among the younger." 316

But him thereat the charioteer Gerenian Nestor answer'd :
 "Atrides! glad in sooth were I myself to feel the vigour,
 Which godlike Ereuthalion once fatally encounter'd.
 But not to mortal men do gods grant every thing together. 320
 If then a stalwart youth I was, and now doth Eld o'ertake me,
 Yet with the charioteers do I keep company, and charge them
 With counsel and with argument ; which is the old man's duty.
 In fight of spear the spear to wield, to younger men is suited,
 Who are than Nestor later-born, and confident of puissance." 325
 So answer'd he; and Atreus' son pass'd on, in heart delighted.
 He found the son of Peteos, Menestheus courser-smiting,
 Standing amid the Athenians, sage counsellors of onset.
 Hard by, Ulysses much-devising stood, and round him rested
 The ranks of Kephallenians, no easy prey to spoilers ; 330
 For their battalions not yet had heard the yell of onset ;
 For newly were the columns deep of courser-taming Troians,
 And of Achaïans, stirr'd to war , so they at ease were waiting
 Inactive, until otherwhence some tower of Achaïans,
 Rushing against the Troïans, initiate the hurly. 335
 Them Agamemnon, prince of men, reproachfully regarded,
 And bitterly accosting them, did winged accents utter :
 " Offspring of kingly Peteos ! son of a sire Jove-nurtur'd !
 And thou, with fox's puny heart, in evil wiles excelling !
 Why stand ye crouching in the rear, and wait the lead of others ? 340
 For you it seemly were to stand, companions of the foremost,
 Right in the van, and bluffly meet the brunt of fiery battle.
 For of a banquet both of you from me have early notice,
 When for the counsellors a feast at Argive cost we furnish.
 There to regale on roasted flesh, as listeth you, and empty 345
 Honey-sweet wine from out the cup, is pleasanter than combat.
 Now would ye willingly look on, though ten embattled towers
 Of Argives, far in front of you, with ruthless brass were fighting." 349
 To him with frowning glance replied Ulysses much-devising :
 " Betwixt the outwork of thy teeth what word hath slipt, Atrides ?
 What negligence of war dost find in us ? whene'er the Achaïans
 Against the courser-taming Troians waken eager Ares,

Then shalt thou, if thou wilt, behold, and if such things concern thee,
 Telemachus' beloved sire with courser-taming Troians
 Mix'd in their foremost ranks: but thou dost wind and folly utter." 355

But royal Agamemnon then, his wrathful mood perceiving,
 Upon him smil'd, and instantly again took up discourses :
 " Oh Jove-deriv'd, Laertes' son, Ulysses much-contriving,
 Needless to thee my banter is, and needless my addresses.
 For surely do I know, the heart within thy deepest bosom 360
 Hath friendly ponderings for me ; for such thy aims, as mine are.
 But come, if aught amiss hath now been blurted, this hereafter
 Will we adjust : and may the gods make all my bodings empty !"
 So saying, them he left behind, but after others hasted.

The son of Tydeus next he found, high-hearted Diomedes, 365
 Standing amid the horses and the chariots welljoined.
 Beside him Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus, was standing.
 Then royal Agamemnon cast reproachful glance upon him,
 And bitterly accosting him did winged accents utter :

" Alas ! thou son of skilful-hearted courser-taming Tydeus ! 370
 Why crouchest thou and peerest far along the battle's causeys ?
 But not to Tydeus thus, I trow, to skulk behind was pleasant,
 But far in front, against the foe, for comrades dear, to sally.
 Such was their tale, who watch'd his work ; but as for me,—I never
 Met him nor saw him ; but they say, surpassing was his valour. 375

Once truly came he, not with war, as stranger, to Mycenæ
 With Polyneikes, match for gods, an army to assemble,
 Who in those days would march against the sacred walls of Thebe ;
 And for choice helpers of the fray they eagerly besought us.
 Willing were we the men to grant, and to their prayer hearken'd, 380
 But Jupiter diverted us, illomen'd signs displaying.
 Now when they were set forth and gone far onward in their journey,
 Unto Asopus' banks they came, all deep in grass and rushes :
 Whence Tydeus by the league was sent to speak their common message.
 He on the embassy went forth, and found Cadmeians many, 385
 Feasting within the palaces of mighty Eteócles.
 Then, tho' a stranger in their walls, the courser-driving Tydeus
 No terror knew, when lonely left amid Cadmeians many.

But he to combats challeng'd them, and won in every contest
 Right easily : such aid to him maiden Athene granted. 390
 But the Cadmeians courser-spurring, hotly wroth against him,
 To compass his returning steps, planted in secret ambush
 A band of fifty warriors ; and twain to them were leaders,
 The offspring of Autophonus, war-biding Lycophontes,
 And Mæon, Hæmon's son, who bare the form of an immortal. 395
 Yet Tydeus even upon these unseemly doom inflicted ;
 He slaughter'd all, and left but one to bear the tidings homeward :—
 Mæon he spared, obedient to prodigies from heaven.
 Such Tydeus, that Aetolian, was once ; but leaves an offspring
 Worser than him in fight of men, in council haply braver." 400

When thus he chided, no reply gave stalwart Diomedes,
 In reverence before the mouth of the majestic monarch.
 But quick to him replied the son of Capaneus the famous :
 "Atrides, speak not falsely, when rightly to speak thou knowest.
 For us, our boast it is to be far better than our fathers : 405
 Us, who have storm'd the fast abode of seven-gated Thebe,
 Leading beneath her fortress-wall a scantier equipment,
 Yet trusting to the aid of Jove and prodigies from heaven.
 But by its own impieties that former host was ruin'd :
 Then never place our sires with us in the same rank of honour." 410

But stalwart Diomedes now with frowning glance address'd him :
 " Dear fellow, still and silent be, to my request compliant.
 No blame have I for Agamemnon, shepherd of the people,
 Who now to feats of war doth urge the dapper-greav'd Achæians.
 For to his throne will glory great be added, if the Troians 415
 Fall slain, and sacred Ilium be storm'd by us Achæians :
 On him too mighty grief will light, if our array be routed.
 But come, let *us* too bend a thought to furious encounter."

He spake, and from his chariot leapt to the ground in armour :
 And dreadful was the clang of brass upon the prince's bosom 420
 As down he plung'd : e'en hardy souls it might have fill'd with terror.

As when the surges of the sea, beneath a Westwind's pressure,
 Upon the muchresounding beach, line after line, come rolling ;
 First, in the deep it heaveth high ; then, by the strand retarded,

With screech and roar it steepleneth, till, hollow at the summit, 425
 Sputtering the briny spray abroad, the huge crest tumbles over :
 So then the bands of Danaï, closewedg'd, to war were moving,
 Line after line, incessantly ; to his own troops each leader
 His orders spake, but dumbly went the rest, (nor wouldst thou fancy
 So vast a train of people held a voice within their bosom), 430
 In silence their commanders fearing : all the ranks well-marshall'd
 Were clad in crafty panoply, which glitter'd on their bodies.
 Meantime, as sheep, within the yard of some great cattle-master, [less
 While the white milk is drain'd from them, stand round in number count-
 And, grieved by their lambs' complaint, respond with bleat incessant; 435
 So then along their ample host arose the Troian hurly.
 For not to all the language was the same, nor like their accent,
 But mingled was the tongue of men from diverse places summon'd.
 By Ares these were urged on, those by grey-ey'd Athene,
 By Fear, by Panic and by Strife immeasurably eager, 440
 The sister and companion of hero-slaying Ares,
 Who truly doth at first her crest but humble rear ; thereafter,
 Planting upon the ground her feet, her head in heaven fixeth.
 She then, proceeding through the bands, infus'd the love of quarrel,
 A common curse;—and multiplied the miseries of heroes. 445

When, to encounter hasting, they were on one spot assembled, [roes
 Hides clash'd on hides, and spear on spear, and might with might of he-
 In brazen armour corseted : the shields with sturdy bosses
 Each upon each leant hard, and rous'd tumultuous disorder.
 Then rose there, all around, of men a groaning and a boasting, 450
 From victors or from vanquished : and reek'd the earth with carnage.
 As when the stormbegotten brooks, down from the mountains streaming,
 Mix in the bottom of a dell the riot of their water,
 Spouted from mighty fountainheads, deep in a dingle's hollow,
 And far along the cliffs their brawl unto the goatherd soundeth : 455
 So, when in conflict these were mix'd, did scream arise and turmoil.

440. *Immeasurably*. I accept the strange word *amoton* as an older form of *ametron*, from a lost verb *meto*, Latin *metor*.

First, in the van, Antilochus hent a full-armed Trojan,
 The offspring of Thalusius, the gallant Echeplus.
 The spear upon his helmet's ridge, with horsetail bushy, lighted, 460
 Reach'd to the forehead, pierc'd the bone;—and darkness veil'd his eyen:
 In the tough fight sheer down he fell, as when a tower falleth.
 Him, by the foot, Chalcodon's son, the royal Elephenor,
 Chief of the lofty-soul'd Abantes, pull'd from out the weapons, 465
 Eager his armour to despoil: nor long his effort lasted.
 For, watching as he dragg'd the corpse, the lofty-soul'd Agenor
 Reach'd with a brazen-headed pike his side, which was uncover'd,
 Beneath the buckler, as he stoop'd;—and cast his body helpless.
 So fled his spirit. Over him, 'twixt Troians and Achaians 470
 Rose noisome onset, as of wolves, and man by man was slaughter'd.

Then did a blooming youth fall slain by Telamonian Ajax.
 His father was Anthemion; his mother, with her parents
 From Ida's slopes descending came to watch the sheep, and bare him 475
 Beside the banks of Simois, and Simoensis call'd him.
 Nor paid he to his parents dear his nurture-price, but early
 His life was ravish'd by the spear of mighty-hearted Ajax. 480
 On his right breast the brazen point hit him, and through the shoulder
 Pass'd cruelly; and in the dust, there fell he, like a poplar,
 Which in a marshy mead grows smooth, but branchy at the summit;
 A chariot-joiner cuts it down with iron bright, to fashion 485
 For some fair car a rounded wheel; prostrate it lies and wither'd
 Beside the river: so fell *he* by Jove-descended Ajax.

Then Priam's offspring, Antiphus, with motley corslet, darted
 At Ajax, mid the throng;—and miss'd: but hit Ulysses' comrade, 490

457. *Hend*, to catch (and overpower).

460. If any reader object to the old plural *eyen*, (in Thomson, *eyne*) he may substitute for the half line, "and night his eyes enshrouded."

489. Antiphus was distinguished by his corslet, as Oresbius, 5, 707, by his baldric, so as to receive an epithet from it; but its *flexibility* would not be visible and striking. In 215 above, the girdle of Menelaus was called *aiolos*, and in 135 it was *daidaleos*: nearly the same thing must have been meant, viz. various in hue, and complicated in work. The same word is in 3, 185; 5, 295; 7, 222; 12, 167 and 208; 19, 404; 22, 509.

The gallant Leucus, in the groin, while dragging off the carcase.
 He dropt the dead man from his hands, and fell as stone upon him.
 His comrade's slaughter mightily did move Ulysses' choler.
 He thro' the foremost ranks advanc'd, arm'd with the flashing metal; 495
 There at short distance did he stand, and turn'd his gaze on all sides,
 Then darted : back before his rush the Troians shrank ; nor aim'd he
 Vainly, but smote Democöon, the bastard son of Priam,
 Who from Abydus came to him, from pasturing his coursers. 500
 Thro' both his temples pierc'd the brass, and darkness veil'd his eyen :
 So with a loud crash down he dropt, and o'er him clang'd his armour.
 Their van, and Hector brave, retir'd. With mighty whoop the Argives 505
 Drew up the dead, and onward rush'd : but bright Apollo, gazing
 From Pergamus, indignant cried, the Troians to encourage :

"Ye courser-taming Troians, rise! yield not in glee of battle
 To Argives: for in sooth their flesh is neither stone nor iron, 510
 To bear the gashing brass: nor now the child of brighthair'd Thetis,
 Achilles, fights; but at his ships doth champ his spleenful rancour."
 So from the citadel the god spake dreadful: but the Achaians,
 Them did the glorious imp of Jove Tritogeneia hearten, 515
 Passing along the ranks, where'er she saw their spirit languid.

Then destiny Diores trapp'd the son of Amarynkeus:
 His ankle by a rugged stone was maul'd: a chieftain hurl'd it,
 Peiröus, son of Imbrasus, arriv'd from Thracian Ænus. 520
 With scrape and smash all merciless the stone did either tendon
 And bone assail: back in the dust he fell, with anguish swooning,
 Yet to his comrades stretch'd his hands. But speedy came the victor, 524
 And with the lance his navel pierc'd: then darkness veil'd his eyen.
 But at the Thracian in turn Ætolian Thoas darted,
 And in his chest the weapon fix'd; then, close to him advancing,
 Pluck'd out the spear, and took his life, by swordstab in the bosom. 530
 Yet might not he the armour strip; for, round their leader, crowded
 The lofty-tufted Thracians, outstretching lengthy lances,
 Who held at bay the Ætolian, tho' gallant, tall and lordly.

500. *Bastard*; *i. e.* born of an inferior wife. So 5, 69 &c. See in contrast, 6, 25. Our language has no specific terms for these distinctions.

515. Tritogeneia, *i. e.* Athene, born at the lake Tritonis.

The chief receded : and the twain, there in the dust were lying, 535
 As brethren, side by side ; but *this*, of brazencloak'd Epeians
 Was leader ; *that*, of Thracians : and many fell around them.

Had any view'd those deeds at ease, hither and thither wending,
 Unwounded and invisible, —not lightly would he taunt them,
 If maid Athene seiz'd his hand, and thro' the hurly led him, 541
 Warding the darts and thrusts of spear : for on that day full many
 Were in the dust flung side by side, of Troians and Achaians.

BOOK V.

MAIDEN Athene thereupon on Diomed Tydides
 Courage bestow'd and enterprize, that he, mid all the Argives,
 Might in preeminence be seen, and earn excelling glory.
 About his helmet and his shield unwearied fire she kindled,
 In fashion of autumnal star, which, when in Ocean washed, 5
 Blazeth abroad irradiant, beyond the host of heaven :
 Such fire around his head she then and down his shoulders kindled,
 And urg'd him to the midmost ranks, where'er the rout was thickest.

Among the Troians liv'd a man, spotless of fame and wealthy,—
 Dares, who priest of Vulcan was, and had a double offspring : 10
 Phegeus,—Idæus,—were they call'd ; wellskill'd in diverse battle.
 These came, as counter-champions, apart, against Tydides,
They from the lofty car to fight, but *he* on foot assail'd them.
 When they to shorter distance came, advancing each on other,
 First Phegeus, poising, forward threw the spear with lengthy shadow ; 15
 But harmlessly the noyance pass'd over Tydides' shoulder,
 Missing him on the left : then *he* not vainly flung his weapon,
 But thro' the bosom pierc'd the foe, and dash'd him from the horses.
 Down, from the car so beautiful, Idæus wildly bounded, 20

Nor dar'd to overstride the limbs of his now lifeless brother.
 Nor e'en, I trow, had he himself from gloomy fate escaped,
 But Vulcan saw and rescued him, and shrouded him in darkness,
 Lest that his aged worshipper with double grief be smitten.—
 Then mighty-hearted Tydeus' son seiz'd on the car and horses, 25
 And to the hollow galleys bade his comrades to conduct them.

But when the Troians lofty-soul'd beheld the sons of Dares,
 One skulking from the foe, and one beside his horses slaughtered,
 The soul of all held grim debate. Meanwhile, grey-ey'd Athene,
 Seiz'd by the hand and thus with words address'd impetuous Ares: 30

“O Ares! Ares, pest to man! bloodsprinkled! towerscaling!
 Were it not well for us to leave the Troians and Achaians
 To prove the will of Jupiter and snatch the battle's glory,
 While we, to shun the Father's wrath, retire us from the conflict?”

Thus speaking, from the battlefield she drew impetuous Ares, 35
 And on the high banks seated him which edge Scamander's valley.
 Then sank the heart and might of Troy: the Danaï exulted,
 And every leader hent his man. First, royal Agamemnon
 Cast stately Hodius from his car, prince of the Halizones,
 Turning to flight; but he the spear between his shoulders planted 40
 Right in the back, and thrust it thro' and reach'd into his bosom:
 So, with a loud crash, down he dropt, and o'er him clang'd his armour.

Idomeneus next Phæstus slew, son of Mæonian Borus,
 From loamy Tarne come: but him, Idomeneus spear-famous 45
 Reach'd on right shoulder with the pike, when he would mount his horses.
 From the car's edge sheer down he fell, and hateful darkness held him:
 The squires around Idomeneus stript off the dead man's armour.

But Meneläus, Atreus' son, a pointed spear directed
 At Strophides Scamandrius, a man in hunting skilful, 50
 Practis'd in various archery; whom Artemis instructed
 Herself to hit all venison, which mountain-forest reareth.
 But not the arrow-pouring queen destruction then averted,
 Nor all the archeries, whereby of yore he was distinguish'd.
 For, as he fled in front of him, Atrides Meneläus 55
 Spear-famous, aiming justly, fix'd the spear between his shoulders
 Right in the back, and thrust it thro' and reach'd into his bosom.

So, headlong dropping, down he came, and o'er him clang'd his armour.

But Merion slew Phereclus, son of a crafty joiner
 Harmonides; whose hands were skill'd all canny work to fashion 60
 Right daintily; for, him the maid Athene lov'd supremely.
 He too for Alexander fram'd the even-balance'd galleys,
 Source of annoy; which carried home evil to all the Troians
 And to himself; so knew he not the oracles of heaven.

Him, in the right haunch, Merion, when by pursuit he caught him, 65
 Had wounded; and the brazen point came thro' beyond the bladder:
 So, groaning, on his knees he dropt, and death his soul enshrouded.

By Meges was Pedaeus slain, Antenor's son, a bastard,
 Whom bright Thëano tenderly, as her own children nurtur'd, 70
 Her lord to please: but Phyleus' son spear-famous, near approaching,
 Pierc'd thro' his head from back to front, and tongue from teeth divided.
 Down in the dust he dropt: his teeth champ'd the cold brass convulsive.

Euaemon's son, Eurypylus, pursued divine Hypsenor, 75
 Son of high-soul'd Dolopion, a man, who to Scamander
 A priest was made, and by the folk, e'en as a god, was honor'd.
 Him, as he fled, Eurypylus, Euaemon's brilliant offspring,
 O'ertook with sabre-cut, and off sever'd the heavy shoulder. 80
 Into the dust the gory limb dropt from the swooning hero;
 There crimson Death his eyen press'd, and Destiny resistless.

So they of either army toil'd amid the hardy struggle.
 But Tydeus' son might puzzle thee, in which array he counted: 85
 Not in the Trojan ranks fought hé, nor yet among the Achaïans.
 For o'er the breadth of plain he rag'd, as when a stream is flooded,
 A storm-begotten brook, whose gush hath torn away the bridges;
 The dams and causeys hold it not, nor walls of fruitful orchards, 90
 When suddenly it rusheth down, if rains from Jove be heavy;
 And by its fury wasted lie many fair works of peasants:
 So by the swoop of Tydeus' son the bands were maul'd and justled
 Of Troians; nor, though numerous, might venture to await him.

But when Lycaon's brilliant son perceiv'd the son of Tydeus 95
 Sweeping in rage across the plain, the bands before him routing,
 Quickly he drew his bending bow, at the right shoulder aiming,
 And hit the corslet's cavity. In flew the stinging arrow,

Piercing the hero's flesh; and blood was on the corslet sprinkled. 100

Then did Lycaon's brilliant son shout vehemently joyful :

"Up, courser-spurring Troïans ! onward, ye lofty-hearted !

The bravest of Achaian chiefs is wounded ; nor, I reckon,

Will long endure my stubborn shaft, if truly prince Apollo,

The son of Jove, from Lycia did hither speed my journey." 105

So spake he boastingly ; but him the pointed shaft subdued not.

Withdrawn unto the rear, before his chariot and horses

He stood, and call'd on Sthenelus, the Capaneian hero :

"Thou gentle son of Capaneus, haste! from the car dismount thee ;

Thou from my shoulder now must aid to draw a stinging arrow." 110

He spake, and Sthenelus straightway down from the horses bounded,

Stood by his side, and pull'd outright the arrow from his shoulder :

Then thro' the tunic's twisted work the blood in gushes spurted.

But Diomedes, good at need, lifted his supplication :

"Offspring of ægis-holding Jove! unweariable ! hear me. 115

If ever at my father's side with friendly thought thou stoodest

In foeman's war, to me too now thy favour show, Athene !

Grant unto me spear-reach of him, who hath from ambush hit me,

And glorieth that I not long shall see this sunny splendour." 120

So utter'd he the word of prayer, and maid Athene heard him.

His limbs,—both feet and hands above,—nimble she made and buxom,

Stood by his side, and whispering, did winged accents utter :

"O Diomedes, cheer thee now with Troïans to combat !

For in thy bosom, lo ! I breathe thy sire's intrepid spirit, 125

The ancient heart of buckler-wielding charioteering Tydeus.

The mist, which heretofore hath veil'd thy eyes,—I now withdraw it,

That duly thou mayst recognize both deities and mortals.

Therefore, if any god appear within the throng to tempt thee,

Against the other gods immortal come not thou to battle 130

Direct ; but if, in mell of men, Jove's daughter Aphrodite

Herself adventure, her do thou with savage weapon mangle."

Thus did grey-ey'd Athene speak and, with the word, departed.

But Tydeus' son again went forth and with the foremost mingled ;

And, eager tho' before he was with Troïans to combat, 135

Then threefold rage upon him came, as on a wounded lion,

Who, to devour the woolly flock, over the fence hath bounded
 In the broad field:—the shepherd's dart grazeth and doth not tame him,
 But wakeneth his might: the man no more may dare resistance,
 But plungeth mid the stalls of sheep, and they, abandon'd, tremble; 140
 Huddled together, so stand they, in consternation aidless,
 Till from the deep yard leapeth he, by eager impulse bidden:
 So eagerly with Troians clos'd the stalwart Diomedes.

Then did he hend Astynōus and, shepherd of the people,
 Hypeinor; *one* with brazen point he hit above the bosom, 145
 To *one* with mighty sword he smote the neck beside the shoulder
 On collarbone; so the whole limb from back and neck he sever'd.
 Leaving them there, he straight pursued Abas and Polyeidus,
 Children of old Eurydamas, a skilful dream-expounder:
 Yet never to their sire came *they*, to hear their dreams expounded, 150
 But slaughter'd there they lay and stript by stalwart Diomedes.

Xanthus and Thoön next he chas'd, two sons of wealthy Phaenops,
 Beloved children both; but he in grievous age was wasting,
 And rear'd no other child beside, his riches to inherit.
 There did the hero lay them low and riev'd the tender spirit 155
 Of both; and to their father left wailing and mournful sorrows:
 Sith, never did he welcome them back from the fight returning
 Alive, but heirs of orphanhood his wide estates divided.

Echemon next and Chromius, two sons of Dardan Priam,
 Both riding in one chariot were doom'd to his encounter. 160
 As, when a horned cattleherd within a thicket grazeth,
 A lion, pouncing sudden, breaks the neck of cow or bulkin;
 So both of them did Tydeus' son dash from the horses headlong,
 Sorely unwilling; then at ease he stript their splendid armour,
 But to his comrades gave the steeds, to drive them to the galleys. 165

But when Æneas saw the chief the ranks of heroes routing,
 He sped him o'er the battlefield, amid the darts and tumult,
 Seeking for godlike Pandarus, if here or there he find him:
 And soon he found the warriour, Lycaon's spotless offspring,
 And there in face of him stood forth, and spake his word before him: 170

“Whither is gone, O Pandarus! thy bow and winged arrows,
 And glorious report, wherein none here with thee contendeth,

Nor any, e'en in Lycia, may claim to be thy better?
 But raise to Jupiter thy hand, and come! address an arrow
 To this strange man, who swayeth wide with noyance to the Troians, 175
 And who of many a gallant soul hath cast the body helpless:
 Unless some god it haply be against the Troians anger'd
 On sake of holy sacrifice: and wrath divine is dreadful."

To him in words responsive spake Lycaon's brilliant offspring:
 "Anchises' son! high-counsellor of brazen-coated Troians, 180
 All his outside to me is like the skilful son of Tydeus,
 Whom by the shield I recognize and triple-crested vizor,
 And by his steeds: yet be he man or god, I know not surely.
 But, should he be the man I deem, the skilful son of Tydeus,
 Not without aid divine, I trow, so rageth he; but alway 185
 Standeth by him some deathless one, with shoulders wrapt in darkness,
 Who turn'd my pointed shaft aside, which duly reach'd and hit him.
 For I already aim'd at him; and in his better shoulder
 My arrow lighted, piercing through the hollow of his corslet.
 Troth! thought I, he was headlong flung to be a guest of Pluto, 190
 But, ne'ertheless, I tam'd him not: some god embitter'd is he!
 Nor now stand ready for my feet a chariot and horses.
 Yet in Lycaon's halls, I weet, are chariots eleven,
 Newmade, fresh-panel'd, beautiful, with curtains clos'd; and coursers,
 Twain for each car, stand duly train'd, rye and white barley munching.
 Truly Lycaon, spearman old, to me gave many charges 197
 Within his palace featly built, when I for Troy would leave him.
 He bade me mount a chariot, and bring with me the horses,
 And play the chief to Troïans amid their hardy struggles: 200
 But I his counsel follow'd not, (which verily was better),
 In mercy to my gallant steeds, lest, hemm'd within the city,
 They find but scanty nutriment and miss their wonted plenty.
 So left I him, and came on foot to Ilium, reliant 204
 On archery; but fate, it seems, meant not my shafts to aid me.
 For I already arrows twain at chieftains twain have aimed,
 Yea, and my shot hath reached them both, Tydides and Atrides,
 And drawn true blood from out their veins, yet only rous'd their courage.
 Therefore with evil destiny my bending bow I plucked

Down from the peg, upon that day, when I my Troian levies 210
 Led up to lovely Ilium, a joy to godlike Hector.
 But if I haply scape the war, and, back alive returning,
 See with my eyes my sire and wife and lofty-roofed palace,
 May instantly some foreign wight my head from off me sever,
 If with my hands I do not snap this bow and arrows piecemeal, 215
 And cast them in the shining fire: for vainly do I bear them."

To him in turn spake opposite Æneias, Troian leader:
 "Hold not discourses thus. And yet, no change of things may happen,
 Ere we, against this hero match'd with chariot and horses,
 Confronting him with adverse might, make trial of his weapons. 220
 But come, this car of mine ascend, and see my steeds' careering,
 What virtue hath the breed of Tros, with all the plain acquainted,
 Hither and thither fleet to scour and chase or flee alternate.
 These to the city us will save, if Jupiter o'ermatching
 Haply anew may glory give to Diomed Tydides. 225
 Come, take the scourge and glossy reins, and I will mount to brandish
 The spear: else *thou* the spear shalt hold, and *I* will tend the horses."

To him again in turn replied Lycaon's brilliant offspring:
 "Æneias! hold the reins thyself, and guide thy proper horses. 230
 Liefer will they the rounded car beneath their wonted driver
 Draw, if mayhap we afterward flee from the son of Tydeus.
 Lest, missing thy familiar voice and terrified by tumult,
 They swerve awry impatient, nor bear us from the battle,
 And mighty-hearted Tydeus' son, by fleetness overhending, 235
 Slay both of us and drive away the single-hoofed horses.
 But thou thyself thy proper car and proper horses manage,
 And him, if he invade us, I with pointed spear will welcome."

Into the car so curious (this converse past) they mounted,
 And straight against Tydides held the horses fleet and eager. 240
 But Sthenelus, the brilliant son of Capaneus, beheld them,
 And to Tydides instantly did winged accents utter:
 "O Diomedes, Tydeus' son, to my regards most pleasing,
 Two stalwart warriors I see, for thy encounter eager.

No measure may their sinew tell: one is a skilful archer, 245
 Young Pandarus, who glorieth as offspring of Lycaon:
 But great Æneas arrogates a parentage more splendid;
 Anchises is his spotless sire; his mother, Aphrodite.
 But come, withdraw we now and mount the chariot, nor madly
 Rush in the van, and waste a life so precious to thy Argives." 250

To him with frowning glance replied the stalwart Diomedes:
 "Counsel not fear to me: for I deem not thou canst persuade me.
 Nor truly in my breed is it to fight a skulking battle,
 Or crouch to rearward: hitherto unharm'd my force abideth.
 I loathe upon the car to mount: thus, as I am, I face them, 255
 On foot: Athene, heav'nly maid, forbiddeth me to tremble.
 Not both of them, by our attack unscath'd, shall hence be carried
 By the swift horses off the field, if even one escape us.
 This also will I say;—and thou within thy mind revolve it:
 If—that the much-designing maid vouchsafe to me the glory 260
 To slay both one and other,—then do thou thy bridles tighten,
 Upon thy chariot-rim, and here arrest thy steeds' careering.
 But, well remembering, rush on against Æneas' coursers,
 And from the Troians drive untó the dapper-greav'd Achaians.
 For know! they are a progeny of those, which Jove wide-sighted
 Paid unto Tros as ransom-price of auburn Ganymedes:
 Wherefore beneath the Dawn and Sun no coursers these may equal.
 From those, Anchises prince of men deriv'd a stolen offspring,
 (Unknown to king Laomedon,) by his own mares conceived.
 Six of this race were foal'd to him within his princely stables: 270
 The four, he kept at home himself, and fondled at the manger;
 But these he to Æneas gave, twin counsellors of terror.
 If these we capture, verily we earn excelling glory."

Thus they reciprocally held betwixt themselves discourses:
 But nearer now the twain were come, driving the nimble coursers; 275
 And first Lycaon's brilliant son address'd him to Tydides:
 "Thou stubborn-hearted skilful man, offspring of lordly Tydeus,
 My pointed shaft subdued thee not, though stinging was the arrow;
 'Tis well; but with the spear I now will try, if I can hit thee."

He spake, and poising, forward threw the spear with lengthy shadow,

And hit the shield of Tydeus' son : and thro' the stubborn leather
The brazen point flew forcibly, and reach'd into the corslet.

Then did Lycaon's brilliant son shout vehemently joyful :
"Right thro' the body hath my spear transfix'd thee ; nor deem I,
Long wilt thou last : so thou to me a mighty boast hast given." 285

But, naught dismay'd, to him replied the stalwart Diomedes :
"It was a miss, and not a hit : but heroes ! ye, I reckon,
No pause of eagerness will make, till one or other falling
Glut with his gore the warrior— unwearable Ares."

Thus, saying, forth he threw the dart ; and it, above the nostril 290
Athene planted, near the eye ; past the white teeth it glided ;
Thro' the tongue's root it cut, until beneath the chin it issued.
So dropt he from the chariot, and o'er him clang'd his armour,
Motley and all-irradiant. The nimblefooted coursers 295
Swerv'd in alarm : but he by life and force was there abandon'd.

But quick with shield and lengthy lance Æneas leapt above him,
In tremor, lest the Achæians might drag away the carcase.
He, like a lion, round it strode, relying in his prowess,
And forward held his spear, and shield, which equal was on all sides, 300
Full resolute to slay the man, who onward might adventure :
And horribly he yell'd. But next did Diomedes brandish
A rock, a vast creation, which not two men might carry,
(Men such as now are seen,) but he alone with ease did swing it.
With this he struck Æneas' hip, just where, as on a pivot, 305
The thigh within the hip is hing'd ; and men *the socket* call it :
The rugged stone the socket crush'd, and wrench'd away the tendons,
Tearing the hero's hide : but he, on his broad hand supported,
Sank to his knees ; and o'er his eyes a swoon of darkness hover'd. 310

Now would Æneas, prince of men, in such encounter perish,
But for his gentle mother's care, Jove's daughter Aphrodite,
Who, to Anchises tending kine, on slopes of Ida bare him.
Around her bonny child she spread her two white arms, and o'er him
Folds of her brilliant veil stretch'd out, a screen to bristling battle, 315

291. The wound seems at first impossible ; but it implies that Pandarus had bowed his head suddenly forward to escape the spear, but did not stoop sufficiently.

Lest from the charioteering foe some fatal weapon pierce him.
 While thus she rescued stealthily her own beloved offspring,
 Well did the son of Capaneus that argument remember,
 Which Diomedes, good at need, had straitly charg'd upon him. 320
 Apart from tumult, in the rear, he held his proper horses,
 Upon the car's rim tightening their bridles; then, invading
 Æneas' empty chariot, he drave the long-man'd coursers
 From out the Trojan ranks, untó the dapper-greav'd Achaians,
 And gave them to Deïpylus his comrade (whom he honor'd 325
 Beyond his other friends of youth, for-that their hearts were suited),
 Unto the smoothly-hollow ships to drive them: then the hero
 Mounting upon his proper car drew up the glossy bridles,
 And instantly with ardour press'd the flintyfooted horses
 After Tydides. Gone was he, with ruthless brass pursuing 330
 The queen of Cyprus. Well he knew, *she* was no armed power,
 Nor counted with those goddesses who manly battle marshal:
 Troth! nor Athene is she, nor Bellona city-rieving.
 But when he had her overhent, thro' troops of footmen chasing,
 The mighty-hearted Tydeus' son his brazen point extended. 335
 So, leaping from the ground aloft, with a slight scratch he wounded
 Her hand, at bottom of the palm; nor might her flesh resist it.
 Thro' her ambrosial veil it pass'd, work of the sister-Graces,
 And drew immortal blood; such juice, as floweth from the blessed. 340
 For they no earthly viands eat, nor drink they wine resplendent;
 And therefore bloodless are they all, and deathless are reputed.
 But She then, shrieking fearfully, dropt from her hands their burden;
 But bright Apollo caught him up, and with blue mist encircled, 345
 Lest from the charioteering foe some fatal weapon pierce him.
 Then Diomedes, good at need, in mighty voice address'd her:
 "From war and bargaining of foes, daughter of Jove! retire thee.
 Seemeth it little to cajole the unwarlike race of women?
 If thou with battle's grim array wilt deal, in sooth I fancy 350
 Hereafter e'en the talk of war shall make thy body shiver."

He spake; and she, with sore annoy delirious, departed.
 Her, Iris swift as wind receiv'd, and drew her from the tumult,
 Fretted with throbbing pains; and all her beauteous flesh was darken'd.

Soon, to the left of toilsome fight, she found impetuous Ares 355
 Sitting; and on a cloud his spear and nimble horses rested.
 Then, sinking on her knees, did she, from her beloved brother,
 With many a supplication ask his golden-trapped horses.

“Carry me off, O brother dear! and grant to me thy horses,
 That to Olympus I may go, abode of the immortals. 360
 Sorely I suffer from a stab, implanted by a mortal,
 Tydides, who with father Jove would presently do battle.”

She spake: and Ares gave to her the golden-trapped horses.
 Into the car she mounted, still distraught with keen resentment.
 And Iris mounted by her side, and gathered the bridles, 365
 And flogg’d the coursers, nothing loth in flying race to gallop.
 Quickly unto the gods’ abode, Olympus steep, arriv’d they;
 Where Iris, swift with feet of wind, the steeds’ career arrested,
 And loos’d them from the yoke, and cast ambrosial fodder near them.
 But heavenly Aphrodite fell into Dione’s bosom,— 370
 Her mother: she within her arms embrac’d her proper daughter,
 And soothing her with hand and voice, she spake, her name pronouncing:
 “Beloved child! what heav’nly hand such ill hath wrought upon thee,
 All wantonly, as tho’ thou wert in flagrant guilt arrested?”

But Aphrodite, queen of Smiles, to her thereat responded: 375
 “The son of Tydeus me hath stabb’d, highminded Diomedes,
 Because—that I would stealthily my own beloved rescue,
 My child Æneas, who to me far dearest is of all men.
 The deadly warcy now is not of Troians and Achaians;
 But even with immortals now the Danaï do battle.” 380

Forthwith, divine of goddesses, Dione, spake responsive:
 “Bear up, my daughter! and endure, however sharp thy sorrow.
 For, many a woe from mortals we, who hold Olympian dwellings,
 Have suffer’d,—either race on each fierce miseries imposing.
 Once Ares learnt to suffer, when the children of Alôeus, 385
 Otus and sturdy Ephialtes, hardily enchain’d him;
 So he for thirteen moons was kept, in brass and brick encased.
 And there would Ares perish now, insatiate of battle,
 But that their father’s dainty bride, Eëriboia, learnt it,
 And notice gave to Hermeas; who sily rescued Ares, 390

Outworn already : for the chain did cruelly subdue him.
 And *Juno* tasted suffering, when with a threebarb'd arrow
 She by the stalwart offspring of Amphitryon was wounded
 In the right bosom : whence she knew immedicable anguish.
 Nor less, stupendous *Aïdes* by a swift arrow suffer'd, 395
 What time the selfsame man, the son of Jove the ægisholder,
 Before the portal of the dead with impious weapon stung him.
 But he to Jupiter's abode and long Olympus mounted,
 Fretted in heart and pierc'd all thro' with torture : for the arrow
 Was in his sturdy shoulder fix'd, and rous'd his moody passion. 400
 But soon did Pæon, Heaven's leech, spread pain-destroying unguents
 And heal his wound ; for not, in sooth, of mortal fabric was he. —
 Worker of guilt and hard of soul, of impious dealing reckless,
 Is he, who grieveth by his darts the gods who hold Olympus.
 And now this son of Tydeus, whom *Athene*, greyey'd goddess, 405
 Hath urg'd against thee, knoweth not, O simpleton ! to ponder,
 That *he* not long endureth, who against immortals fighteth :
 Nor, when he cometh from the war and grim embrace of foemen,
 Shall children, climbing on his knees, blandly salute him Father.
 Wherefore let Tydeus' son, tho' now so stalwart is his valour, 410
 Beware, lest one more valorous than thee, his might encounter.
 Lest haply sage *Aigiale*, the noble-hearted consort
 Of courser-taming *Diomed*, and daughter of *Adrastus*,
 Awake from sleep, and, shrieking loud, arouse her dear domestics,
 Missing her lord of early love, the bravest of the Achaïans." 415

She spake, and from the wounded wrist wip'd off the pure effusion
 With both her hands : the wrist was heal'd, and grievous pains were ended.

But *Juno* and *Athene* watch'd these deeds afar ; and shortly
 By words of cutting banter tried *Saturnius* to challenge.
 To them *Athene*, greyey'd goddess, first began discourses : 420
 "O father Jove, if aught I speak, might it excite thy anger ?
 The queen of *Cyprus* (as I trow) some *Argive* woman urging
 To comp'ny with *Troïans*, whom now she fondly favours,
 While stroking with her slender hand a longrob'd *Argive* woman,

393. *Heracles*, ostensibly son of *Amphitryon*, is also son of *Jupiter*, as in
 v. 396.

Hath scratch'd her wrist so delicate against a golden buckle." 425

She spake. The Sire of gods and men smil'd at Athene's sally ;
But then to golden Aphrodite call'd, and thus address'd her :

"Not unto thee, my child, we give the ministry of battle :
But *thou* shall rightfully pursue the lovely cares of marriage,
And warlike deeds devolve upon keen Ares and Athene." 430

Thus they reciprocal exchange'd among themselves discourses.
But Diomedes, good at need, against Æneas sallied,
Knowing it was Apollo's self that held his hand above him.
Nor, even so, the mighty god revered he ; but alway
Burned to slay Anchises' son, and strip his signal harness. 435
Thrice did he rush against the foe, in eagerness of battle,
And thrice Apollo forcibly dash'd back his shining buckler.
But when a fourth time he would rush, like to a mighty Spirit,
Then did Apollo Far-avorter speak with direful menace :

"O Tydeus' son, beware! retire! aspire not in thy fancies 440
A peer unto the gods to be : for diverse is the nature
Of men that move upon the ground, and of the gods immortal."

Thus spake the god: and Tydeus' son a scanty space retir'd him,
And yielded ; shunning to enrage Apollo the fardarting.
But, from the crowd apart, the god bare off and plac'd Æneas 445
Amid the sacred Pergamus ; wherein to prince Apollo
A fane was builded : there within an ample crypt, Latona
And arrowpouring Artemis rais'd him to health and splendour.
[But silverbow'd Apollo next an empty form devised,
Unto Æneas similar and like in all his armour : 450
And round this form the Troïans and the divine Achaians,
Each of the others, ravaged around their hardy bosoms
The oxhide shields orbicular, and shaggy-winged targets.]
Then thus did bright Apollo speak unto impetuous Ares :

"O Ares! Ares! pest to man! bloodsprinkled! tower-scaling! 455
Wilt thou not chase across the field and drag away this hero,
Tydides, who with father Jove would presently do battle?
The queen of Cyprus, on the wrist, first with his weapon stabb'd he,

449-453. These lines are so inconsistent with 467, 514, as to seem like an interpolation.

And then upon myself he rush'd, like to a mighty Spirit."

This said, on topmost Pergamus he took his tranquil station. 460

But, mid them moving, ghastly Ares stirr'd the ranks of Troians,

In form like unto Acamas, keen leader of the Thrakes.

To Priam's sons, Jove-nurtured, chiefly he turn'd his parley :

"Sons of a sire Jove-nurtured ! children of royal Priam !

How long abandon ye the folk for slaughter to the Achaians ? 465

Till haply round the wellmade gates the battle rage, await ye ?

A hero prostrate lieth, whom, as peer of godlike Hector,

We honoured,—Æneas, son of lofty-soul'd Anchises.

But come ye ! let us from the brawl our noble comrade rescue."

He, by such words, in every breast spirit and strength excited. 470

Sarpedon next a sharp rebuke address'd to godlike Hector :

"Whither is gone the spirit, which, O Hector ! once possess'd thee ?

Thy boast it was that thou alone, without allies and peoples,

By brethren and by marriage-kin, wouldest maintain the city :

But none of these I here, or there, distinguish or discover ; 475

But stealthily they crouch behind, as dogs around a lion,

And all the fight on *us* doth fall, who for allies are counted.

For I myself am thy ally, and I from far have journey'd :

For far from hence is Lycia, upon the whirling Xanthus,

Where I my dearest consort left, and eke my tender infant, 480

Yea, and my plentiful estate, which every poor man envies.

Yet, even so, my Lycians I hearten, and am eager

Myself to fight with warriours, though nothing here possess I,

Which men of Argos ravaging could drive away or carry.

But thou dost indolently wait, nor on the other people 485

Urgest, immovably to stand, and for their wives do battle.

Beware, lest thou, and Priam's self, entangled in the meshes,

To men of adverse spirit be a sport and lucky booty :

Then will they pillage greedily your thickly-peopled city.

Thee it behoveth, night and day, on these affairs to ponder, 490

And to the princes of the allies far-summon'd, make entreaty

For constancy ; and from yourselves ward off our keen reproaches."

So spake Sarpedon ; and his word deep stung the heart of Hector,

Who from his chariot straightway leapt to the ground in armour.

Two pointed jav'lines brandishing, thro' all the army went he, 495
 Enheartening his men, and rous'd the deadly cry of battle.
 Then did they gather to a ball, and stood against the Achaians:
 But eke the Achaians clos'd their ranks, and kept their ground intrepid.

As on the sacred threshing-floors chaff by the wind is carried,
 Where peasant men are winnowing beneath the active breezes, 500
 When auburn Ceres by her sieve the crop and chaff doth sunder;
 And all the ground of winnowing is whiten'd;—so the Achaians
 Were then above with tides of dust all white, which feet of horses
 Stamp'd unto heaven's brassy vault, betwixt the men's careering
 Onward and back: for round and round the charioteers did turn them.
 But straight ahead, and hand to hand, the battle rush'd; and round it
 Impetuous Ares darkness wrapt, in favour to the Troians,
 The ranks in all parts visiting: thus of the Golden-belted
 Accomplish'd he the injunctions: for bright Apollo charg'd him
 To rouse the Trojan heart, sithence he saw the maid Athene 510
 Departed: for the Danaï found none like Her to aid them.
 But from the temple's wealthy crypt himself brought out Æneas,
 And breathed intrepid vehemence into the people's shepherd.

Æneas mid his comrades stood anew; and joyful were they,
 When they beheld him thus, alive and safe and sound advancing, 515
 And full of noble vigour: yet no question did they ask him;
 For other toil forbade,—arous'd by silverbow'd Apollo,
 By Ares, pest of man, and strife immeasurably eager.

There also, by Ajaces twain, Ulysses and Tydides,
 The Danaï to war were urg'd; but they, by proper courage, 520
 Nor at the force of Troïans nor at the turmoil trembled.
 But firm abode they, like to clouds, which, on the peaked summits
 Of mountains, Saturn's child hath plac'd, amid the hush of breezes
 Immovable, while as the might of Boreas may slumber,
 And other winds tempestuous, whose shrill and squally blaring 525
 Scareth apart the shady clouds in eddying disorder:
 So, mid the war, the Danaï were motionless and tranquil.

But thro' the crowd Atrides mov'd, with many an exhortation:
 "O friends, be men! and gallantly a cheerful courage keep ye,
 And each to other bashful be amid your hardy struggles: 530

Of bashful-hearted men, the most are safe, and few are slaughtered;
But runaways no glory win, nor runneth safety with them."

He spake and keenly hurl'd his spear, and hit a chieftain hero,
Deicöon, who comrade was of mighty-soul'd Æneas,
And son of Pergasus: but him, as peer to Priam's children 535
The Troians held; for keen was he to fight among the foremost.
Upon his shield came down the spear of royal Agamemnon;
Nor might the hide resist it; but thro' all the folds it hurried,
And underneath the girdle's breadth deep in the vitals pierc'd him.
So with a loud crash down he dropt, and o'er him clang'd his armour. 540

Then of the Danaï in turn Orsilochus and Crethon,
Chief heroes, by Æneas fell; two children of Diocles;
Whose father held a wide domain in Phere nobly-built,
Wealthy of substance; and his birth he boasted from the river
Alpheius, who with waters broad the land of Pylos parteth. 545
Who erst Orsilochus begat, a prince to many people:
Orsilochus begat in turn the lofty-soul'd Diocles:
But for Diocles' heritage twin children were begotten,
Orsilochus and Crethon, skill'd in every form of battle.
When these at man's estate arriv'd, they on the dusky galleys 550
To charioteering Ilium accompanied the Argives,
To earn renown for Atreus' sons: and there did Death enshroud them.
But they, like to two lion-cubs, which, deep within the covert
Of forests o'er a mountain-ridge, under their dam grow mighty; 555
And thro' the stables ruin spread, plump sheep and oxen stealing,
Till, by the hands of men, themselves with the sharp brass are slaughter'd:
Such did these princes fall, subdued beneath Æneas' puissance.

Lofty they fell, and prostrate lay, in guise of lofty larches. 560
But Meneläus, good at need, pitied the fallen heroes,
And thro' the foremost ranks advanc'd, arm'd with the flashing metal,
And brandishing his spear. In sooth, 'twas Ares stirr'd his spirit,
With this intent, that he, beneath Æneas' hands, might perish.

But him Antilochus, the son of lofty-minded Nestor, 565
Beheld, and thro' the van advanc'd: sith for the people's shepherd
Vastly he fear'd, lest aught befall, and mar their mighty labours.
The twain already adverse held their hands and pointed weapons,

Meeting for foeman's argument, with eagerness of battle :
 But quickly stood Antilochus beside the people's shepherd. 570
 Then, tho' an ardent warrior, Æneas shrank before them,
 When side by side two braves he saw awaiting his encounter.
 So did the twain draw up the dead amid the Achaian army,
 And plac'd the miserable pair in hands of their companions ;
 Then turning back themselves, engag'd in battle of the foremost. 575

Forthwith, Pylæmenes was slain, an equipoise to Ares,
 Prince of the Paphlagonians, shieldbearers, mightyhearted ;
 On whom the dart of Atreus' son, spearfamous Menelaüs,
 Lighting, beside his collar-bone, there, as he stood, subdued him.
 Meanwhile Antilochus laid low Mydon, Atymnus' offspring,— 580
 A charioteer and gallant squire,—just as he wheel'd his horses,
 With massy stone his elbow hitting; then, in dust of battle,
 The bridles white with ivory dropt from his helpless fingers.
 Thereat the victor, rushing on, smote with the sword his temple.
 Out of the wellwrought car he fell, headlong with plunge convulsive, 585
 And lighting wherethe sand was deep, stood long on crown and shoulders,
 Till the two horses, moving on, into the dust o'erthrew him :
 Them, with a thong, Antilochus drave to the Achaian army.

When Hector mid the ranks descried the twain, he rush'd against them
 With piercing cry ; and after him the bands of Troians follow'd,
 Stubborn ; for now, to lead them, march'd Ares and queen Bellona :
 With *Her* was brawl of ruthless fray, with *Him* was might of weapons.
 Stalking he mov'd alternately before and after Hector. 595

But Diomedes, good at need, at sight of Ares, shudder'd.
 As when some clownish simpleton, a mighty plain travèrsing,
 Lighteth upon a river's brink that swift to Ocean rusheth,
 Bemazed at its gurgling foam, he starteth sudden backward :
 So then did Tydeus' son recoil, and spake unto the people : 600

“Not without cause, O friends, do we at godlike Hector marvel,
 What sort of spearman he is prov'd, and warrior intrepid.
 But alway standeth near to him some god, who wardeth ruin ;
 And now yon Ares at his side, in mortal figure stalketh.
 But with your faces onward turn'd, to front the Troians alway, 605
 Retire ye, nor against the gods be covetous of battle.”

He spake: meanwhile the Troïans approach'd for nearer contest.
 There Hector slew two warriors, to hero-glee well-trained,
 Menesthes and Anchialus : a single car contained them.
 Great Telamonian Ajax saw, and sorrow'd at their slaughter. 610
 At distance short he took his stand, and hurl'd his shining weapon,
 And struck the son of Selagus, Ampheius, who in Pæsus
 Dwelt, rich in cattle, rich in corn; but Destiny constrain'd him
 For service of ally to march to Priam and his children.
 Him Telamonian Ajax struck beneath his breadth of girdle, 615
 And fix'd within his tender lap the spear with lengthy shadow.
 So with a loud crash down he dropt: and up ran gallant Ajax
 To strip his armour; but their darts the Troians thickly shower'd,
 Pointed and all-irradiant; which in his buckler bristled.
 But he with heel advancing trod, and pluck'd his brazen weapon 620
 Out of the corpse; yet might not he tear off the beauteous armour
 From shoulders of the dead; for sore the javelins distress'd him :
 And of the haughty Troians he the stalwart concourse dreaded,
 Who scar'd and drave him to retreat, tho' gallant, tall, and lordly. 625
 So they of either army toil'd amid the hardy struggle.
 Then overmatching Fate drave on against divine Sarpedon
 Tlepolemus, Heracles' son, a man both tall and goodly.
 When they to shorter distance came; the son against the grandson 630
 Of cloud-collecting Jupiter, advancing each on other;
 Tlepolemus converse began, and haughtily address'd him :
 "Sarpedon! to the Lycians high Counsellor! in battle
 Wholly unskill'd! who forceth thee to come and skulk in Troas?
 False is their tale, who trace thy birth to Jove the ægis-holder; 635
 For twixt those warriors and thee no parity perceive I,
 Who were, in days of former men, by Jupiter begotten :
 Such as of yore the ancient folk my proper sire remember,
 The mightiness of Héracles, audacious, lion-hearted.
 Who,—when, with galleys only six, and shorter train of peoples, 640
 The coursers of Laomedon unto these shores had drawn him,—
 Widow'd the streets of Ilium and sack'd her countless riches :
 But cowardly thy temper is, and wasted are thy peoples ;
 Nor now, arriv'd from Lycia, a rampart to the Troians

Deem I that thou at all wilt be, whatever be thy prowess, 645
 But thro' the gates of Aïdes, subdued by me, shalt travel."

Hereon the chief from Lycia, Sarpedon, spake responsive :
 "By *him* the sacred Ilium, Tlepolemus! was captur'd,
 Because her stately prince became infatuate and wrongful :
 Who benefits from him had reap'd, but answer'd with reproaches. 650
 Nor paid the coursers as his meed, for which from far he journey'd.
 But upon thee, I promise, here shall gloomy fate and carnage
 From me alight; and thou, subdued beneath my spear, shalt furnish
 To me a glory, and a life to charioteering Pluto."

Sarpedon spake : Tlepolemus from other side uplifted 655
 The ashen shaft : of both the chiefs at once the lengthy lances
 Sped from their hands: Sarpedon's point upon the neck alighted
 Right in the middle: thro' and thro', the anguish-bearing weapon
 Issued behind: straightway his eyes were veil'd in gloomy darkness.
 Meanwhile, his foeman's worser thigh Tlepolemus had pierced 660
 With his long spear: with fury fill'd, the brazen point flew onward,
 Deep cutting to the bone; but still, death by his Sire was warded.

Around Sarpedon, match for gods, his comrades strove, to bear him
 Out of the battlefield: but him the lengthy weapon trailing
 Sorely distress'd; but none took thought, nor minded, in their hurry, 665
 The ashen shaft from out his thigh to pull, and aid his climbing
 Into the car aloft: for care too much their minds distracted.
 Meanwhile the Achaians dapper-greav'd out of the battle carried
 Tlepolemus, and drew regards from the divine Ulysses;
 Hardy resolve possess'd his heart; his inmost bosom panted. 670
 He thereupon with mind and soul held conferences, whether
 The son of deeply-rumbling Jove to chase with keener battle,
 Or from the troop of Lycians to doom more lives to slaughter.
 Nor troth! did destiny assign to lofty-soul'd Ulysses
 By the sharp brass to send below a Jove-begotten hero: 675
 Wherefore against the Lycians Athene turn'd his anger.
 Then Cœranus was slain by him and Chromis and Alastor,
 And Prytanis and Halius, Nœmon and Alcander.
 And by divine Ulysses' hand yet more of them had fallen,
 But that it quickly drew the eye of motley-helmed Hector. 680

He thro' the foremost ranks advanc'd, arm'd with the flashing metal,
 Terror into the Danaï inspiring ; but Sarpedon,
 Jove's son, at his approach rejoic'd, and piteously call'd him :

“O son of Priam, leave me not unto the foes a booty
 Here prostrate, but avenge my fall: and then, let life desert me 685
 Within your sacred Ilium ; sith destiny forbids me,
 Returning to my proper home, and my dear native country,
 Delight to my dear wife to give and to my infant offspring.”

He spake: but no reply came back from motley-helmed Hector:
 Past him he rush'd, all eagerness to rout and slay the Argives. 690
 But round Sarpedon, match for gods, his comrades strove, and plac'd him
 Beneath a fair and mighty beech of Jove the ægis-holder.
 Thereat, the valiant Pelagon, who was his dear companion,
 Drew from the wound the ashen shaft, which in his thigh was planted. 695
 His life was gone in swoon, and mist lay heavy on his eyelids :
 But soon his breath came back again; and softly-playing breezes,
 From Boreas, preserv'd alive his sadly-gasping spirit.

The Argives, press'd by Ares and by brazen-helmed Hector,
 Neither their faces ever turn'd toward the dusky galleys 700
 Nor yet straight-wise encounter'd them in fight ; but alway backward
 Receded, when the rumour spread, “Ares the Troians aideth.”

Then who was first, and who was last, a sport of death and plunder
 To Hector, son of Priamus, and brazen-coated Ares ?
 First, godlike Teuthras ; after him, Orestes courser-smiting ; 705
 And after him, Ænomaüs, Trechus, Ætolian spearman,
 Helenus, son of Ænops, and Oresbius of Hyla,
 Mark'd by his baldric's motley hues ; a man to wealth devoted,
 Who close to lake Kephisis held his dwelling ; and around him
 Dwelt his compeer Bœotians in their fat soil of plenty. 710

But when, from heaven looking down, the whitearm'd goddess Juno
 Saw them, her Argives ravaging amid the hardy struggle,
 She to Athene instantly did winged accents utter :

“Ah me ! unweariable child of Jove the ægis-holder !
 Then verily in vain we pledg'd our word to Menelaüs, 715
 To storm well-fenced Ilium and bear away the booty,
 If ghastly Ares we permit to riot thus in madness.

But come, let us too bend a thought to furious encounter."

She spake; nor uncompliant found Athene, grey-ey'd goddess.
 Then Juno, venerable queen, daughter of mighty Saturn, 720
 Mov'd busily, and furbish'd out the golden-trapped horses.
 And Hebe quickly to the car put on the wheeled circles;—
 All were of brass, each had eight spokes;— around the iron axle.
 Their felly incorruptible was golden; but above it,
 The fitted tires were all of brass, a spectacle for marvel. 725
 The boxes which on either side ran round, were both of silver.
 On golden and on silver straps the seat was swung: around it
 Two rims half-circular were stretch'd: its pole was form'd of silver.
 Upon its end she bound the yoke, golden and fair; and thro' it 730
 Pass'd the fair golden traces; then beneath the yoke did Juno
 The nimblefooted steeds conduct, for strife and onset eager.

Meanwhile Athene, maiden-imp of Jove the ægis-holder,
 Shower'd her robe of brilliancy down on her father's pavement,
 Whose tissue she herself had wrought and with her hands embroider'd;
 Then, in a martial tunic clad, address'd her in the armour
 Of cloud-collecting Jupiter, to meet the tearful battle.
 So on her shoulders' breadth she slung the ægis with its fringes,
 Dreadful; which, on the rim around, hath Terror for a garland,
 And in it Strife, and in it Might, in it benumbing Turmoil, 740
 In it the frightful sever'd head of the gigantic Gorgon,
 Frightful and grisly: prodigy of Jove the ægis-holder.
 And on her head a four-plum'd casque with double ridge she settled,
 All golden; measur'd to contain a hundred cities' footmen.
 Into the flaming chariot then with her feet she mounted, 745
 And grasp'd her spear,—vast, weighty, stout; wherewith the ranks she
 Of heroes, whom for wrath she dooms, child of a direful Father. [wasteth
 But Juno keenly with the scourge the coursers touch'd. Before them,
 The gates of Heaven boom'd aloud, self-moving; so commanded
 The Hours, who hold beneath their trust great Heaven and Olympus, 750
 Alike to raise or overspread the closely-shutting darkness.
 Betwixt these gates they guided clear the spur-excited horses,
 And found, apart from other gods, the child of Saturn seated
 Upon the topmost pinnacle of many-ridg'd Olympus.

There Juno whitearm'd goddess stay'd the ardour of her horses, 755
And to supreme Saturnian Jove address'd salute and question :

"Dost thou, O father Jove, approve these hardy deeds of Ares,
How many and how noble men he from the Achaian army
Hath slain at random, ruthlessly ? to me a grief ! but Cypris,
Tranquil and sly, is overjoy'd, with silverbow'd Apollo : 760
These have set on this frantic one, of right and custom reckless.
O father, wouldest thou with me be angry, should I haply
Chase Ares from the battle-field, with moanful anguish stricken ?"

Then cloud-collecting Jupiter, addressing her, responded :
"Go to ; against him rather rouse Athene booty-driving, 765
Who beyond others aye is wont in bitter pains to catch him."

He spake ; nor uncompliant found the whitearm'd goddess Juno.
She flogg'd the coursers, nothing loth in flying race to speed them
In the mid regions, over Earth, and under starry Heaven.
Far as across to outmost haze the peasant's eye travérseth, 770
Who, seated on a pinnacle, gazeth o'er seas of purple,
So far the gods' high-neighing steeds at every bound were carried.
But when in Troas they arriv'd and at the streaming rivers,
Where Simoïs his waters blends with waters of Scamander,
There Juno, whitearm'd goddess, stay'd the ardour of her horses, 775
And loos'd them from the car, and spread around them mist abundant :
And for their pasture, Simoïs shot up immortal herbage.

But they, the goddesses, with track like unto trembler pigeons,
Darted across in eager speed to aid the men of Argos.
But when they were arriv'd, where men most numerous and noble, 780
Standing around the mightiness of Argive Diomedes,
Were closely held at bay, in guise of raw-devouring lions,
Or like to sturdy forest-boars, no easy prey to spoilers ;
There Juno, whitearm'd goddess, paus'd ; and stood, and loudly shouted,
Assimilate to Stentor's form ; who, brazen-voic'd, high-hearted, 785
Shouted in tones that pierc'd as far as other fifty heroes :

"Argives, in beauty marvellous ! O shame ! O base reproaches !
While-as the godlike Achileus went to and fro in battle,
Never beyond the Dardan gates did then the steps of Troians
Adventure ; ay ! for verily his weighty spear they dreaded. 790

But now, far from their walls they fight, hard by the hollow galleys."

She, by such words, in every breast spirit and strength excited ;
 But straight to Diomedes sped Athene, greyey'd goddess,
 And in the midst she found the prince beside his car and horses,
 Cooling the wound, which Pandarus with arrow-shot implanted. 795
 The breadth of strap, whereon was hung his rounded shield, annoy'd him,
 Where heat and sweat and gore were mix'd ; and all his arm was weary :
 But he the clouded blood beneath would wipe, the strap upraising.
 Then holding by the horses' yoke, the goddess thus address'd him.

"How little like to Tydeus' self I see the child of Tydeus ! 800
 Tydeus was short of stature ; yet, a doughty fighter was he ;
 Even when I his ardour check'd, nor suffer'd him in battle
 Or sport of martial sallies ; when he came without Achaians,
 Single ambassador to Thebes, to meet Cadmeians many.
 Him I commanded in the halls to take the banquet tranquil ; 805
 But he, with that stout heart of his, such as of old he carried,
 Challeng'd the youths of Cadmus' fort, and won in every contest,
 Right easily : such force to him my present aid imparted.
 Also with thee, behold ! I stand close to thy side, and guard thee ;
 And thee I zealously exhort to battle with the Troians. 810
 Either, much-sallying, thy limbs by weariness are conquer'd,
 Or heartless fear possesseth thee ; then never could I hold thee
 The offspring true of Oeneus' son the skilful-hearted Tydeus."

To her thereon responsive spake the stalwart Diomedes :
 "Well do I know thee, maiden-imp of Jove the ægis-holder : 815
 To thee then promptly will I speak my word, nor will conceal it.
 Not heartless fear possesseth me, nor any base reluctance :
 But what thyself did charge on me, that charge I still remember ;—
 Against the other gods immortal, not to join in battle
 Direct ; but if, in mell of men, Jove's daughter Aphrodite 820
 Herself adventur'd, *her* should I with savage weapon mangle.—
 Therefore do I myself retire, and eke to other Argives
 Much exhortation have I made, their forces here to rally :
 For Ares' self I recognize wide-marshalling the battle."

To him responded thereupon Athene greyey'd goddess : 825
 "O Diomedes, Tydeus' son, to my regards most pleasing,

Neither do thou that Ares fear, nor other of the immortals,
 In fight direct: such force to thee my present aid imparteth.
 But come, and guide on Ares first the single-hoofed horses,
 And strike him hand to hand, nor feel respect for this mad creature, 830
 Impetuous Ares. Troth! is he a made-up trimming rascal:
 Who in discourse, short space ago, to me and Juno promis'd
 To fight against the Troïans and to support the Argives;
 But now with Troïans joineth he, and hath his pledge forgotten."

She spake, and grasping Sthenelus, withdrew him from the horses 835
 Down to the ground; but Diomed, quick as the word, ascended.
 Into the selfsame car, beside the godlike Diomedes,
 Eager she mounted: with the load, deep groan'd the beechen axle;
 For dreadful was the god it bare, and mightiest the hero.
 Then maid Athene, instantly the scourge and bridles seizing, 840
 Guided on Ares' self direct the single-hoofed horses.
 Just had he slain a man,—of all Ætolians the bravest,—
 Bright offspring of Ochesius, gigantic Periphantes;
 Him gore-polluted Ares slew for booty; but Athene
 Put on the casque of Aïdes, lest direful Ares see her. 845

When Ares, pest of mortals, saw the godlike Diomedes,
 He turn'd himself away, and left gigantic Periphantes
 In the same spot, whereon he fell, to lie; and, fill'd with fury,
 On courser-taming Diomed a new attack directed.
 When they to shorter distance came, advancing each on other, 850
 First Ares stretch'd beyond the yoke, and o'er the horses' bridles,
 With brazen spear, in eagerness to win the meed of battle:
 But from the chariot, Athene, greyey'd goddess, caught it
 Within her hand, and thrust it off to spend its fury vainly.
 But Diomedes, good at need, did next to fight apply him 855
 With brazen spear; and maid Athene mightily impress'd it,
 To strike the foe in lowest lap, where he his baldric girded:
 There did it hit; and thro' and thro' his comely flesh it mangled.
 But back she drew the spear again. Then brazen-coated Ares
 Groan'd loud as thousands nine or ten of men who shout in battle, 860
 Closing in struggle. Trembling seiz'd both Troïans and Achaïans,
 From fear: so loud did Ares groan, insatiate of combat.

Such as a mist of Tartarus from out the clouds ariseth,
 When by an evil-breathing wind almighty heat is gender'd; 865
 Such and so huge to Tydeus' son did brazen-coated Ares
 Appear, ascending on the clouds into the vasty heaven.
 Swiftly unto the gods' abode, Olympus steep, arriv'd he,
 And there beside Saturnius sat pining in resentment,
 And pointed to the heav'nly blood, which from the gash was streaming,
 And thus in melancholy tones did winged accents utter :

"Dost thou, O father Jove, approve, to see these hardy doings?
 Alway we deities endure things piteous and cruel,
 Which, to the joy of mortal men, each upon other plotteth.
 But thee we all attack; for thou a cursed maid hast gotten, 875
 Insensate, who for ever is to impious deeds devoted.
 For all the other deities, who dwell upon Olympus,
 Yield unto thee obedience, and each of us is subject :
 But upon her, by word or act, no fetter thou imposest,
 But givest rein; sith from thyself this baleful child was gender'd. 880
 Who now hath Tydeus' son impell'd, —outrageous Diomedes,—
 Against the immortal deities with frenzied heart to riot.
 The queen of Cyprus, on the wrist, first with his weapon stabb'd he;
 And then upon myself he rush'd, like to a mighty Spirit.
 But me my speedy feet bare off; else, direly might I suffer 885
 There on the spot, for length of time, among grim heaps of corpses;
 Or, tho' alive, be powerless, from stubborn blows of weapons."

But cloud-collecting Jupiter with frowning glance responded :
 "Thou trimming fellow! sit not here beside me thus to whimper.
 Of gods, who hold Olympus, none, as thou, to me is hateful; 890
 For alway feud to thee is dear, and violence and combat.
 In thee thy mother's spirit lives,—unbearable, unyielding,—
 Thy mother Juno, whom by words I alway hardly manage.
 And by her promptings, troth! I count this hath upón thee fallen.
 But still, much longer cannot I endure thee bearing anguish; 895
 For—that of *me* a birth thou art, —to *me* thy mother bare thee.
 But if, from other of the gods, thus baleful, thou wert gotten,
 Long since had I degraded thee below the ranks of heaven."

He spake, and unto Heaven's leech commandment gave to heal him.

Thereat did Pæon, Heaven's leech, spread pain-destroying unguents,
 To heal his wound; for not, in sooth, of mortal fabric was he.
 As the white milk by curdling juice into commotion riseth;
 At first 'tis liquid: speedily it thickens, as one mixes;
 So swiftly did the heav'nly skill then heal impetuous Ares.
 Him Hebe tended at the bath, and cloth'd in pleasant garments: 905
 So he beside Saturnius sat glorying in grandeur.

When thus the goddesses had stopt Ares, the pest of mortals,
 From hero-slaughter, to the house of mighty Jove return'd they,
 Athene, war-repelling maid, and Juno queen of Argos.

BOOK VI.

So the grim battlecry was left to Troians and Achaïans.
 This way and that, across the plain, diversely rush'd the struggle,
 While either host against the foe its brazen spears directed,
 Midway betwixt the Simoïs and currents of Scamander.
 First Ajax, son of Telamon, a bulwark of the Achaïans, 5
 Breaking the line of Troïans, gave comfort to his comrades.
 For he a hero struck, who mid the Thracians was noblest,
 Goodly and mighty; Acamas, the son of Eüsorus.
 The spear upon his helmet's ridge with horsetail bushy lighted;
 Reach'd to the forehead, pierc'd the bone;—and darkness veil'd his eye.
 By Diomedes, good at need, the son of Teuthras perish'd,
 Axylus, who his dwelling held in nobly-built Arisba,
 A man of substance plentiful, and dear was he to all men;
 For—that he dwelt beside the road, and all, who came, befriended. 15
 Yet none of those who lov'd him well then stood in front, and warded
 The ruesome fate; but two at once fell by the son of Tydeus,

Axylus, with Calesius, his minister and driver.
 Then did Euryalus despoil Opheltius and Dresus. 20
 Aisepus next and Pedasus he chas'd; whom erst a Naïd,
 The nymph Abarbareia, bare to spotless Bucoleion,
 Who boasted in a lordly sire Laomedon; and truly,
 His eldest child he was, but base; by stealth his mother bare him.
 Tending his sheep he met the nymph, and won her for his bridal, 25
 And she from his embrace bestow'd twin children on their father.
 And now Mekisteus' son unstrung their gallant limbs, and ravish'd
 Their living spirit, and despoil'd the armour from their shoulders.
 War-biding Polypoetes slew Astyalus: Ulysses
 With brazen weapon pierc'd to death Percosian Pidytes;
 Teucer did Aretaon slay; Antilochus, Ablerus.
 But Agamemnon, prince of men, to Elatus was fatal,
 Who, by the side of Satnious, that smoothly-flowing river,
 Dwelt in the lofty Pedasus.— Eurypylus too slaughter'd 35
 Melanthius: while Leïtus o'ertook the fleeing Phylax.
 But Menelaus, good at need, meanwhile Adrastus captur'd
 Alive; for o'er the plain his steeds had gallop'd wild with terror,
 Till in the boughs of tamarisk the crooked car was tangled.
 Then snapping short the pole, themselves career'd without a driver 40
 Back to the city, where the rest had hurried, struck with panic.
 For he, their lord, beside the wheel from out the car was tossed,
 Into the dust face-forward hurl'd, helpless: and lo! beside him
 Stood Menelaüs, Atreus' son, with spear of lengthy shadow.
 Adrastus then his knees embrac'd, in lowly supplication: 45
 "Save me alive, O Atreus' son! and take a worthy ransom:
 For in my wealthy father's home are large possessions treasur'd,
 Many and costly; brass and gold and varied forms of iron:
 From these my sire would speedily with boundless ransom please thee,
 Soon as he learns of me alive beside the Achaian galleys." 50

When thus he spake, his argument the hero's heart was winning:
 Shortly had he the captive sent, by hand of his attendant,
 Unto the sharp Achaian ships, in rear; but Agamemnon
 Against him quickly running came, and utter'd words of menace:

21. A *Naïd*, a nymph of freshwater streams.

“ O Meneläus ! gentle heart ! and why this care so fruitless 55
 For lives of men ? troth ! thou at home hast met delightsome fortune
 From Troians. Then, let none of them evade, from hands of Argives,
 Headlong destruction. Show not e’en to unborn children mercy ;
 But vanish all of Ilium, unwept, unknown, unburied.” 60

He spake ; and by well-reason’d words his brother’s mind persuaded ;
 Who thrust Adrastus off from him : and royal Agamemnon
 By a side-stab the foe o’erthrew. Thereat the son of Atreus,
 Stepping with heel upon his breast, pull’d out the ashen weapon. 65

Then Nestor rais’d his voice aloft, and charg’d the Argive army :
 “ Friends, heroes of the Danaï, and ministers of Ares,
 Think not of spoil, nor stay behind, each to increase his booty ;
 But slay the men ; then tranquilly shall ye despoil the corpses.” 70

He, by such words, in every breast spirit and strength excited.
 Then surely would the Troïans beneath the Achaian heroes
 Again have enter’d Ilium, in martial strength defeated ;
 But Helenus Priamides, of all the Troian augurs 75
 The wisest, came and spake a word to Hector and Æneas.

“ O Hector and Æneas ! sith of Lycians and Troians
 On you supremely resteth toil ; for-that ye are the bravest
 For every deed of enterprize, and first in every counsel ;
 Patrol the army, form the lines, before the gates array them, 80
 Ere in their wives’ embrace they fall, and yield the foe a triumph.
 When ye have strengthen’d all the bands, we at our posts abiding
 Against the Danaï will fight, —perforce, if sore the labour. 85
 But Hector, thou the city seek ; and bid our common mother
 Unto greyey’d Athene’s fane upon the city’s summit
 The aged women to collect ; and with her key to open
 Her sacred closet’s door, and choose the robe, which in her palace 90
 Largest and loveliest may be, and to herself the dearest :
 This let her place upon the knees of ample-hair’d Athene :
 And pledge the vow to consecrate twelve heifers in her temple,
 Yearlings, unknowing of the goad, if-that she deign to pity
 The city of the Troïans, their wives and infant offspring ; 95
 If she from sacred Ilium may ward the son of Tydeus,

That spearman wild and truculent, stout counsellor of terror :
 Whom I in sooth affirm to be the stoutest of the Achaians.
 Not even from Achilles' self, chiefest of heroes, felt we
 So much affright, altho' (they say) a goddess mother bare him. 100
 But this man rageth wondrously, and none his might may equal."

He spake; and Hector willing show'd compliance to his brother,
 And from his chariot straightway leapt to the ground in armour.
 Two pointed jav'lines brandishing, thro' all the army went he,
 Enheartening his men, and rous'd the deadly cry of battle. 105

Then did they gather to a ball, and stood against the Achaians;
 And back the Argives drew themselves, and respite made of carnage.
 For some immortal seem'd to them down from the starry heaven
 With aid among the Troïans to drop; so quick they rallied.
 Then Hector rais'd his voice aloft, and charg'd the Troian army: 110

"Ye high-soul'd Troïans, and ye allies from distance summon'd!
 Be men, my friends! nor negligent of furious encounter,
 Whilst Ilium I seek, and urge our counsellors and consorts
 Unto the deities to pray and hecatombs to promise." 115

Then Hector of the motley helm with such address departed.
 His bossy shield (so vast its orb) with its black rim of leather
 Rattled alternate, as he mov'd, against his neck and ankles.

Then in the midst, between the hosts, did Tydeus' son and Glaucus,
 The offspring of Hippolochus, meet eager for the combat. 120
 When they to shorter distance came, advancing each on other,
 Him Diomedes, good at need, first with salute accosted:

"Bravest of men, what name is thine among the race of mortals?
 For never have I look'd on thee in man-ennobling combat
 On former days; but now by far surpassesst thou in boldness 125
 All men,—who darest to await my spear with lengthy shadow:
 And troth! unhappy are the sires, whose sons my force encounter.
 But if from heaven thou art come, and art a god immortal,
 Not lightly into stern debate with such would I adventure.
 No, truly! for Lyncurgus too, the hardy son of Dryas, 130
 Lasted not long, who strove against the habitants of heaven.
 For he of yore the nurses chas'd of frantic Dionysus

Along the heav'nly Nysa's cliff: they, with an ox-goad wounded
 By murderous Lycurgus' hands, did all in wild disorder
 Shed on the ground their sacred gear; but Dionysus, frighten'd, 135
 Into the briny billow plung'd: and Thetis in her bosom
 Caught him all shuddering: for dread from the man's raving seiz'd him.
 Therefore the gods who live at ease hated the man Lycurgus,
 And Saturn's child his sight destroy'd: nor lasted he much longer,
 When into enmity he rush'd with all the gods immortal. 140
 Wherefore against the blessed ones fain would I shun to battle.
 But if a mortal man thou art, and earthly viands eatest,
 Come nearer; so thou earlier destruction's goal shalt compass."

To him the gallant offspring of Hippolochus responded:
 "Why askest thou my origin, high-hearted son of Tydeus? 145
 As leaves upon the trees are born, such is the birth of mortals.
 Of leaves one brood before the wind on earth is shed; but others
 Soon from the budding forest rise, in hour of spring succeeding:
 So too the courses of mankind grow up and fail, successive.
 But if it please thee this to learn, then straight will I inform thee, 150
 Who are our parents:—and with this are many men acquainted.
 A city dwelleth in a nook of courser-feeding Argos,
 Ephyra, town of Sisyphus, the craftiest of mortals:
 Father to him was Æolus, but Glaucus was his offspring:
 And Glaucus in his turn begat spotless Bellerophontes, 155
 On whom the heav'nly gods bestow'd beauty and lovely courage.
 But Proetus, who was mightier (for Jove beneath his sceptre
 Subdued the Argives), hated him, and drove him from the people.
 For Proetus' wife, divine Anteia, burn'd for him with frenzy, 160
 Yet might not win the righteous heart of sage Bellerophontes.
 Then she with false and wicked words king Proetus thus accosted:—
 O Proetus! either die thyself, or slay Bellerophontes,
 Who tried, in service of his lust, my will to overmaster.— 165
 When from his spouse such tale he heard, the prince was seiz'd with anger.
 To slay his rival he forbore (for boding thoughts withheld him),
 But sent him forth to Lycia, and gave him baleful tokens,

152. *Ephyra*; here, for Corinth. In 2, 659, is another Ephyra.

Engraving many a deadly mark within a folded tablet,
 To show unto his consort's sire and work his sure destruction. 170
 So went he forth to Lycia by blameless heav'nly escort.
 But when to Lycia he came and to the streaming Xanthus,
 The prince of wide-spread Lycia gave to him friendly welcome :
 Nine days he entertain'd the guest, nine oxen did he offer.
 But when the rosyfinger'd Morn a tenth time dawn'd upon him, 175
 Then did he question put to him and ask to see the token,
 Which by Bellerophontes' hand his daughter's lord might send him.
 But when the evil marks he saw, and knew the mind of Proetus,
 First sent he him with charge to kill the infuriate Chimæra,
 Who came not from the world of men, but was a brood unearthly, 180
 With lion's front and serpent's tail, a goat in centre only,
 From whom the direful might of fire came blazing thro' the nostrils :
 Yet her he slew, obedient to prodigies from heaven.
 Next, with the famous Solymi did he engage in combat,
 And deem'd, that never fight of men a hardier he enter'd. 185
 Then Amazons, a match for men, in third emprize he conquer'd.
 But for his backward path the king wove new device of danger :
 From the broad land of Lycia he pick'd the bravest heroes,
 And laid an ambush;—yet of these not one his home regained ;
 For all of them the spotless man Bellerophontes slaughter'd. 190
 But when the king at length in him discern'd the goodly offspring
 Of heaven, he detain'd him there, and tendered his daughter,
 And eke, imparted half to him of all his royal honour.
 Also for him the Lycians apportioned a portion,
 Select, for his enrichment; fair with orchards and with tillage. 195
 That marriage yielded children three to sage Bellerophontes,
 Isander and Hippolochus and fair Laodameia.
 And Jove the Counsellor desir'd Laodameia's beauty,

169. *Engraving*,—scratching or painting. It is still disputed, whether picture-writing like the Mexican, is intended, or rather, under poetical phrases, alphabetic writing.

171. *Blameless* seems here opposed to the forbidden arts of sorcery, magic, &c. So 9, 128.

179. *Chimæra*, in Greek simply means a She-goat, and is so used in v. 181.

Who bare to him that match for gods, Sarpedon brazen-helmed.
 But, when at length the spotless chief by all the gods was hated, 200
 Over the plain of Wandering then wandered he lonely,—
 Devouring his own heart and soul,— the track of man avoiding.
 For by the famous Solymi, in new array of battle,
 Ares, insatiate of blood, had slain his son Isander :
 And golden-bridled Artemis in anger slew his daughter. 205
 But me Hippolochus begat, and him I claim as parent.
 He into Troas sent me forth, and many charges gave me,
 Always to be preeminent, and play the chief to others,
 Nor to disgrace my fathers' breed, who foremost were in valour
 Alike in Argive Ephyra and Lycia's expanses. 210
 Such is the parentage, and such the blood, in which I glory."
 Then Diomedes, good at need, hearing his speech, was joyful.
 Upon the many-feeding earth, upright his spear he planted,
 And thus with kindness address'd the shepherd of the people :
 "Troth! thou a stranger-friend to me art by ancestral title. 215
 For godlike Oeneus formerly for twenty days detained,
 And banqueted within his halls, spotless Bellerophontes.
 Fair gifts of hospitality then each with other changed.
 Oeneus a girdle gave to him with Punic dye resplendent :
 To him Bellerophontes gave a golden double-goblet ; 220
 And I, departing for the war, left it within my palace.
 But Tydeus I remember not : for still was I an infant
 At home remaining, when at Thebes the Achaian host was ruin'd.
 Therefore to thee a friendly host am I in midmost Argos,
 And thou to me in Lycia, when I their people visit. 225
 But let us, each amid the throng, with spear avoid the other.
 Enough I find of Troïans and brave allies, to slaughter,

205. Sudden deaths, especially of women, are attributed to the arrows of Artemis. See 428, and 19, 59.

216. Oeneus,—father of Tydeus father of Diomedes. Meleager (2, 642) was successor to his father Oeneus in Aetolia : his brother Tydeus married a daughter of Adrastus, king of Argos (and of Sicyon, 2, 572) son of Taläus (2, 566). Hence Diomedes succeeded to the principality of Argos, though his father was an Aetolian (4, 399).

Whom God to me may grant, and whom I overhend in fleetness :
 Thou too enough of Argives hast to slay, if thou be able.
 But let us, each with other, change our arms ; that all who see us 230
 May know, that, to be stranger-friends is our ancestral glory."

On such alternate argument, they from their cars descending
 Each of the other seiz'd the hand and pledges gave of friendship.
 Thereat did Jove Saturnius the wit of Glaucus cripple,
 Who with Tydides Diomed exchange of arms accepted, 235
 And gave his gold for common brass, for nine a hundred oxen.

Meanwhile retiring, Hector reach'd the Skæan gates and beech tree,
 And all around him flock'd the wives and daughters of the Troians,
 To make inquiry for their sons, their brothers and their kinsmen,
 And for their husbands. He, in turn, with solemn train commanded 240
 All to entreat the gods : but grief was held in store for many.

But when at Priam's gorgeous house, with shining porches builded,
 He had arriv'd,—wherein were rang'd fifty bright marble bowers,
 All side by side; where Priam's sons slept with their wedded consorts; 245
 But opposite, within the court, were twelve bright marble bowers,
 Under the roof, all side by side, abode of Priam's daughters,
 Where slept, beside their wives august, the sons-in-law of Priam :—250
 Just then, benign in tenderness, his mother came across him,
 Leading with her Laodike, the fairest of her daughters ;
 And closely did she press his hand, and spake, his name pronouncing;

"And why, my child, thus comest thou, leaving the hardy battle ?
 Achaia's children (luckless name !) around the city warring, 255
 Sorely, I guess, outwear the folk ; and thee thy mind commanded
 To come and raise thy hands to Jove upon the city's summit.
 But stay, and let me bring thee wine. With wine, as honey pleasant,
 Shalt thou libations make to Jove and other gods immortal,
 Firstly ; and afterward thyself shalt by the draught be strengthen'd.
 Wine to a man allwearièd increaseth mighty vigour ;
 As wearied art thou, my son, thy kinsmen's lives defending."

Great Hector of the motley helm then spake to her responsive :
 "Raise not to me heart-soothing wine, O venerable mother,
 Lest thou my limbs unnerve, and steal my memory of valour. 265
 It shameth me, the sparkling wine to pour with hands unwashen

To Jupiter ; nor may a man with gore and filth bespatter'd,
 To Saturn's gloomy-clouded son offer a seemly worship.
 But thou with gifts of incense seek Athene booty-driving
 Within her temple, gathering the aged women round thee. 270
 Out of thy sacred closet choose the robe, which in thy palace
 Largest and loveliest may be, and to thyself the dearest :
 This do thou place upon the knees of amplehair'd Athene :
 And pledge thy vow to consecrate twelve heifers in her temple,
 Yearlings, unknowing of the goad, if that she deign to pity 275
 The city of the Troïans, their wives and infant offspring :
 If she from sacred Ilium may ward the son of Tydeus,
 That spearman wild and truculent, stout counsellor of terror.
 Do *thou*, within her fane, approach Athene booty-driving :
 But *I* must Alexander seek, and summon him, if haply 280
 He will to feel reproaches. Oh ! that Earth might yawn to gulp him !
 For troth ! a grievous pestilence to mighty-hearted Priam
 And all his sons and all his folk the Olympian hath rear'd him.
 If to the house of Aïdes him I beheld descending,
 Seemeth, my mind would then be rid of misery's remembrance." 285

He spake. Then she, unto her halls departing, gave commandment
 To her attendants : they forthwith about the city gather'd
 The aged women. She herself went to her perfum'd chamber,
 Where robes of curious broidery, many and large, were treasur'd,
 Wrought by Sidonian women, whom the godlike Alexander 290
 Himself from Sidon brought to her, over the broad flood sailing
 In that emprise of voyage, which bare off the highborn Helen.
 Of these did Hecuba take one, for honour to Athene,
 Which was in varied broideries most beautiful and largest :
 Like to a star its brilliance was ; and undermost she found it. 295
 Then forth she hied ; and after her pour'd many aged women.

But when Athene's fane they reach'd upon the city's summit,
 To them the doors were opened by dainty-cheek'd Thëano,
 Whose sire was Kisseus, but her lord Antenor coursertaming ;
 For-that the Troians her had set to be Athene's priestess. 30
 Then all, with trilling cry, their hands uplifted to Athene.
 Thereat, the robe all gorgeous did dainty-cheek'd Theäno

Place reverent upon the knees of amplehair'd Athene ;
 And to the imp of mighty Jove spake vow and supplication :
 "Lady Athene, maiden-queen, defendress of the city, 305
 Divine of goddesses! break thou the spear of Diomedes,
 And cast before the Skæan gates himself the hero headlong :
 So do we vow to consecrate twelve heifers in thy temple
 Yearlings, unknowing of the goad, if that thou deign to pity
 The city of the Troïans, their wives and infant offspring." 310
 So utter'd she the vow; nor gain'd assent from maid Athene.

Thus to the child of mighty Jove did they their worship offer ;
 But Hector, he meanwhile had reach'd the house of Alexander,
 All-splendid, which himself had built by men, who then were counted
 Of all in loamy Troas' land the craftiest of workmen ; 315
 Who built for him a spacious hall, a court and secret bower,
 To Priam's self and Hector near, upon the city's summit.
 There enter'd Hector, Jove-belov'd; and in his hand he wielded
 A lengthy spear, which measur'd ells eleven ; and before him
 Glitter'd its brazen head, whose neck a golden ring surmounted. 320
 But he his brother found, employ'd about his beauteous armour
 Within his bower ; handling shield and crooked bow and corslet :
 And Argive Helen sat amidst her own domestic women,
 Giving to every hand its task of glorious achievement.
 Hector look'd on, and bitterly with words of blame address'd him.

"O elf-possessed wight ! 'tis ill such gloomy bile to foster.
 The people, round the lofty wall and o'er the plain contending,
 Perish. On score of *thee*, behold ! clamour and battle blazeth
 Abroad on every side ; and thou wouldest assail another,
 If any thou didst haply see relax'd from hateful warfare. 330
 But up and act; lest soon the town by foeman's fire be warmed."

But thus responsively to him spake godlike Alexander :
 "With right, and not beyond the right, hast thou reproach'd me, Hector!
 To thee then will I speak: but thou, promise to me to listen !
 Within my bower here sat I, no gloomy bile indulging 335
 Nor scorn of Troians ; but, I wish'd to yield myself to sorrow.

324. *Glorious* is explained by 3, 126-8.

331. *Warmed* is a bitter joke for *Burned*: so elsewhere.

But now by force of gentle words my wife hath me persuaded
 Into the war to hurry : yea, myself I deem it better,
 So to determine.—Victory her champions exchangeth.
 But wait thou at my side, while I put on my martial armour ; 340
 Or go, and I will follow thee, and think I shall o’ertake thee.”

He spake, but no reply came back from motley-helmed Hector ;
 To whom with soothing accents spake Helen, divine of women :

“ O, brother thou of me, who am a mischiefworking vixen,
 A numbing horror,—better far deserv’d I, when my mother 345
 First gave me light, an evil squall of rushing wind had borne me
 Into the dells of mountain beasts, or through the brawling billows :
 Therewould the wave have swept me off, ere deeds of woe were compass’d.
 But tho’ it pleas’d the gods above these miseries to destine,
 I might have chosen me at least some braver man as partner, 350
 Able to suffer from contempt and mockeries of mortals.
 But as for this one, neither now his mind is firm, nor ever
 Hereafter will be : therefore he (I deem) will reap disaster.
 But enter now, and in this chair take thou a seat beside me,
 My brother ! since on thee in chief hath toil and sorrow crowded, 355
 For me, the vixen of my sex, and Alexander’s frenzy ;
 On both of whom hath Jupiter laid evil fate, which alway
 To men of aftertime shall yield a theme of song unfailing.”

Great Hector of the motley helm then spake to her responsive :
 “ O loving Helen, stay me not : nor may I be persuaded : 360
 My heart already o’er the field rusheth abroad, to succour
 The Troïans, who sorely feel the absence of their leader.
 Rather, do thou thy husband rouse, and let himself be active,
 That me he shortly may rejoin, ere—that I quit the city.
 For to my home must I too go, to look upon its inmates, 365
 My loved wife and infant boy : for none can know the future,
 Whether, returning safe, again I yet may see their faces,
 Or whether, by Achaïan hands, the gods may lay me prostrate.”

Then Hector of the motley helm with such discourse departed.
 Unto his mansion’s goodly site he speedily was carried, 370
 Nor found whitearm’d Andromache still in her halls abiding,

But to a tower gone was she, with a fullrob'd attendant
 Bearing her infant: there she stood, melted in tears and plaining.
 But Hector, soon as he within found not his spotless consort,
 Stept backward to the threshold: thence, he call'd to the domestics: 375

“Hearken, ye women of my house, and answer to me truly,
 Whither whitearm'd Andromache went forth from out the palace.
 Doth she the mansion haply seek of fullrob'd female kindred?
 Or went she to Athene's fane, where other Troian women,
 Comely with matron-tresses, crave the dreadful goddess' favour?” 380

To him the keeper of his house, discreet of women, answer'd:
 “Hector! sith thou commandest us the very truth to tell thee,
 Neither doth she the mansion seek of fullrob'd female kindred,
 Nor went she to Athene's fane, where other Troian women,
 Comely with matron tresses, crave the dreadful goddess' favour: 385
 But to a tower forth she went through Ilium, on hearing
 The Troians worsted were, and great the puissance of the Achaians.
 So she unto the outmost wall to see the war hath hurried,
 In frantic fashion; and the nurse her infant beareth with her.”

So spake the chief domestic; then forth from his house did Hector 390
 Haste on the selfsame path again, along the streets well-built.
 When at the gates he was arriv'd, through the great city passing,
 The Skæan gates;—for there would he pass out to join the army;—
 Here did his richly-dowed wife come hurrying to meet him,
 Andromache, whose father was Eëtion great-hearted, 395
 Eëtion, who held his home beneath the woody Placus,
 And to Cilicians was prince in Hypo-Placan Thebe:
 His daughter was in wedlock held by brazenhelmed Hector,
 And met him now: along with her went the fullrob'd attendant
 Bearing within her arms the child, a tenderminded infant, 400
 Like to a brightly twinkling star, the darling son of Hector,
 Whom Hector call'd Scamandrius, but all the other Troians
 Astyanax: for Ilium was sav'd by Hector only.

397. *Hypo-Placan*, i. e. under Placus. On Thebe see 1, 366. It must not be confounded with Bœotian Thebes, which Diomedes and his confederacy destroyed, 4, 406; and of which Hypothebe, 2, 505, was an outpost.

403. *Astyanax*, prince of the city.

The father cast upon his boy a glance, and smil'd in silence :
 But by his side Andromache stood, all in sorrow melted, 405
 And closely did she press his hand, and spake, his name pronouncing :
 " Oh elf-possess'd in hardihood, thy very might will kill thee ;
 Nor pitiest thy infant child, nor me thy wife ill-fated,
 Who soon shall be despoil'd of thee: for, rallying together,
 Soon shall the Achaians slay thee: but, for me, of thee bereaved, 410
 Better were it, below the earth to sink: for other comfort
 None will remain, if thou by fate shalt once be overhended,
 But only griefs: for, father none have I, nor queenly mother :
 For Achileus, a match for gods, slaughter'd my sire, and ravag'd
 The city of Cilicians, the loftygated Thebe, 415
 Planted upon a goodly lot: but when he slew their chieftain,
 The bloody corpse despoil'd he not (for boding thoughts withheld him),
 But burn'd it, even as it was, in all the curious armour,
 And rais'd a barrowmound above; and round it elms were planted
 By mountain-damsels, heav'nly imps of Jove the ægisholder. 420
 But those who in my father's halls were rear'd, my brothers seven,
 They in a single day went all down to the house of Pluto ;
 For all of them divine Achilles foot-reliant slaughter'd,
 When they the snowy sheep would guard and clumsyfooted oxen.
 And for my mother; queen was she, beneath the woody Placus, 425
 And her he brought away with him, along with other booty,
 Then for a splendid ransom-price releas'd her; but she perish'd
 By arrow-pouring Artemis within my father's chambers.
 But Hector, thou my father art and thou my queenly mother,
 Thou art to me for mother's son, and thou my blooming consort. 430
 But come now, pity me; and here abide upon the tower,
 Nor doom thy child to orphanhood, and make thy wife a widow.
 By the wild figtree post the bands in firm array; where chiefly
 Accessible the city is, and where the wall was mounted.
 For thrice have here the bravest foes assay'd to force an entrance, 435
 Around the two Ajaces, and Idomeneus the famous,
 Around the Atridæ, and around the doughty son of Tydeus;
 Whether-that one gave hint to them, with oracles acquainted,
 Or-that their proper notion hath imagin'd and enjoin'd it."

Great Hector of the motley helm then spake to her responsive : 440
 " O lady, all this argument by me too is regarded :
 But direfully abash'd were I before the men of Troas
 And Trojan women trailing-rob'd, if, skulking like a coward,
 I shunn'd the war: nor doth my heart allow it ; but hath taught me
 Mid foremost Troïans to fight and show a chieftain's virtue, 445
 And guard my father's great renown and lift myself to glory.
 For this, in heart and soul, full sure I know ; a day is coming,
 A day, when sacred Ilium for overthrow is destin'd,
 And Priam's self, and all the folk of ashen-speared Priam.
 But not so much for Troïans, hereafter, feel I sorrow, 450
 Nor e'en for Hecuba herself, and for the royal Priam,
 Or for my many brothers brave, who, by the hands of foemen,
 Slaughter'd will fall in dust:—for none of *these* doth anguish rend me,
 So, as for thee : whom haply one of brazencloak'd Achæians,
 Despite thy tears, shall lead away spoil'd of thy day of freedom : 455
 Then for a foreign mistress thou wouldst weave, in Argos dwelling,
 Or from Thessalian Messés or Argive Hypereia
 Bear water;—sore against thy will: but stern constraint will force thee.
 And haply one may say, who sees a tear from thee to trickle;—
 ' This is the wife of Hector, who, of courser-taming Troians, 460
 ' When rag'd the war round Ilium, held primacy in battle.'
 So may one say hereafter ; then, in lack of such a husband
 To ward the day of slavery, on thee will fall new sorrow.
 But oh, may death my senses shut, and piles of earth conceal me,
 Ere-that I see thee dragg'd away and hear thy shriek of anguish." 465

Thus saying, gallant Hector stretch'd his arms toward his infant.
 But back into the bosom of the nurse with dapper girdle
 The child recoil'd with wailing, scar'd by his dear father's aspect,
 In terror dazzled to behold the brass, and crest of horsehair,
 Which from the helmet's topmost ridge terrific o'er him nodded. 470
 Then did his tender father laugh, and laugh'd his queenly mother,
 And gallant Hector instantly beneath his chin the helmet
 Unfasten'd ; so upon the ground he laid it all resplendent :
 Then pois'd his little son aloft, and dandled him, and kiss'd him,

457. *Messés, Hypereia*,—two fountains; see 2, 734.

And rais'd a pray'r to Jupiter and other gods immortal: 475
 "O Jupiter, and other gods, grant ye, that this my infant
 Soon may become his father's like, among the Troians signal,
 Mighty to reign in Ilium, and terrible in prowess.
 And when from battle he returns, may some one say hereafter,—
 'Far greater than his sire is he'; and may he with him carry 480
 The gory trophies of a foe, his mother's heart to gladden."

Thus saying, in the mother's arms he plac'd the tender infant;
 And she her own dear child receiv'd within her fragrant bosom,
 Laughing amid her tears: the which her husband saw, and pitied;
 And soothing her with hand and voice, he spake, her name pronouncing:
 "Oh elf-possest! let not grief extravagant betoss thee.
 No man, o'erpassing fate's decree, shall hurry me to Pluto:
 But Destiny, I well aver, no mortal wight hath scaped,
 From the first day he saw the light,— nor noble heart nor coward.
 But thou, returning to thy house, to thine own work betake thee, 490
 The loom and distaff,—diligent; and see that thy attendants
 Their tasks appointed duly ply; but *men* must care for battle,—
 All, who in Ilium are born, and I, thy Hector, chiefly."

So gallant Hector spake, and took his horsetail-crested helmet.
 But his dear partner, leaving him, unto her home departed, 495
 With many a turn and lingering, and gaze by tears beclouded.
 Soon at the mansion nobly plac'd of hero-slaying Hector
 Did she arrive, and found within a gather'd crowd of handmaids,
 Aged and young; and in them all she wak'd a love of sorrow.
 So they, for Hector still alive, in his own home were wailing. 500
 For, sooth, they counted not that he, out of the war returning,
 Would look on them again, escap'd from hands and might of Argos.

Nor long did Paris stay behind within his lofty mansion;
 But he his glorious armour donn'd, inwrought with brass, and hurried
 Along the spacious Ilium, on rapid feet reliant. 505
 As when a charger, closely kept, highpamper'd at the manger,
 Bursting his halter, o'er the plain with prance and gambol trampleth,
 Accustom'd in the flood to bathe of some fair-streaming river,
 Wild glorying; and holdeth high his head, and off his shoulders
 Rusheth the mane abroad; and he in his brave beauty trusteth; 510

Lightly his knees then carry him to horses' haunts and pastures :
 So from the highth of Pergamus did Paris, son of Priam,
 All radiant in armour, speed, like to the amber day-god,
 Laughing in brilliant grandeur: him his rushing feet escorted.
 Thus speedily he overtook his godlike brother Hector, 515
 Who there still linger'd, where with him his own beloved commun'd.
 Then Alexander, peer of gods, to him began discourses :
 "My gracious sir, thou hastenest, and I in sooth detain thee
 By tarrying; nor duteous arriv'd I, as thou badest."
 Him Hector of the motley helm responsively accosted : 520
 "O elf-possest wight! no man, who rightful is of spirit,
 Thy deeds of battle may despise; for doughty is thy valour.
 But wilfully dost thou relax, refusing war: and sorrow
 My inmost heart possesseth, when reproachful words against thee
 I hear from Troians, who endure on score of thee much travail. 525
 But go we: afterward will we these things arrange, if haply
 Jove grant, that we unto the gods of heav'nly birth eternal
 Hereafter in the palace crown with wine the bowl of freedom,
 When we from Troas have expell'd the dapper-greav'd Achaians."

BOOK VII.

AFTER such parley, from the gates outsallied gallant Hector;
 And with him Alexander went; and both the royal brothers
 Alike were fill'd with eagerness for man-ennobling combat.
 And, as to wishful mariners when Heaven hath vouchsafed
 A wafting breeze, what time as they with blades of fir well-polish'd 5
 Dashing the wave are wearièd, and toil their limbs hath loosen'd;
 So then the brothers twain appear'd unto the wishful Troians.
 Then Alexander cast to earth Menesthius of Arne,

Son of Areithoüs: for, him large-ey'd Philomedusa
 To a club-wielding chieftain bare, Areithoüs the hardy. 10
 But Hector smote Eioneus beneath the helmet's margin
 Right thro' the neck with pointed lance, and cast his body helpless.
 And Glaucus Hippolochides, who was the Lycian leader,
 Hit with his spear Iphinoüs amid the hardy struggle,
 Upon the shoulder,—Dexis' son,—when he upon his horses 15
 Would leap; but down to earth he fell, and there his limbs were loosen'd.

But when, from heaven looking down, Athene, greyey'd goddess,
 Saw them her Argives ravaging amid the hardy struggle,
 Down from Olympus' summits she with sudden rush descended
 Unto the sacred Ilium. To meet her, sped Apollo, 20
 As high from Pergamus he gaz'd and wish'd success to Priam.
 So did the twain from adverse part beside a beech encounter;
 And her the prince, the son of Jove, Apollo, first accosted:
 "Daughter of lofty Jupiter! and why dost thou so eager
 Haste from Olympus? whereto now doth mighty passion urge thee? 25
 To Argives wilt thou to give the mastery of battle,
 Sith thee for Troians perishing no thought of pity holdeth?
 But if my counsel thou regard (which greatly would be better),
 Now let us intermission set of war and foeman's bargain,
 To-day;—but afterward shall they again debate in battle, 30
 Till—that an end of Ilium be found; if thus is pleasant
 To you immortal goddesses, to storm and rieve the city."

Thereat to him responding spake Athene, greyey'd goddess:
 "So be it, Far-avorter! sith myself from high Olympus
 Am come, such counsels pondering, mid Troians and Achaïans. 35
 But tell me, how designest thou to stay the war of heroes?"

To her the prince, the son of Jove, Apollo, thus responded:
 "Let us the sturdy prowess rouse of courser-taming Hector,
 If haply to the Danaï he, one to one, make challenge
 In battle's perilous debate with adverse force to comoot; 40
 Then, stung by such indignity, the brazen-greav'd Achaïans
 Spur-on some single champion to war with godlike Hector."

He spake, nor uncompliant found Athene, greyey'd goddess.
 But their discourses Helenus, beloved son of Priam, 44

Heard, and discern'd the argument, which pleas'd the gods debating;
Then close to Hector's side he stood, and spake his word of counsel:

"O Hector, Priam's son! to Jove an equipoise in wisdom!
Wouldest thou haply hark to me? and sooth, am I thy brother.
Cause all the rest to sit at ease, Achaïans and Troians,
But from the Achaian host do thou the bravest hero challenge 50
In battle's perilous debate with adverse force to combat.
For not yet is thy destiny, that death and fate shall hend thee;
So am I warned, listening to gods of birth eternal."

He spake; and great was Hector's joy to hear his brother's message.
Along the Trojan front he mov'd and check'd their close battalions, 55
Grasping his spear midway; but all stood motionless in order.
On other side Atrides stay'd the dappergreav'd Achaïans.
Also Athene, heav'nly maid, and silver-bow'd Apollo
Over the armies took their seats, in guise of plumed vultures,
Upon the lofty beech of Jove the ægis-holding father; 60
Delighted with the warriors, whose ranks were sitting crowded,
Where amid shields and waving plumes tall pointed lances bristled.
As when the Westwind rising new across the boundless water
Spreadeth afar a shuddering, and streaks the sea with darkness;
So were the bright unmoving hosts in bristling patches darken'd 65
Over the plain. Then Hector spake betwixt the expectant armies:

"Hear me, ye Troians! hear me too, ye dappergreav'd Achaïans!
That I the counsel may declare which in my bosom riseth.
The loftybench'd Saturnius our oaths hath not accomplish'd,
But bodeth on the double host some plot of dark disaster, 70
Till either *ye* the ramparts gain of our high-tower'd city,
Or *we* your bravery lay low by your sea-coursing galleys.
Of Pan-Achaia's gather'd chiefs my eyes behold the bravest:
Now then, whome'er his soul may bid to join in fight against me,
Let him step forward,—champion and match for godlike Hector. 75
Such terms of battle do I bear;— and Jove shall be our witness:—
If with the lengthy edge of brass your champion shall slay me,
Let him my armour strip, and bear unto the hollow galleys;
But let him give my body back unto my home, that honour
From Trojan men and wives of Troy in rightful flames may shrive me. 80

But if Apollo aid my vow and boast,—to slay your hero,—
 Then unto sacred Ilium his armour will I carry,
 And hang it on the temple-walls of Hecatus Apollo,
 But will his corpse restore, to bear unto the wellbench'd galleys;
 So shall he find meet burial from streaminghair'd Achaïans, 85
 Who hard by Helle's brackish flood, shall heap for him a barrow.
 Then, e'en in late posterity, each mariner of Argos,
 Floating in many-benched ship over the purple waters,
 Shall say: 'Behold the sign of one who fell in ancient battles;
 Of Argive men a champion, but slain by gallant Hector.'— 90
 So shall one say hereafter: then, ne'er shall my glory perish."

Such was his challenge: thereupon, they all were dumb in silence:
 Refusal was indignity, acceptance were a danger.
 After long pause, at length stood up the warlike Menelaüs,
 And spake with words of contumely, and deeply groan'd within him. 95

"Ah woe! Achaïan threateners, no longer men, but women!
 For verily will grim disgrace for ever grimly stain us,
 If no one now of Danaï dare Hector to encounter.
 But oh! may all of you, who here thus side by side are seated
 Inglorious and cowardly, be turn'd to earth and water! 100
 And I myself against this man will arm me: but in heaven
 The prize of victory is judg'd by verdict of the immortals."

After such utterance, the prince did don his beauteous armour.
 Then, Menelaüs! had thy life beneath the hands of Hector
 Reach'd its fulfilment speedily; —for greatly was he stronger:—105
 Had not the chieftains of Achaia started up and caught thee.
 And Atreus' elder son, himself, wide-ruling Agamemnon,
 By the right hand his brother seiz'd, and spake his name pronouncing:

"Art mad, Jove-nurtur'd Menelas? such madness, troth! is needless
 For thee or us: refrain thyself, tho' bitter is thy sorrow, 110

86. *Brackish*; the word also, and indeed generally, means *Broad*. Each rendering is explained by supposing that Homer regarded the Hellespont (or Dardanelles) as a river and not a sea.

109. A far more delicate excuse would have been, that Menelaus had recently fought; but Agamemnon is too agitated to be delicate.

Nor wish contentiously to fight with one of higher puissance,
Hector Priamides ; at whom all Argive faces lower.
And even Achileus himself, a man than thee far stronger,
Did shudder to confront his might in man-ennobling combat.
Hie thee away and take thy seat in troop of thy companions, 115
And for this man the Argives soon will other match discover.
Be he intrepid as he may and gluttonous of turmoil,
Yet do I deem, right gladly he his limbs will rest, if safely
He scape from battle's outrages and grim embrace of foemen."

He spake, and by wellreason'd words his brother's heart persuaded ;
Who yielded and forbore to strive. Thereat the squires rejoicing
Quickly the beauteous armour drew from Menelaüs' shoulders.
But Nestor to the Argives rose, and spake his word among them :

"Good spirits! sure a mighty grief home to Achaia reacheth.
How deep would groan the aged heart of charioteering Peleus," 125
Haranguer of the Myrmidons and counsellor persuasive ;
Who in his own abode of yore rejoic'd to prove my knowledge,
And ask'd of me the parentage and breed of every Argive.
Now, if he heard that all of these do quail at sight of Hector,
He his dear hands full oft would raise in prayer to the immortals, 130
That from his limbs his soul might go into the house of Pluto.
Would that I had (O father Jove, Athene and Apollo !)
Such prowess of my youth, as when Arcadians spear-frenzied
And Pylans assembling fought by Keladon swift-flowing,
Amid the streams of Yordanus, beside the walls of Pheia. 135
To them stood Ereuthalion,
Bearing of prince Areithoüs the armour on his shoulders,
Godlike Areithoüs, whom men and brilliant-girdled women
By a new name did signalize, and titled him *Club-bearer*,
For-that he not with lengthy lance nor arrows dealt his battle, 140
But with an iron-studded club broke down the thick battalions.
Him did Lyncurgus kill by guile,— for truly not by puissance,—
Within a narrow path, where naught avail'd his club of iron
Death to avert ; for starting up all suddenly, Lyncurgus
Right thro' his body thrust the spear and down to hard earth dash'd him,
And from the corse the armour stript, which brazen Ares gave him. 146

In this, himself thenceforth was clad amid the broil of Ares.
 But when within his palaces eld-stricken was Lyncurgus,
 Then he to Ereuthalion, his dear attendant, gave it :
 Who, in this panoply array'd, did all our bravest challenge ; 150
 And troth ! they trembled with alarm, and none stood forth to front him :
 But me my muchenduring soul drave forward into battle
 Against his vaunting : yet was I of all by birth the youngest :
 But I his brunt encounter'd, and Athene gave me glory.
 So slew I then a warriour the sturdiest and biggest : 155
 For plentiful in bulk he lay this way and that extended.
 Oh that I still were thus in youth, and unimpair'd my vigour !
 Then soon should motleyhelmed Hector meet a foe's encounter.
 But ye, who glory in the name of Pan-Achaia's chieftains,—
 To meet the brunt of Hector, now, not one of you is eager." 160

Thus spake the old man scornfully, and a full nine upstart :
 But Agamemnon, prince of men, rose far of all the foremost,
 And after him the son of Tydeus, stalwart Diomedes,
 And next the two Ajaces rose, clad in impetuous valour,
 But next to them Idomeneus, and his belov'd attendant 165
 Meriones, an equipoise to hero-slaying Ares ;
 And after these Eurypylos, Euæmon's brilliant offspring ;
 Andrämon's son too, Thoas, rose, with the divine Ulysses :
 All these were willing combatants, I say, with godlike Hector.
 Again to them the charioteer, Gerenian Nestor, turn'd him : 170

"Now thro' your whole list cast the lot to find the lucky hero ;
 For he, with service good, will aid the dappergreav'd Achaians,
 Yea, and himself to his own life do service good, if haply
 He scape from battle's outrages and grim embrace of foemen."

When thus he spake, each hero mark'd upon his lot a token, 175
 And cast them in the morion of royal Agamemnon.
 Then all the peoples made their pray'r, with hands to heaven lifted,
 And gazing to the vasty sky, thus one or other mutter'd :

"To Ajax, father Jove ! assign the lot, or to Tydides,
 Or to himself the stately king of gold-endowed Mycenæ." 180

The lots meanwhile the charioteer Gerenian Nestor shuffled
 And shook within the casque: then out leapt, as their wishes prompted,

The lot of Ajax : mid the crowd the herald rightwise moving
 Bare and display'd it unto all the champions of Argos ;
 But each in turn rejected it nor recogniz'd the token. 185
 But when through all that company he pass'd, and reach'd the hero,
 Illustrious Ajax, who had mark'd and cast it in the helmet,
 Then to the herald's hand outstretch'd his hollow palm he offer'd,
 And knew the token of his lot, and in his soul was joyful.
 It to the ground before his feet he flung, and straight address'd them:

“My friends! the lot, full sure, is mine: and all my soul within me
 Sternly rejoices: for I count to conquer godlike Hector.
 But come! do ye, meanwhile that I in martial armour busk me,
 Your pray'r to princely Jupiter, the child of Saturn, offer
 In silent bosom every man, lest that the Troians hear you;—195
 Or even with loud voices; sith of none do fears possess us.
 For no one, fierce in wilfulness, shall chase me off unwilling,
 By force; nor yet by skill of arms: for 'tis my hope that I too
 Was born and bred in Salamis no despicable witling.”

So spake he; then to princely Jove, Saturnius, they prayed, 200
 And gazing to the vasty sky thus one or other mutter'd:

“Oh father Jove, from Ida ruling, glorious and greatest,
 Grant thou that Ajax carry off conquest and brilliant glory!
 But if with equal tenderness thou eke dost Hector cherish,
 Then unto both the champions give equal force and honour.” 205

They pray'd: but he in dazzling brass equipp'd him, crown to ankle:
 And when around his tender skin he all his gear had fitted,
 Forward he hurried, such in guise as burly Ares marcheth,
 Moving to war in chase of men, whome'er the child of Saturn
 Hath match'd to fight in bitterness of souldevouring hatred. 210
 Such then, huge towering, advanc'd Ajax, Achaian bulwark,
 Smiling with glances horrible; and with his feet beneath him
 Strode long and lofty, brandishing the spear with lengthy shadow.
 Then, measuring their warriour, the Argives gaz'd rejoicing,
 While over every Troian limb crept grimly-boding terror, 215
 And e'en to Hector's self the heart leapt stronger in his bosom:
 Yet now no longer choice to him was left, to shrink or shuffle,
 Hidden in numbers; sith himself to hero-glee had challeng'd.

Then Ajax nearer came, his shield like to a tower bearing,
 Which Tychius for him had wrought of brass and bullhides seven, 220
 Who was of tanners craftiest, and held his home at Hyle,
 And made for him the motley frame complex with folds of leather
 From seven bravely-fatted bulls, and cas'd with brass the seventh.
 Bearing this shield before his breast, then Telamonian Ajax
 Stood near to Hector, front to front, and spake a word of menace: 225

“Hector, alone with me alone, now shalt thou learn to surety,
 Among the ranks of Danaï what champions are nurtur'd,
 Without the hero-crushing might of lion-soul'd Achilles.
 But he, withdrawn within his own sea-coursing crested galleys,
 Darkly, against the people's shepherd Agamemnon, rageth. 230
 But we, the rest, may still suffice thy onset to encounter,
 And many is our crew: but come, begin the feats of battle.”

Then to his argument replied great motley-helmed Hector:
 “Oh Jove-born governour of peoples Telamonian Ajax:
 Tamper not thou with me, as tho' some puny boy or woman 235
 Were I, all-unexperienc'd in deeds of warlike puissance.
 But troth! wellvers'd am I in fight and murderous encounter.
 Toward the right, toward the left, I know to wield the bullhide
 Rigid and sturdy: therefore eke enduring is my battle.
 Amid the race of scouring mares I know to press the hurtle, 240
 And in the standing-fight I know to dance to grisly Ares.
 But, being what thou art, I fain with javelin would reach thee,
 Not by sly peering, but in front, if haply I may hit thee.”

He spake, and poising, forward threw the spear with lengthy shadow,
 And hit the seven-hided frame, the dreadful shield of Ajax, 245
 Upon its outmost edge of brass, which spread as eighth upon it.
 Thro' the six folds the stubborn point of brass ran keenly piercing,
 But in the seventh fold the hide stay'd it. Then Jove-born Ajax,
 Second advancing, forward threw the spear with lengthy shadow,
 And hit the shield of Priam's son, which equal was on all sides. 250
 Right thro' the shield's resplendency hurtled the massy weapon,
 And thro' the corslet's crafty work with force uncheck'd was planted;
 Close to his side from front to back it glided thro' the tunic,
 Harmless: for quick the hero flinch'd, and gloomy fate avoided.

Then with the hand did each of them pluck out the dangling weapon, 255
 And clos'd in fight anew, in guise of rawdevouring lions,
 Or like to sturdy forest-boars, no easy prey to spoilers.
 The son of Priam with his spear the middle buckler wounded,
 Nor might the metal force its way; but first the point was broken.
 Then Ajax with a mighty bound smote on the shield, and thro' it 260
 Drove deep and far his javelin, which check'd the eager hero,
 And reach'd his neck with force to gash; and out the dark blood spouted.
 Nor yet did motley-helmed Hector, thus renounce the battle;
 But he, retiring on the plain, with brawny hand uplifted
 A stone, which there behind him lay, mighty and black and rugged, 265
 And with it hit the seven hides, the dreadful shield of Ajax,
 Full in the centre of the boss;— and round it rung the metal.
 After him Ajax rais'd aloft a second stone far bigger,
 And, adding impulse measureless, sent it all-whirling on him.
 The massy weight, like stone of mill, came crushing thro' the buckler, 270
 Nor might his knees resist its swing. Cast on his back, and prostrate
 He fell, with shield against him press'd: yet quick Apollo rais'd him.
 Then in close combat of the sword had each the other wounded,
 But that the heralds, who from Jove bear message and from mortals,
 Were present, one from Troians, one from brazencloak'd Achaians, 275
 Idæus and Talthybius, discreet alike and honor'd.
 And they betwixt the twain held out their sceptres; and Idæus,
 A herald sage in canny thought, thus spake their common errand:
 “No longer, children dear! desire in feats of war to combat:
 For cloud-collecting Jupiter to both of you hath favour, 280
 And both of you are warriors; of which we all have sample.
 But now arriveth Night: to Night 'tis wise to yield compliance.”
 Then Ajax, son of Telamon, accosted him responsive;
 “Idæus, put thy argument within the lips of Hector;
 For he it was, to hero-glee that all the bravest challeng'd. 285
 Let him commence; then gladly I will follow, where he leadeth.”
 Thereat to him responsive spake great motley-helmed Hector:
 “O Ajax, sith as God to thee both size and force hath given
 And cunning, and to wield the spear art ablest of the Achaians;
 Now let us intermission take of war and foeman's bargain 290

This day ; but afterward will we again contend, till Heaven
 Decide our quarrel and bestow on either army conquest.
 For now arriveth Night : to Night 'tis wise to yield compliance ;
 So all the Achaian host shalt thou beside their galleys gladden,
 Those chiefly who are near and dear, and whom thou holdest comrades ;
 Whilst I, within the mighty wall of princely Priam coming,
 Bring gladness to the men of Troy and trailing-robed women,
 Who wend in sacred pageant to win my life of Heaven.
 But come now ; let us mutual bestow illustrious tokens,
 That thus hereafter each may say of Troians and Achaians : 300
 'These men fought opposite, in cause of soul-devouring quarrel,
 Yet were they after reconcil'd, and war by friendship parted.' ”

Thus as he spake, he gave to him a sword with silver studded,
 Presenting it with dapper belt and with the scabbard fitted :
 But Ajax offer'd him in turn a girdle bright with purple. 305
 So parted then the twain : and one hied to the Achaian army,
 The other hasted to the crowd of Troy : and these were joyful,
 When they beheld him thus, alive returning, and deliver'd
 Safe from the hands intractable and grapple fierce of Ajax.
 So up the city led they him nor yet believ'd his safety. 310
 But Ajax, him on other side the dappergreav'd Achaians
 To godlike Agamemnon led, in victory rejoicing.
 But when within the royal tent of Atreus' son they rested,
 For them a bull five years in age the princely Agamemnon
 To Saturn's overswaying child in sacrifice devoted. 315
 They kill'd and gash'd and skinn'd and truss'd, and laid the carcase open,
 And nicely slash'd the smaller bits, and every morsel spitted,
 And broil'd them all right cleverly, and drew them off perfected.
 After the toil had found its end, and all the feast was ready,
 They banqueted, nor did their soul lack wellproportion'd banquet. 320
 But widely-ruling Atreus' son, the hero Agamemnon,
 Yielded the chine, from end to end, to honour valiant Ajax.
 And when desire importunate of food and drink were ended,
 Foremost of all the aged man would weave for them devices,
 Nestor, whose counsel heretofore had eke appear'd the wisest ; 325
 Who thus with kindly soul harangu'd, and spake his word among them :

"O Atreus' son, and ye the rest, chieftains of Pan-Achaia,
 Sith as we weep for many lives of streaming-hair'd Achaians,
 Whose dusky blood is spilt, beside Scamander smoothly-flowing,
 By eager Ares, while their souls are hous'd below by Pluto; 330
 Thee it behoveth, with the dawn to stay the Achaian battle:
 But we ourselves, assembling us, with steers and mules from all sides
 Hither will bring the valiant dead; then will we burn the bodies
 Anent the galleys, high at hand; that, when we homeward voyage,
 Each to the children of the slain may bear their bones and ashes. 335
 And we, around the fires of death, will heap a single barrow,
 Rear'd from the plain, promiscuous; and, close against it, quickly
 Build lofty ramparts, for defence alike of selves and galleys:
 And in the ramparts, eke may we construct wellfitted portals,
 Thro' which our charioteers may drive their chariots and horses: 340
 And let us on the outer side deep dig a moat beneath it,
 Which will along the camp protect our chariots and people,
 Lest from the haughty Troïans rush battle overwhelming."

When thus he counsell'd, all the kings to his advice assented.
 Meanwhile, upon the city's highth, the Troïans held assembly, 345
 Tumultuous and turbulent, beside the doors of Priam.
 To them, a leader of harangue was prudent-soul'd Antenor:

"Troïans and Dardans and allies! to my discourses listen,
 That I the counsel may declare which in my bosom riseth.
 Come, let us Argive Helen give and all her gear around her, 350
 For Atreus' sons to bear away: for now the faithful treaties
 Are by our battle falsified; wherefore disastrous fortune,
 That thus we may not deal, do I expect to meet from heaven."

So spake the sage, and down he sat; but instantly before them
 The lord of bright-hair'd Helen rose, the godlike Alexander, 355
 Who in responsive argument did winged accents utter:

"Antenor! this thy word to me no longer friendly soundeth:
 Well knowest thou to meditate some other counsel better.
 But if of very truth suchwise in earnest thou haranguest,
 Then surely have the gods themselves marr'd all thy native prudence. 360
 But I do plainly advertise the courser-taming Troïans
 And roundly speak it out; that I the woman will not render:

But all her gear, whate'er I brought into our house from Argos,
All that will I give back, and eke from my own stores increase it."

So spake the prince, and down he sat; then straightway rose before them
Priam Dardanides, to gods an equipoise in counsel,
Who thus with kindly soul harangu'd, and spake his word among them:

"Troians and Dardans and allies! to my discourses listen,
That I the counsel may declare which in my bosom riseth.
Now in the city, as afore, let each man take his supper, 370
And hold remembrance of the watch, and every one be wakeful:
But let Idæus go at dawn unto the hollow galleys,
And utter Alexander's word, for whom this strife hath risen,
To Menelaüs, Atreus' son, and to his royal brother.
And add the prudent word hereto, that haply they are willing 375
To stay them from the din of war, until we burn the corpses.
Yet will we afterward again the fight renew, till Heaven
Decide our quarrel, and bestow on either army conquest."

He spake, and they all duteous did listen and obey him.
[Along the host, by rank and rank, they took each man his supper;] 380
And with the dawn Idæus went unto the hollow galleys.
And there he found the Danaï, the ministers of Ares,
Assembled at the galley's poop of princely Agamemnon.
Then, standing in the midst, to them spake forth the loud-voic'd herald:

"O Atreus' son, and ye the rest, chieftains of Panachaia, 385
A charge I bear from Priam's self and other lordly Troians,
To speak (if so to all of you pleasant it be and canny),
A word from Alexander's mouth, for whom this strife hath risen.
Whatever Alexander brought within his hollow galleys
Of wares and equipage to Troy; (oh, had he sooner perish'd!) 390
All this will he give back, and eke from his own stores increase it,
But her, the wife of early love to famous Menelaus,
No wise doth he restore: but sooth! greatly the Troians urge it.
Also I bear the prudent word, that haply ye are willing
To stay you from the din of war, until we burn the corpses. 395
Yet will we afterward again the fight renew, till Heaven
Decide our quarrel, and bestow on either army conquest."

So spake the herald: thereupon they all were dumb in silence,

Till Diomedes, good at need, at length his counsel utter'd :
 " No more let any now receive the gear of Alexander 400
 Nor Helen's self: for even one in silliness excelling
 May know, that Ruin's meshes are for Troy already fasten'd."
 So spake he; and Achaia's sons skirl'd loud in admiration
 At the harangue which Diomedes courser-taming utter'd.
 Then royal Agamemnon spake unto Idæus turning: 405
 "Idæus! e'en thyself hast heard the word of my Achaians,
 How they reply: and for myself, I too thus find it seemly.
 But as regards the slaughter'd dead, I grudge thee not to burn them.
 For when a man is reft of life and death has seiz'd his body,
 No one can stingy be to him, in soothing fires to shrive it. 410
 But to the oaths let Jove give heed, loud-rumbling lord of Juno."
 Thus having said, aloft he rais'd to all the gods his sceptre;
 Then back to sacred Ilium return'd the sage Idæus.
 But Troians and Dardanidæ were in assembly sitting
 Publicly gather'd, to await Idæus: he returning 415
 Stood in the midst, and spake his tale: then quickly they equipp'd them,
 Alike, the corpses in to bear, and others after fuel.
 So, from their galleys tightly plank'd, on other side the Argives
 Were urgent to bear-in the dead, and others after fuel. 420
 Newly across the country's tilth the Sun his beams was casting,
 Forth risen from the waters deep of smoothly-streaming Ocean
 Into the steep of heaven, when each army met the other.
 Then hard was it to recognize each hero from his fellow:
 But, warm tears dropping for the slain, they wash'd away with water 425
 The gore's defilement, and uprais'd the corpses on the waggons.
 But wailings, Priam's royal word forbade; so they in silence,
 Grieving with inward heart, did heap into a pile the corpses;
 Then unto sacred Ilium, when all were burnt, departed.
 So likewise on the other side the dappergreav'd Achaians, 430
 Grieving with inward heart, did heap into a pile the corpses,
 And to their hollow galleys back, when all were burnt, departed.
 When not as yet the dawn was come, but still the night was doubtful,
 Already gather'd round the pile a pick'd Achaian body;
 And they, beside the fires of death, did heap a single barrow 435

Rear'd from the plain, promiscuous; and close against it, quickly
 Built lofty ramparts, for defence alike of selves and galleys.
 And in the ramparts, eke did they construct wellfitted portals,
 Thro' which the charioteers might drive their chariots and horses.
 So did they, on the outer side, deep dig a moat beneath it, 440
 Ample and broad, with pointed stakes all featly palisaded.

Such were the toils which occupied the streaminghair'd Achaïans.
 Meanwhile, with Jove the lightener the blessed gods were sitting
 And gaz'd upon the mighty work of brazen-cloak'd Achaïans.
 Then Neptune, shaker of the earth, to them began discourses: 445

"O Father Jove! will mortal man on earth's unbounded surface
 Henceforward providence ascribe and counsel to the immortals?
 Seest not thou, that presently the streaminghair'd Achaïans
 A rampart there have built, and dug a moat, anent their galleys,
 Yet no illustrious hecatombs unto the gods have given? 450
 And far abroad as Dawn is shed, so wide shall be its glory;
 But that high-tower'd toilsome wall which I and bright Apollo
 Buildd for king Laomedon, no more will men remember."

To him with indignation huge spake Jove the cloud-collector:
 "Good Spirits! what a word was that, wide-powerful Land-shaker! 455
 Some other of the gods mayhap at mortal schemes might tremble,
 One who than thee was weaker far in sinew and in spirit;
 But far abroad as Dawn is shed, so wide shall be thy glory.
 But now, go to! as soon as e'er the streaminghair'd Achaïans
 Unto their native land belov'd hie homeward on their galleys, 460
 Do thou break up this rampart huge, and sweep it all to ocean,
 And once again the mighty shore with heaps of sand envelop;
 So shall the vast Achaïan toil eternally be ruin'd."

Thus they reciprocally held betwixt themselves discourses;
 Down sank the sun; yet cannily their work the Achaïans ended, 465
 And oxen slew amid their tents, and set themselves to supper.
 But galleys many stood at hand with wine from Lemnos freighted,
 Sent forward by the prudent mind of Jason's son Euneüs,
 Child of Hypsipyle, whom erst in Lemnos Jason wedded.
 But separate, to Menelas and to his royal brother 470
 Did Jason's son a present send, strong wine, a thousand measures.

Then for supply of wine went down the streaminghair'd Achaians,
 With oxen-hides, or cows alive, or brass or shining iron,
 Or some with slaves, as barter-price; and made a dainty banquet. 475
 Thereafter thro' the livelong night the streaminghair'd Achaians
 Kept banquet; so the Troians and allies, within the city.
 Yet, all night long, for them was Jove the Counsellor devising
 Evil, and thunder'd direfully. Pale terror seiz'd their bodies;
 Oft from their cups they spilt the wine; nor any dar'd to drain them, 480
 Till with libation he should greet Saturnius o'erswaying:
 Thereafter, on their couches laid, they took the gift of slumber.

478. *Them*, seems to mean the Achaians.

BOOK VIII.

SOON as the saffron-vested Dawn o'er all the earth was scatter'd,
 Forthwith did thunderloving Jove the gods to council summon
 Upon the topmost pinnacle of many-ridg'd Olympus.
 Silent then listen'd all the gods, while he himself harangu'd them:
 "Oh all ye gods and goddesses! to my announcement hearken, 5
 That I the counsel may declare which in my bosom riseth.
 Let none of heaven's habitants, of weaker sex or stronger,
 Attempt my argument to thwart; but all of you together
 Give due assent, that speedily this business I finish.
 Whomso of all the blessed gods I may discover wishful, 10
 Hieing apart, to carry aid to Danaï or Troians,
 Back to Olympus shall he haste in scuffle of disorder:
 Or down to murky Tartarus quick will I catch and fling him,
 Into far distance, where the pit beneath the earth is deepest,

Where brazen all the pavement is, and iron are the portals, 15
 Lower so much than Aïdes, as Earth is under Heaven :
 Then shall ye know, how far am I of all the gods the strongest.
 Or come, adventure, all ye gods ! so may ye surely learn it.
 When I a golden chain have dropt from heaven's highth to dangle,
 Lay hold, and throw your force on it, all gods, both male and female ! 20
 Yet never shall ye down to earth drag from the lofty heaven
 Jove, the supreme deviser ; not, e'en though ye toil your utmost.
 But after this, should I in turn with hearty purpose pull it,
 Aloft I draw the Earth itself, and Sea, and all within them.
 Then might I bind the chain around a shoulder of Olympus, 25
 And set the universal world to swing and wait my pleasure.
 So great is my supremacy o'er gods alike and mortals."

Thus did he charge them: thereupon they all were dumb in silence,
 Aghast at that high utterance : so sturdily he spake it.
 After long pause, at length replied Athene, grey-ey'd goddess : 30

"O thou, supreme of governours, our father, son of Saturn !
 Right well are we aware ourselves, unyielding is thy power.
 Yet for the spearmen Danaï, we none the less have sorrow,
 Who will accomplish destiny, I ween, and vilely perish.
 Now from the war, in truth, will we hold off, as thou commandest ; 35
 But counsel to the Argives still may we suggest, for profit ;
 Lest speedily they perish all beneath thy sore displeasure."
 Then cloud-collecting Jupiter with gracious smile address'd her :

"Cheer thee, beloved, Triton-born ! not with a soul so earnest
 Have I harangu'd ; and fain would I to thee, my child, be gentle." 40

So spake he; then beneath the yoke he shot his heav'nly coursers,
 Brazen of foot and swift to fly, with golden manes longstreaming.
 He on his own immortal skin with gold was clad ; and grasping
 The golden lash's canny weight, on his own seat he mounted,
 And flogg'd to drive them, nothing loth in flying race to gallop 45
 In the mid regions, over Earth and under starry Heaven.
 Soon unto Ida, rill-bestream'd, parent of game, arriv'd he,
 At Gargarus, where his domain was fix'd, and fragrant altar.
 There did the Sire of gods and mortals check his steeds' careering,
 And loos'd them from the car, and spread around them mist abundant. 50

Himself upon the pinnacles sat glorying in grandeur,
Gazing upon Achaia's ships and on the Trojan city.

But when the Achaians streaming hair'd their early meal had taken
Quickly amid their tents, from it they truss'd themselves for battle.
On other side the Troïans within the town equipp'd them, 55
Fewer in numbers; yet their heart, e'en so, was bent on struggle,
By dint of hard necessity, for children and for women.
Then open all the gates were flung, and out the folk came rushing,
The footmen and the horsemen both, and rous'd unmeasur'd riot.
When to encounter hasting, they were on one spot assembled, 60
Hides clash'd on hides and spear on spear, and might with might of heroes
In brazen armour corsleted: the shields with sturdy bosses
Each upon each leant hard, and rous'd tumultuous disorder.
Then rose there, all around, of men a groaning and a boasting,
From victors or from vanquished; and reek'd the earth with carnage. 65

While that the morning lasted still and sacred day was waxing,
So long from either side the darts did fly, and people perish.
But when the lofty-climbing sun had touch'd his noon of heaven,
The general Father thereupon his golden balance poised,
And, charg'd with death slowlingering, two fates he cast within it, 70
For coursertaming Troïans and brazencloak'd Achaians.
He rais'd the scales; then tilting fell the auspicious hour of Argos.
Upon the many-feeding earth Achaia's fates were planted;
The fates of Troas mounted high into the vasty heaven.
Himself from Ida thunder'd loud, and mid the Achaian people 75
Sent forth a streaming brilliancy of flame: and they, beholding,
Aghast were smitten: over all pale terror held dominion.

Then neither dar'd Idomeneus to stay, nor Agamemnon.
Nor either Ajax firmly stood, twain ministers of Ares.
Alone abode Gerenian Nestor, watcher of the Achaians, 80
And he, unwilling: but his horse was with an arrow wounded,—
Which godlike Alexander shot, husband of bright-hair'd Helen,—
Upon the forehead's topmost point, whereat the horse's forelock
Takes its first growth from out the skull; and chiefly is it vital.
Into the brain the shaft had pierc'd: the steed, with anguish rearing, 85
And writhing round the pointed barbs, the other coursers troubled.

While the old man, with cutlass hasting, slash'd away the trappings,
 Which, at the side, entangled him, meantime the steeds of Hector
 In swift pursuit came terrible, bearing a hardy hero,
 Hector, as charioteer: and now the aged man had perish'd; 90
 But Diomedes, good at need, quickly perceiv'd the danger,
 And, with a horror-striking cry, address'd him to Ulysses:
 "Oh Jove-deriv'd, Laertes' son, Ulysses much-contriving,
 Whither, as coward in a crowd, dost turn the back on battle?
 Beware, lest, as thou fleest, one strike-in his spear behind thee: 95
 But wait, till from the aged man we drive this savage hero."

He spake; nor did divine Ulysses, much-enduring, heed him,
 But rushing onward, pass'd to reach Achaia's hollow galleys.
 Then Tydeus' son, tho' left alone, plung'd in the foremost battle,
 And stood before the chariot of Neleus' aged offspring; 100
 Then, urgently accosting him, did winged accents utter:

"Oh aged friend! in very truth young warriors distress thee:
 Thy force is languid; Eld to thee is but a weary escort.
 Infirm (I wis) thy charioteer and sluggish are thy coursers.
 But come, this car of mine ascend, and see my steeds' careering, 105
 What virtue hath the breed of Tros, with all the plain acquainted,
 Hither and thither fleet to scour, and chase or flee alternate;
 Which from Æneas once I took, twain counsellors of terror.
 To these then let our squires attend, but *we* will on the others
 Straight at the Troians coursertaming hold our course; that Hector 110
 May learn, if haply eke to *me* the wielded spear is frantic."

Thus when he spake, the charioteer Gerenian Nestor yielded.
 Then friendly-soul'd Eurymedon and Sthenelus high-hearted,
 Squires of the princes, took in charge the car and steeds of Nestor;
 But on the car of Diomedes mounted both the princes. 115
 Forthwith did Nestor in his hands the glossy bridles gather,
 And flogg'd the coursers: speedily arriv'd they nigh to Hector.
 Eager and straight he came; but quick flew Diomedes' weapon.
 It miss'd the mark, and hit him not; but struck the squire beside him,
 Eniopeus, whose father was the lofty-soul'd Thebæus; 120
 Him, as the horses' reins he held, it thro' the bosom pierced.
 So dropt he from the chariot: the nimble-footed coursers

Swerv'd with alarm: but he by life and force was there abandon'd.
 Then sorrow for his charioteer grimly o'erclouded Hector,
 Yet left he him, there as he was, to lie, tho' for his comrade 125
 Inly distraught; but look'd to find some driver bold; nor truly
 Long did the steeds a ruler lack; for speedily descried he
 Bold Archeptolemus, the son of Iphitus: him Hector
 Call'd up beside him, and the reins into his hands entrusted.

Then deeds beyond repair had been, and carnage out of number, 130
 Yea, and the foe in Ilium, like unto lambs, been folded,
 Had not the Sire of gods and mortals speedily perceiv'd it;
 So with a dreadful thunderclap he threw a bolt of lightning,
 All blazing on the ground, before the steeds of Diomedes;
 And dreadfully the flame shot up out of the burning brimstone, 135
 And both the coursers, terrified, fell cowering before it.
 Straightway did Nestor from his hands let drop the glossy bridles,
 And, with a soul by fear subdued, accosted Diomedes:

"Come, son of Tydeus, turn to flight the single-hoofed horses.
 Discernest not, that Jupiter his aid to us refuseth? 140
 For now, the king Saturnius on *him* bestoweth glory,
 This day; but afterward again to *us*, if so he will it,
 Shall he bestow: no human force may Jove's devices parry,
 Be never man so valorous; for greatly is He stronger."

Then Diomedes, good at need, accosted him responsive: 145
 "Ay, verily, all this, old friend! discreetly hast thou spoken;
 Only, my heart and soul are here by anguish grimly wounded.
 For Hector in harangue will say hereafter to the Troians:
 'The son of Tydeus fled from me in terror to the galleys.' 149
 So will he boast hereafter: then, may the earth yawn to gulp me!"

To him in turn the charioteer Gerenian Nestor answer'd:
 "Ah! word how simply utter'd!—son of skilful-hearted Tydeus!
 If ever Hector *thee* shall call a coward and unwarlike,
 Yet Troians and Dardanidæ will ne'er believe the saying;
 Nor will the wives of buckler-wielding mightyhearted Troians, 155
 Who know too well, that thou in dust hast laid their blooming consorts."

Upon the word, he turn'd to flight the single-hoofed horses
 In swift careering: after them the Troians and Hector,

With an unearthly clamour, pour'd their darts' distressful shower.
Then loudly shouted after him great motley-helmed Hector : 160

“ O son of Tydeus, thee of yore the charioteering Argives
With seat, with dainties, and full cups, preeminent did honour :
But now will they dishonour thee, who art become a woman.
Begone, thou puny tender doll ! for never on our towers
Shalt thou set foot and I give way ; nor shalt thou bear our women 165
Upon the galleys : earlier, will I assign thy fortune.”

When thus he vaunted, Tydeus' son with double purpose falter'd,
Longing to wheel his horses round and close in adverse battle.
Thrice did he hold with mind and soul a conference of passion,
And thrice did Jove the Counsellor from Ida's mountains thunder, 170
And to the Troians token gave of mastery in battle.

But Hector rais'd his voice aloft and charg'd the Trojan army :
“ Dardans, who hand to hand contend, and Lycians, and Troians !
Be men, my friends ! nor negligent of furious encounter.
Well know I, that Saturnius to *me* decreeth conquest 175
And mighty glory zealously, but to the Argives ruin.
O simpletons ! who now with toil these ramparts have erected,
Feeble and nothing worth : for ne'er will these repel my prowess ;
And lightly will my steeds o'erleap the moat that deep is digged.
But at what time I reach beside the smoothly-hollow galleys, 180
Of fiery ravage thereupon let each have some remembrance,
That I with fire may kindle well their galleys, and may slaughter,
All scar'd and blinded by the smoke, the Argive crowds beside them.”

After this word, he call'd aloud, to cheer and urge his horses :
“ Now do ye two the nurture-price repay me, which my consort 185
Andromache, the daughter of Eëtion great-hearted,
With her own hands unsparingly upon your pleasure lavish'd.
For, the heartsoothing wheat to *you* she earlier presented,
And wine she mingled for your drink, whene'er the fancy seiz'd you,
Sooner than e'en to *me*, who vaunt to be her blooming consort. 190
But follow close, and overhend by speed, that we may capture
The Nestoreian shield ; of which the rumour reacheth heaven,
How that the guides and shield itself are all of gold constructed.
Then too, the corslet curious, which toilsome Vulcan fashion'd,

Would we from off the shoulders strip of courser-proud Tydides. 195
 Well might I hope, if both of these we captur'd, that the Achaians,
 Before the night is gone, would mount upon their speedy galleys."

When thus he vaunted, shame and rage seiz'd venerable Juno :
 Bestraught, she mov'd upon her throne, and long Olympus shudder'd.
 Then Neptune's mighty godhead she with utterance confronted : 200

"Good Spirits! doth not even yet, wide-powerful land-shaker!
 The soul within thy breast bewEEP the carnage of the Argives?
 Yet gifts to thee they consecrate at Helike and Aegae
 Many and pleasant: *thou* in turn for *their* success bestir thee.
 For if we chose,—all we, by whom the Danaï are holpen, 205
 To curb wide-sighted Jupiter and to repel the Troians,
 Alone on Ida might he sit, and there digest his sorrow."

To her with indignation huge spake the land-shaking ruler :
 "O Juno, fearless of discourse, what saying hast thou blurted?
 Never would *I*, that we the rest with Jove the son of Saturn 210
 Contend; not e'en by force combin'd: for greatly is He stronger."

Thus they reciprocally held betwixt themselves discourses.
 Meanwhile the space from galley's poop to moat beside the rampart
 Was fill'd with crowds of fugitives, —horses and shielded heroes,—
 Driven to strait; and Hector's self, the son of Priam, drave them, 215
 An equipoise for Ares fierce, when Jove to glory rais'd him.
 Now had he burnt with wasting fire the even-balanc'd galleys,
 But that the queenly Juno mov'd the heart of Agamemnon,
 Himself with zeal and diligence the Achaian bands to visit.
 He hied and hurried, passing on beside the tents and galleys, 220
 Bearing upon his brawny arm an ample robe of purple,
 And on Ulysses' galley black he stood, which midmost couched,
 Huge like to some leviathan; to shout both ways adapted,
 Alike toward the tented camp of Telamonian Ajax
 And to Achilles' bands, which haul'd their even-balanc'd galleys 225
 Last on the strand, on bravery and stubborn strength reliant.
 Then to the Danaï abroad with piercing voice he shouted :

"Handsome of visage, base of fame, O shame, ye men of Argos!—
 Whither are gone the boasts, wherein we said that we were bravest?
 O empty vaunters; ye who once in Lemnos made pretension! 230

While banqueting on plenteous flesh of lofty-crested bullocks
 And emptying the bowls, with wine o'erbrimming,—sooth! ye boasted,
 That every one would stand in war, match for a hundred Troians
 Or for two hundred: now are we not worth a single Hector,
 Who shortly will with wasting fire the Argive galleys kindle. 235
 O father Jove, didst e'er before with such disaster ruin
 Any of overswaying kings, despoil'd of mighty glory?
 Yet, hither roaming to my woe on many-benched galley,
 No beauteous altar yet of thine I anywhere have slighted;
 But upon all I dutiful burnt fat and thighs of oxen, 240
 In eager hope of pillaging Troy's nobly-fenced city.
 But Jupiter! this wish at least do thou for me accomplish:
 Let but my people's lives and limbs come scatheless from the danger,
 Nor thus beneath the Troïans crush thou the Achaian spirit."

When thus he spake, the Sire was griev'd to view him tear-beflooded:
 Assent he nodded, that the host be safe and scape destruction. 246
 Forthwith an eagle sent he forth, of feather'd wights most perfect,
 Which held a swift hind's progeny, a fawn, within its talons;
 And by a beauteous altar's side,—whereat the Achaians honour'd
 Jove, source of every mystic Voice,—let drop the fawn before them. 250
 But they, discerning that from Him had come the bird of omen,
 Leapt braver on the Troïans, and hero-glee remember'd.
 Thereat not one of Danaï, tho' many was their number,
 Might boast, in front of Tydeus' son, and earlier, to rally,
 And drive beyond the moat his steeds, and join in adverse combat: 255
 But far the foremost, cast he down the Troian Agelaüs,
 A full-arm'd hero, Phradmon's son; who turn'd to flight his horses;
 But as he turn'd, Tydides fix'd the spear between his shoulders
 Right in his back, and thrust it thro', and reach'd into his bosom.
 So from the chariot he dropt, and o'er him clang'd his armour. 260

After him Agamemnon came, and eke his princely brother,
 And upon these the Ajaces twain, clad in impetuous courage,
 And after these Idomeneus, and his belov'd attendant
 Meriones, an equipoise to hero-slaying Ares;
 And after these Eurypylus, Euæmon's brilliant offspring: 265
 The ninth was Teucer, twanging oft his bow's redoubled arches,

Who shelter'd him beneath the screen of Telamonian Ajax.
 Then Ajax slowly would his shield move onward; but the bowman
 Peering around, if in the crowd he haply with an arrow
 Hit one or other, left him there to gasp away his spirit; 270
 But he returning, like a child unto his mother's bosom,
 Crept away into Ajax, who with shining buckler hid him.

Then who was first of Troïans o'erhent by spotless Teucer?
 Orsilochus and Ormenus were first, and Ophelestes,
 And Lycophontes, match for gods, Dætor and Melanippus, 275
 And Chromius, and Amopáon, son of Polyæmon:
 All these successive cast he down on Earth, the many-feeder.
 Then Agamemnon, prince of men, was joyful to behold him
 Wide-wasting from his stalwart bow the Troïan battalions,
 And close beside him took his stand, and spake to him approval: 280

"Dear Teucer, son of Telamon and governour of peoples,
 Shoot thus, and to the Danaï haply become a comfort,
 And to thy father Telamon; who nurtur'd thee, when little,
 And, meaner tho' thy birth, within his princely chambers rear'd thee:
 Now, in far distance tho' he is, do thou on glory mount him. 285
 But unto thee so much I say, —which shall be fact accomplish'd:
 If ever ægis-holding Jove and maid Athene grant me
 To storm and pillage Ilium, that nobly-builted fortress,
 After myself, thy hand shall first receive a gift of honour,
 A tripod, or a pair of steeds with chariot to match them, 290
 Or a fair woman, suited well in common bed to meet thee."

Then words reciprocal to him did spotless Teucer utter:
 "O Atreus' son, most glorious, when I myself am eager,
 Why urgest me? for verily, far as my force availeth,
 Never stop I: but syne as first to Ilium we drave them, 295
 Thenceforth in ambush with my bow I wait, and slay the foeman.
 E'en now have issued from my string eight lengthy-barbed arrows,
 And all within the limbs are fix'd of callants keen in battle.
 Only to hit this raving dog as yet my art hath fail'd me."

So answer'd he, and from the string dispatch'd another arrow
 In purpose straight at Hector aim'd; for much he long'd to hit him. 301
 But of his mark he miss'd, and struck with arrow in the bosom

The spotless prince Gorgythion, the bonny son of Priam,
 Whom erst a mother bare to light, from far Æsyme courted,
 In form like to the goddesses, the bright Castianeira. 305
 And as a poppy leans aside its head, which in a garden
 Surcharg'd with its own fulness is and with the vernal moisture;
 So did he bend his head aside, o'erladen with the helmet.

But Teucer quickly from the string dispatch'd another arrow
 In purpose straight at Hector aim'd; for much he long'd to hit him. 310
 Yet once again he miss'd; for still Apollo foil'd his finger.
 But upon Archeptolemus, brave charioteer of Hector,
 Eager for battle, fell the shaft, and pierc'd him thro' the bosom:
 So dropt he from the chariot: the nimblefooted coursers
 Swerv'd with alarm; but he by life and force was there abandon'd. 315
 Then sorrow for his charioteer grimly o'erclouded Hector,
 Yet there he left him lying, tho' stung deeply for his comrade;
 But chancing nigh at hand to see Kebriones his brother,
 Bade him the coursers' reins to take: who heard, nor disobey'd him.
 But from the allresplendent car himself to hard earth leaping, 320
 Seiz'd with his hand a massy rock, and hurried straight at Teucer
 With terror-striking yell; for fierce his soul was bent to crush him.
 He from the quiver verily had pick'd a stinging arrow,
 And on the string adjusted it: but motley-helmed Hector,
 While as he drew it, struck his arm, high up beside the shoulder, 325
 Where the key-bone most critical the neck and bosom parteth;
 Here with the stony ruggedness he check'd the eager archer,
 And snapt his bowstring: to the wrist his arm was numb'd: he stumbled
 On to his knees, and from his hands forth fell the bow and arrow.
 But Ajax, when his brother fell, no tender care neglected, 330
 But ran and overstrode his limbs and spread the buckler round him.
 Then, on their shoulders propping him, his two below'd companions,
 Mekisteus son of Echius and the divine Alastor,
 Bare to the smoothly-hollow ships the deeply-groaning archer:
 And soon again the Olympian breath'd might into the Troians. 335
 Then straight toward the moat so deep did they thrust back the Achaians,
 And Hector in the foremost mov'd, with grim delight of prowess.
 In guise no other, than as hound on nimble feet reliant

Chaseth the buttocks and the hips of savage boar or lion,
 And watcheth when he wheeleth round, and clingeth still behind him ;
 So Hector closely kept in chase the streaminghair'd Achaians,
 And alway slew the hindmost man; and scar'd the rest before him.
 But when across the palisade and up the moat they clamber'd
 Fleeing, and many fell in death beneath the hands of Troians,
 Then, checking by the galleys' side their wild career, they halted, 345
 And each to other made appeal, and to all gods in heaven
 Did every one with lifted hands his supplication offer.
 And Hector hither, thither, wheel'd his glossy-coated horses,
 His eyes like Ares, pest of man, or like the grisly Gorgon.

But Juno, whitearm'd goddess, them from heaven saw and pitied, 350
 And to Athene instantly did winged accents utter :

"Offspring of ægisholding Jove, alas ! shall we no longer
 Care, if the Danaï do now sink into final ruin ?
 They will accomplish destiny, I ween, and vilely perish
 By dint of one man's force : but he, Hector, the son of Priam, 355
 His madness bridleth not, and lo ! hath wrought full many mischiefs."

To her with word responsive spake Athene, greyey'd goddess :
 "Ay, troth ! would this man many a time be riev'd of life and spirit,
 And perish on his father's soil beneath the hands of Argives,
 But that, by evil mind possest, my own high Father rageth, 360
 Untractable, a sinner old, my efforts alway foiling.
 Nor doth he hold in memory, how oft and oft I rescued
 His son, outwearièd beneath the taskings of Eurystheus. [me
 For he to heaven mournfully would weep ; then Jove would send
 In hurry from the lofty sky to aid him with my presence. 365
 But if within my canny mind I had forecast the future,
 When to the portals tightly-barr'd of Aïdes he ventur'd,
 To bring from Erebus the dog of Aïdes the awesome,
 Never had he the direful streams of river Styx escaped.
 Now me doth Jupiter disdain, and hath fulfill'd the counsels 370
 Of Thetis, who his knees embrac'd and strok'd his beard, imploring
 That he to honour would exalt Achilles city-rieving.
 Yet one day, troth ! shall he again call me his greyey'd darling.
 But for us twain now harness thou the single-hoofed horses,

That I meanwhile within the house of Jove the ægisholder 375
 May bask in fit accoutrement for combat; to discover
 Whethere, when we together shine along the battle's causeys,
 The sight will gladden Priam's son, great motley-helmed Hector;
 Or whether some of Troians too, beside the Achaian galleys
 Fallen in death, with flesh and fat shall glut the dogs and vultures."

She spake, nor uncompliant found the whitearm'd goddess Juno.
 But Juno, venerable queen, daughter of mighty Saturn
 Mov'd busily, and furbish'd out the golden-trapped horses.
 Meanwhile Athene, maiden-imp of Jove the ægis-holder,
 Down on the pavement of her sire shower'd her robe resplendent,
 Whose tissue she herself had wrought and with her hands embroider'd:
 Then, in a martial tunic clad, address'd her in the armour
 Of cloud-collecting Jupiter to meet the tearful battle.
 Into the flaming chariot then with her feet she mounted,
 And grasp'd her spear,—vast, weighty, stout,— wherewith the ranks she
 Of heroes, whom for wrath she dooms, child of a direful Father. [wasteth
 But Juno keenly with the scourge the coursers touch'd. Before them
 The gates of heaven boom'd aloud, selfmoving: so commanded
 The Hours, who hold beneath their trust great Heaven and Olympus,
 Alike to raise or overspread the closely-shutting darkness: 395
 Betwixt these gates they guided clear the spur-excited horses.

But when from Ida father Jove beheld, in grim displeasure
 He sent on urgent embassy the goldenwinged Iris:
 "Hie, hurry, speedy Iris!—back turn thou the twain! nor suffer
 To thwart my purpose; for in sooth our conflict were unseemly. 400
 For roundly will I say,—and this shall soon be fact accomplish'd,—
 That I beneath their chariot will lame the nimble horses,
 Out of the seat will cast themselves, and piecemeal smash the carriage;
 Nor when ten times the Sun hath clos'd the year's revolving circle,
 Shall they of wounds be heal'd, wherewith my thunderbolt shall score them;
 So may the greyey'd shun to fight against her proper Father.
 But less with Juno I in truth am angry and indignant;
 For she, whatever be my bent, is alway wont to cross it."

He spake; then on her errand sped the stormy-footed Iris,
 And from the mounts of Ida, up went she to long Olympus. 410

Meeting them at the foremost gates of many-lapp'd Olympus,
There she detain'd them, and from Jove pronounc'd to them the message:

“Whither are urgent? why, ye twain, is heart in bosom frantic?

Saturnius permitteth not to bring the Argives succour.
For Saturn's son hath threatened, if truly he accomplish, 415
That he beneath your chariot will lame the nimble horses,
Out of the seat will cast yourselves, and piecemeal smash the carriage;
Nor when ten times the Sun hath clos'd the year's revolving circle,
Shall ye of wounds be heal'd, wherewith his thunderbolt shall score you;
So mayst thou, Greyey'd! shun to fight against thy proper Father. 420
But less with Juno he in truth is angry and indignant,
For she, whatever be his bent, is alway wont to cross it.
But thou! bold vixen! termagant! if truly thou adventure
Against the might of Jupiter thy massy spear to brandish.”

So utter'd Iris swift of foot, and with the word departed. 425
Then Juno hastily address'd a word unto Athene:

“Offspring of ægisbearing Jove! alas! but I no longer
Urge that we twain with Jupiter wage war in sake of mortals.
Of them, as chance may rule, let one live, and another perish:
But Jupiter, let *him*, whate'er his mind and soul may purpose 430
For Troians and for Danaï, determine, as is seemly.”

With such avowal, back she turn'd the singlehoofed horses.
Then did the Hours unyoke for them the glossy-coated horses,
And free from harness fasten'd them at their ambrosial mangers,
And lean'd the chariot against the splendid-fronted building. 435
Meanwhile themselves, the goddesses, on golden chairs were seated
Promiscuous with other gods, but pierc'd with inward sorrow.

But father Jove from Ida drave his smoothly-rolling carriage
And coursers to Olympus, where the seats of gods receiv'd him.
Then the Landshaker glorious the steeds unharness'd, placing 440
The chariot on pedestals, and curtains spread above it.
But on a golden throne, himself, widesighted Jove, did rest him,
And as he press'd his feet beneath, he stagger'd great Olympus.
There, at the side of Jupiter sat Juno and Athene
Alone; but no salute they spake, and no inquiry made they. 445
But he in his own mind discern'd, and first the twain accosted:

"O Juno and Athene, why is thus your heart afflicted?
 No toil, I trow, hath wearied you in man-ennobling battle
 The Troians to destroy, for whom grim bitterness ye nurture.
 Surely, so far as heart and hands intractable avail me, 450
 Not all the gods should turn me back, who dwell upon Olympus.
 But *you*,—your limbs illustrious were first by trembling seized,
 Before ye came in sight of war and doubtful feats of battle.
 For roundly will I speak it out,— what *would* have been accomplish'd—
 Never upon your proper car, once smitten by my lightning, 455
 Back to Olympus had ye come, where dwell the gods immortal."

He spake; thereat they mutter'd deep, both Juno and Athene:
 Close sat they, side by side, and woes against the Troians plotted.
 Truly Athene dumb abode before her proper father,
 Tho' wounded by his argument and seiz'd with fierce displeasure.
 But Juno hid not in her breast her wrath, but thus address'd him:

"O son of Saturn, grim and dire, what saying hast thou blurted?
 Right well are we aware ourselves, unyielding is thy power.
 Yet for the spearman Danaï we none the less have sorrow,
 Who will accomplish destiny, I ween, and vilely perish. 465
 Now from the war in truth will we hold off, as thou commandest:
 But counsel to the Argives still may we suggest, for profit;
 Lest speedily they perish all, beneath thy sore displeasure."

Then cloud-collecting Jupiter accosted her, responsive:
 "At morrow's dawn, if such thy will, O large-ey'd queenly Juno, 470
 Thou more than ever shalt behold the over-matching fury
 Of Saturn's offspring, wasting wide the spearman host of Argives.
 For Hector's all-oppressing force no pause shall make of battle,
 Till from his galley-side it wake the wrath of swift Pelides,
 E'en on the day, when, face to face, at galley's poop, they combat 475
 In grim inevitable strait around Patroclus fallen:
 For so doth Heaven will.—But I for thee and thy displeasure
 Take no account,—not even if the lowest seats thou visit,—
 The ends of Earth and Ocean, where Iapetus and Saturn,
 Sitting apart, have no delight from rays of sun o'ergliding 480
 Nor from the breezes, but by depths of Tartarus are girded.
 But thee and all thy moodiness I heed not, e'en if roaming

Thither thou venture; for than thee no worser vixen liveth."

When thus he spake, no answer came from whitearm'd queenly Juno.—
Then sank the brilliant light of day into the depths of Ocean, 485
Upon the Earth's life-giving soil the gloom of night entraining.
The Trojan army lost the light unwilling; but the Achaians
With vows and longings, hopes and joy, the shroud of darkness welcom'd.

Then did illustrious Hector call the Troians to assembly,
At distance from the galleys meet, beside the river's eddies, 490
On a clear space where open ground was seen between the corpses.
Then they, dismounted from their cars, to that harangue did listen,
Which Jove-beloved Hector spake: but in his hand he wielded
A lengthly spear, which measur'd ells eleven; and before him
Glitter'd its brazen head, whose neck a golden ring surmounted. 495
But resting then his arm on this, he spake among the Troians:

"Troians and Dardans and allies, unto my counsel hearken!
Now had I thought outright to quell the Achaians and their galleys,
And unto windy Ilium back to return in triumph:
Only, too soon did darkness come, which chiefly now hath rescued 500
The Argive army, ships and all, upon the rough sea-margin.
But verily, to dusky Night now let us yield compliance,
And furnish out our suppers; but the glossy-coated horses
Unharness ye beneath the cars, and fodder cast beside them.
But send unto the city-gates, and thence stout sheep and oxen 505
Bring ye right speedily; and eke heart-soothing wine procure ye
And bread from out the public stores, and pick ye sticks in plenty,
That we, thro' livelong night, until the early birth of morning,
May kindle copious fire, whose blaze shall reach the vault of heaven;
Lest haply under screen of night the streaminghair'd Achaians 510
Over the sea's broad-swelling backs to hasty flight betake them.
Troth! would I not, that one of them at ease embark, unhurried,
But that each man may carry off a gash, at home to muse on,
Or by an arrow overhent, or by a lance-prick goaded,
While leaping up his galley-side; —to make all others shudder, 515
With tear-abounding war to vex the courser-taming Troians.
And let the heralds dear to Jove along the city publish
To gather boys of tender age and hoary-templed elders

On to the towers built by gods, throughout the city searching :
 And let the women, weak of sex, each one within her chambers 520
 Kindle a brilliant light ; and let some constant guard be holden,
 Lest in the absence of the folk an ambush force the city.
 Thus be it done, as I harangue, O loftyhearted Troians ;
 Nor more of this be said, if this be sound and prudent counsel :
 Again will I at dawn address the coursertaming Troians ; 525
 But, after pray'r to Jupiter and other gods immortal,
 My trust it is, hence to drive out these deadly hounds outlandish,
 Whom noisome fates have borne to us upon their dusky galleys.
 And verily, this night, must we for our own selves be watchful ;
 But, with the morning's early dawn, complete in arms accoutred, 530
 Must at the smoothly-hollow ships awaken eager Ares.
 So shall I learn, if Diomed, the stalwart son of Tydeus,
 Unto their wall will drive me back, or I with brazen weapon
 Make havoc of his life, and bear a prize of gory trophies.
 To-morrow shall to trial bring his valour, if he venture 535
 To wait my spear's arrival ; but, I trow, among the foremost
 Shall he in death be prostrate laid, and many comrades round him,
 What time to-morrow's Sun is high. For would that I so surely
 Immortal might be, and my days exempt from Eld enfeebling,
 And I such honour meet, as eke Athene and Apollo, 540
 Surely as doth the coming day bear mischief to the Argives."

Thus Hector spake, and cheerily to him the Troians shouted.
 Then every one his sweating steeds did from the yoke unharness,
 And duly fasten'd them with thongs, each to his proper carriage,
 And sent unto the city's gates, and thence stout sheep and oxen
 Brought out right speedily, and eke heartsoothing wine procur'd they,
 And bread from out the public stores ; and sticks in plenty gather'd.
 Then did they perfect hecatombs unto the immortals offer,
 And from the plain the breezes bare the steam to highth of heaven,
 Fragrant ; yet blessed gods averse no pleasant savour tasted ; 550
 For sacred Ilium by them was held in deadly hatred,
 And Priam's self and all the folk of ashen-spear'd Priam.
 But they with overweening thoughts along the battle's causeys
 Sat all the livelong night, and fires beside them kindled many.

And as around the shining Moon the little stars of heaven 555
 Glisten with radiance distinct, when all the sky is breathless,
 And every lofty peak is shown, and headland edge and forest,
 And from behind the cloven blue uncounted heaven bursteth,
 And all above thee seemeth Stars, and joyful is the shepherd :
 So many fires, betwixt the streams of Xanthus and the galleys, 560
 Shone then in front of Ilium, by hands of Troians kindled.
 A thousand fires along the plain, I say, that night were burning,
 And close to every glaring blaze sat fifty foes of Argos.
 And by their chariots the steeds, rye and white barley munching,
 Stood, waiting patiently the rise of gorgeous-throned Morning. 565

BOOK IX.

AFTER such guise the Troians kept their watches ; but the Achaians
 Were haunted by almighty Rout, comrade of numbing Terror,
 And deep with grief unbearable were all the bravest pierced.
 As when two adverse-blowing winds the fishful ocean worry,
 If Boreas and Zephyrus, which send their blasts from Thrake,
 Rush of a sudden ; instantly do all the darkling surges
 Rise into knolls, and on the beach cast many a heap of seaweed ;
 So fitfully the heart was toss'd within the Achaian bosom.

The son of Atreus, deep in soul, with mighty anguish pierced,
 Hither and thither pac'd, and bade the clear-intoning heralds 10
 By special call on every man to summon to assembly,
 But not by shoutings : he himself among the foremost labour'd.

5. Boreas (the N. E. wind) blows from Thrace to an Athenian ; and the
 Greeks in general call this the Thracian wind. Zephyrus (the West) nearly
 blows from Thrace to a man in Troas. Homer seems here to have combined
 these inconsistent points of view.

So in full gathering they sat with grief ; but Agamemnon
 Up rose before them, tear-bestream'd, as some dark source of waters,
 Which down a stormcapt precipice poureth a murky torrent. 15
 So he with heavy groaning spake his word among the Argives :
 " Friends, heroes of the Danaï, and ministers of Ares,
 Saturnius hath mightily in dire annoy enchain'd me ;
 Cruel, who formerly to me with word and nod assented,
 To storm wellfenced Ilium and bear away the booty. 20
 But now an evil artifice hath plotted, and doth urge me
 Argos to seek, ignoble ; sith I many lives have wasted.
 So seemeth it the will to be of Jupiter o'ermatching,
 Who hath the lofty pinnacles of many a city lower'd,
 And yet will lower ; for his sway is mightiest to mortals. 25
 But come ! as I the word shall speak, let all compliant follow :
 Unto our native land belov'd upon the galleys hie we ;
 For ample-streeted Ilium no longer shall we capture."

Thus did he charge them : thereupon they all were dumb in silence.
 Dismay'd with sorrow, long were all Achaia's children speechless ; 30
 Till Diomedes, good at need, at length replied before them :
 " Firstly with thee infatuate, Atrides ! will I combat,
 As seemly is in council, Prince ! so take it not in anger.
 Lately before the Danaï thou didst my might disparage,
 Saying, unapt for war was I, —shorn of my father's valour : 35
 With which the Argives, young and old alike, are well acquainted.
 Thee crooked-witted Saturn's child with half a gift hath honour'd :
 He with the sceptre gave to thee preeminence of station,
 But, what is mightiest of sway, valour, to thee he gave not.
 O elf-possessed ! haply didst so deem Achaia's children 40

15. According to the common interpretation, the former half of this line should stand . . . "Which down a goat-abandon'd rock," *i.e.* abandoned *even* by goats ; which is highly unsatisfactory. Liddell and Scott betray their suspicion that *aigilips* is connected with *lips*, a cliff ; and if this be fundamentally the same word as *lepas*, a precipice, the *p* in the genitive is accounted for. On the other hand, that *aigis* as early as the Homeric period admitted the sense of a Storm, is a reasonable inference from the verb *epaigizo*. I therefore, until better informed, accept *aigilips* as a substantive, meaning strictly "a precipice of storms," or a *Wetterhorn*. The word recurs, Iliad 13, 63.

Unwarlike and unvalorous to be, as thou haranguest ?
 Now if for craven backward course thy proper bosom panteth,
 Hie thee away : the path is free : beside the sea thy galleys
 Stand many, which along with thee came hither from Mycenæ.
 But here, I ween, will stay the rest, of streaming-hair'd Achaïans, 45
 Until we pillage Troy. Or if their will be such, let *them* too
 Unto their native land belov'd take flight upon their galleys :
 But I and Sthenelus alone will fight, until we compass
 An end of Ilium : for, troth ! with God's approval came we."

So spake he ; and Achaïa's sons skirl'd loud in admiration 50
 At the harangue which Diomedes courser-taming utter'd.
 Then Nestor too, the charioteer, arose and spake among them :
 "O son of Tydeus, thou in war surpassingly art stalwart,
 And thou among thy equal-born in council art the wisest.
 As many as Achaïans are, not one thy speech disdaineth, 55
 Nor will gainsay it : yet the *word* no end of *deed* hath pointed.
 And young thou verily art still ; to me, of all my children
 Mightest be latest-born : but yet, right sagely thou haranguest
 Unto the Argive princes ; sith discreetly hast thou spoken.
 But come, let me, who make the boast to be than thee far older, 60
 Speak out and follow up the whole of *action* : nor will any
 Cast on my word dishonour ; not wide-ruling Agamemnon.
 Hearthless and reckless of the right, in brotherhood unbanded,
 Is he, who loveth numbing feud amid his proper people.
 But verily to dusky night now let us yield compliance, 65
 And furnish out our suppers ; next, to watch outside the rampart
 Along the moat, let sentinels be severally chosen.
 Unto the younger men such charge address I ; but thereafter,
 Thysel, Atrides ! take the lead, as kingliest thy station.
 To banquet call the elder men, which truly thee beseemeth : 70
 'Tis not unseemly ; for thy tents of wine are full, which daily
 Is carried o'er the billows broad by Argive ships from Thrake.
 All cheer hast thou to welcome guests, who over many rulest.
 So, when on summons many meet, his counsel shalt thou follow,
 Who best adviseth thee ; and troth, great need have all the Achaïans 75
 Of counsel provident and sage : for foemen near the galleys

Burn many fires of war. To *whom* may such events be joyful?
This night will either whelm in woe the army, or will save it."

He spake; and they full readily did listen and obey him.
Then fullarm'd sentinels rush'd out, who follow'd Thrasymedes 80
The people's shepherd, Nestor's son, and the two sons of Ares,
Ascalaphus, Ialmenus; and Merion beside them,
And Aphareus and Deipyrus and godlike Lycomedes.
These seven o'er the sentinels were leaders; and around them 85
To each one pac'd a hundred youths, outreaching lengthy lances.
Inside the moat, without the wall, they went and took their stations;
In that mid space their fires they made, and each arrang'd his supper.

But Atreus' son into his tent the Achaian elder chieftains
Conducted, and before them plac'd a spirit-soothing banquet. 90
On the good cheer before them laid the ready hand they darted.
But when desire importunate of drink and food were ended,
Foremost of all the aged man would weave for them devices,
Nestor, whose counsel heretofore had eke appear'd the wisest;
Who thus with kindly soul harangu'd, and spake his word among them:

"O Agamemnon, prince of men, most glorious Atrides!
With thee my speech will end, from thee beginneth; sith thou reignest
A prince to many peoples; ay! to thee hath Jove vouchsafed
Sceptre and ordinance, wherewith awards to them thou makest.
Thee then behoveth it in chief to utter words and listen, 100
And eke to ratify, whate'er another's heart may urge him
Wisely to speak: but every deed, begun, on thee will fasten.
And I my counsel will avow, as best to me it seemeth:
For, other better thoughts than these, which I within me ponder
Alike both now and heretofore,— no man will lightly fashion: 105
As judge I, from the day whereon in anger with Achilles
Thou from his tent, O Jove-deriv'd! didst tear the maid Briseïs,
Not surely with applause from us; for I in truth dissuaded
In ample words and strong: but thou, to thy highminded passion
Yielding, against a lofty chief whom e'en the immortals honour'd,
Dishonour wroughtest: for his prize despoil'd hast thou, and holdest.
But let us even now take thought, if haply by persuasion
Of gentle words and pleasant gifts we yet may soothe and win him."

Him Agamemnon, prince of men, address'd with words responsive :
 " O aged friend, not falsely thou my follies hast recounted. 115
 My frenesy, myself confess. In place of many peoples
 That man may count, whom Jupiter in heart doth dearly cherish ;
 As, *him* to honour, now hath he beat down the Achaian people.
 But though infatuate I was, by mournful impulse carried,
 Again to win him, fain were I, and pay him countless ransom ; 120
 And splendid gifts will I rehearse before your common presence.—
 Of gold ten talents duly weigh'd, and twenty burnish'd cauldrons,
 And seven tripods new to fire, and twelve prize-bearing racers.
 Not poor in precious gold were one, nor bootyless, possessing 125
 What these tight, single-hoofed steeds have won for me as prizes.
 And seven women will I give, with blameless work acquainted,
 Born Lesbians, whom when myself wellbuilt Lesbos captur'd,
 I did pick out ; whose beauty far surpass'd the tribes of women. 130
 These will I give, and with them *her*, of whom I then depriv'd him,
 Daughter of Briseus : and besides, a mighty oath I proffer,
 That never did I touch her bed with tenderness and passion,
 As is esteem'd the ordinance to man and woman sacred.
 So much shall all presented be at once ; but if hereafter 135
 Our host by heaven's favour rieve the mighty town of Priam,
 With gold and brass abundantly then let him lade a galley
 From all the Achaian booty, ere we make awards to any.
 And let him take the choice himself of twenty Troian women,
 Who after Argive Helen seem preeminent of beauty. 140
 But if we reach Achaian Argos, udder-soil,—I offer
 Wedlock to him and royal state, as equal to Orestes,
 Who in abundant daintiness is rear'd, my tender offspring.
 Within my palace tightly built three maiden daughters have I,
 Chrysothemis, Laodike, and last, Iphianassa. 145
 Of these, whoso is dear to him, let him without redemption
 Lead her to Peleus' house ; but I will add a honey'd portion,
 Such dower-gifts, as never yet gave any with his daughter.
 Of thickly-peopled fortress-towns with seven will I grace him,
 Kardamyle and Enope and Pheræ, heav'nly country, 150
 Ire, the land of grassy hills, Antheia deep of meadow,

The vineclad slopes of Pedasus, and beautiful Aipeia.
 All these at distance short behold the sea of sandy Pylos,
 And yeomen stout within them dwell, in rams and oxen wealthy,
 Who him with tributary gifts, like to a god, shall honour, 155
 And ordinances fat and fair shall pay beneath his sceptre.
 Such things will I make good to him, when he from anger changeth.
 Then yield he should. Troth, Aïdes is ruthless and unyielding,
 But therefore eke of all the gods most hateful he to mortals.
 Let this man homage pay to me, for-that I am more kingly, 160
 And forasmuch as I by birth may boast to be the elder."
 Hereat to him the charioteer, Gerenian Nestor, answer'd:
 "O Agamemnon, prince of men, most glorious Atrides!
 Gifts unrebukable dost now to prince Achilles offer.
 But come! a special embassy select we, and exhort them, 165
 That speedily they seek the tent of Achileus Pelides:
 Or else, myself will name the men; and let them yield approval.
 Let Phœnix, dear to Jupiter, be in this errand foremost;
 With him let mighty Ajax go, and last, divine Ulysses,
 And in their train, Eurybates and Hodius, as heralds. 170
 But now, bring water for the hands; proclaim well-omen'd silence,
 That we to Saturn's child may pray, if haply he will pity."

When thus he spake, to all of them a pleasing word he utter'd:
 And first upon the princes' hands the heralds sprinkled water.
 Thereat the youths to many a bowl crown'd the high-mantling garland,
 And after fit initial cups mov'd round to all in order.
 So when libations they had made, they drank as pleasure prompted,
 And from the tent of Atreus' son the embassy proceeded.
 But many a charge the charioteer, Gerenian Nestor, gave them,
 With wink and gesture unto each, but chiefly to Ulysses, 180
 That with all effort they appease the spotless son of Peleus.

Then went the twain along the strand of the muchbrawling water,
 And many a prayer to the god Land-shaking Earth-encircling
 Made they, to win Æacides and soothe his haughty spirit:

182, 192. The *twain* can hardly mean the two heralds: 196-8 indicate that Ulysses and Ajax are intended. The ignoring of Phœnix in this passage may seem to be a mark of patchwork which the poet never reduced to harmony.

So pac'd they to the Myrmidons, and reach'd their tents and galleys.
 Him with the tender harp they found his moody soul beguiling.
 Fair was the harp, with silver bar, fine-wrought; which, when he ravag'd
 The city of Eëtion, he from the spoil selected:
 With this he did his heart amuse, singing the praise of heroes.
 Alone in presence of the chief Patroclus sat in silence, 190
 Waiting until Æacides might have his fill of singing.
 Then forward stept the twain, and first advanc'd divine Ulysses,
 And stood before him. Starting up in quick surprize Achilles
 Quitted the seat whereon he sat, and, harp in hand, receiv'd them.
 So likewise stood Patroclus up, soon as he saw them coming. 195
 Thereat Achilles, fleet of foot, the twain with welcome greeted:
 "Hail! friendly pair! great need, I ween, hath hither brought the heroes,
 Who unto me, though sore displeas'd, are dearest of the Achaians."
 Divine Achilles, speaking thus, the men conducted onward,
 And upon chairs repos'd their limbs, their feet on purple carpets, 200
 And to Patroclus, standing by, forthwith a word he utter'd:
 "Son of Menœtius, I pray, a greater bowl bring hither,
 And stronger mix the wine, and quick a cup for each man furnish.
 For now within my chamber sit men who to me are dearest."
 So did he charge: Patroclus then obey'd his dear companion. 205
 Before the blazing fire he plac'd a spacious tray, well laden
 With chine of sheep, fat chine of goat, and chine of oily porker.
 Automedon the pieces held, divine Achilles slic'd them,
 The rest he slash'd in smaller bits and spitted every morsel: 210
 Meanwhile Patroclus, godlike man, the fire to fury kindled.
 But when its noisome force was spent, and all the flame was faded,
 He spread the glowing embers out, and stretch'd the spits above them,
 Uplifted on their own supports: then sacred salt he sprinkled.
 When all was roasted well and dish'd, Patroclus serv'd the table 215
 With bread from baskets fair: the meat, Achilles' hand apportion'd.
 Himself a seat did occupy anent divine Ulysses
 Close to the chamber's adverse side; and bade his dear Patroclus
 Honour the gods: compliant he cast in the flames a firstfruit. 220
 On the good cheer before them laid the ready hand they darted.
 But when desire importunate of drink and food were ended,

Ajax to Phœnix nodded. This, divine Ulysses notie'd,
 And, with his goblet fill'd anew, spake greeting to Achilles :
 "All hail, Achilles ! lack is none of wellproportioned banquet, 225
 Nor otherwhile within the tent of royal Agamemnon,
 Nor now with thee; but here are laid heartsoothing viands many,
 For banquet. Yet no care have we of banquet's sweet engagement ;
 But, O Jove-nurtur'd ! deadly woe doth verily confront us
 And strike with terror. Doubt there is of rescue or destruction 230
 For all our galleys tightlyplank'd, unless thou don thy valour.
 For nigh unto our wall and ships the loftyhearted Troians
 With Dardans and far-call'd allies, their nightly beds have planted ;
 And many watchfires kindle they along their host, and reckon
 No more to be withheld, but rush and gain the dusky galleys. 235
 To them doth Jove Saturnius, tokens of favour showing,
 Lighten : and Hector, vaunting high, with grim delight of prowess,
 Is marvellous in frenesy, possest by raving fury,
 Beckless alike of men and gods ; on Jupiter reliant.
 Now prayeth he that Dawn divine may quickly beam from heaven. 240
 For 'tis his vow to chop away our prows' extreme adornments,
 And in the scorching flame to wrap the galleys ; and to ravage,
 All scar'd and blinded by the smoke, the Achaian crowd beside them.
 Now grimly in my soul I dread, lest that the gods accomplish
 These threats of his, and Fate for us may haply have appointed 245
 To perish here in Troy, afar from courserfeeding Argos.
 But up ! O prince ! if still, tho' late, thy heart is bent to rescue
 Achaia's children, sore opprest beneath the Troian riot.
 Thyself wilt afterward have grief, and when the ill prevaieth,
 No remedy may then be found : but earlier bethink thee 250
 How from the Argives mayest thou ward off the day of evil.
 O gentle heart ! thee verily thy father Peleus warned,
 Upon the day, when he from Phthia sent thee to Atrides :—
 'Prowess and strength, my child ! on thee, if Juno and Athene
 So choose, will they bestow ; but thou, thy loftyminded passion 255
 Within thy bosom strongly check ; for friendliness is better.
 From mischief-plotting rivalries desist ; and so the Argives,
 Aged and young alike, the more shall visit thee with honour.'—

Such charges did the aged man enjoin ; but thou forgettest.
 Still, even now, thy rancour stay : be sooth'd ; and Agamemnon 260
 Right worthy presents offereth, if thou from anger turn thee.
 Then come, do thou give ear to me, while I rehearse in order
 What gifts of friendship from his tents king Agamemnon sendeth.
 Of gold ten talents duly weigh'd, and twenty burnish'd cauldrons,
 And seven tripods new to fire, and twelve prize-bearing racers. 265
 Not poor in precious gold were one, nor bootyless, possessing
 What those tight steeds of Atreus' son have won for him as prizes.
 And seven women will he give, with blameless work acquainted, 270
 Born Lesbians, whom, when himself wellbuilt Lesbos captur'd,
 He did pick out, whose beauty far surpass'd the tribes of women.
 These will he give; and with them *her*, of whom he then depriv'd thee,
 Daughter of Briseus : and beside, a mighty oath he proffers,
 That never did he touch her bed with tenderness and passion, 275
 As is the ordinance, O prince ! to man and woman sacred.
 So much shall all presented be at once : but if hereafter
 Our host by heaven's favour rieve the mighty town of Priam,
 With gold and brass abundantly then do thou lade a galley
 From all the Achaian booty, ere we make awards to any. 280
 And do thou take the choice thyself of twenty Troian women,
 Who after Argive Helen seem preeminent of beauty.
 But if we reach Achaian Argos, udder-soil,—he offers
 Wedlock to thee and royal state, as equal to Orestes,
 Who in abundant daintiness is rear'd, his tender offspring. 285
 Within the palace tightly built three maiden daughters hath he,
 Chrysothemis, Laodike, and last, Iphianassa.
 Of these, whoso is dear to thee, do thou without redemption
 Lead her to Peleus' house : but he will add a honey'd portion,
 Such dower-gifts, as never yet gave any with his daughter. 290
 Of thickly-peopled fortress-towns with seven will he grace thee,
 Kardamyle and Enope and Phæræ, heav'nly country,
 Ire, the land of grassy hills, Antheia, deep of meadow,
 The vineclad slopes of Pedasus, and beautiful Aipeia.
 All these at distance short behold the sea of sandy Pylos, 295
 And yeomen stout within them dwell, in rams and oxen wealthy,

Who thee with tributary gifts, like to a god, shall honour,
 And ordinances fat and fair shall pay beneath thy sceptre.
 Such things will he make good to thee, when thou from anger changest.
 But if from bottom of thy heart thou hatest Agamemnon, 300
 Him and his gifts, yet pity thou the host of Panachaia,
 Us, who are perishing; who thee, e'en as a god, will honour.
 Truly thou wouldest in our heart surpassing glory conquer.
 Now, Hector mightest thou o'erhend; sith, fill'd with deadly raving,
 Full near would he to thee advance; for, none his peer he deemeth 305
 Of Danaï, who hither came on even-balanc'd galleys."
 But him Achilles, fleet of foot, address'd in words responsive:
 " Oh Jove-deriv'd, Laertes' son, Ulysses much-contriving,
 The word which in my heart I hold and shall be fact accomplish'd,
 This with unflinching hardihood it liketh me to utter, 310
 To stay you, each on other hand, from whispering beside me.
 For like the gates of Aïdes that man to me is hateful,
 Who one thing hideth in his mind and uttereth another.
 But I my argument will speak, as best to me it seemeth.
 Neither (as I opine), himself Atrides Agamemnon, 315
 Nor other chief of Danaï, will me persuade; for thankless
 The toil is found, unceasingly to fight with foemen alway.
 Like portion hath the stay-at-home, as though he bravely battled,
 And equal honour is assign'd to cowards and to heroes.
 Dieth alike the lazy man, and he who much hath labour'd, 320
 Nor aught of vantage do I win that hardiment I suffer,
 And alway jeopardize my life in perilous encounter.
 But as the parent bird doth bear unto her unfledg'd nestlings
 Morsels of meat, whate'er she seize, and her own welfare slighteth,
 So likewise many a sleepless night and bloody day of combat, 325
 Your consorts to regain, have I in war of men accomplish'd.
 On foot, eleven towns (I say) I riev'd in loamy Troas,
 And with my galleys pillag'd twelve of city-dwelling peoples;
 From all of which I duteous pick'd noble treasures many 330
 To grace Atrides, who behind at galley-side abiding
 Receiv'd my booty: much he kept, and few awards assigned.
 Howbeit, when some gifts he *did* to kings and chiefs distribute,

Their rights inviolate abide ; but me of all the Achaians 335
 Alone he outrag'd, ravishing the wife who pleas'd my humour.
 Let him her dalliance enjoy ; but now, what mean the Argives
 By warfare on the Troians ? why did Agamemnon hither
 This host assemble ? was it not in sake of brythair'd Helen ?
 Of all the voice-dividing race do none but sons of Atreus 340
 Cherish their wives ? nay, whosoe'er is virtuous and thoughtful,
 Her who is his, doth fondly tend ; as I from inmost bosom [her,
 Lov'd *her*, though purchas'd by my spear. Sith force and fraud have seiz'd
 The spoiler cannot win my will : no farther let him tempt me ; 345
 But rather, with his other kings, and with thyself, Ulysses !
 Ponder, the foeman's fire to ward from your sea-coursing galleys.
 For troth, without my aid hath he full many works accomplish'd ;
 Hath built a rampart, and in front hath drawn a moat beside it,
 Vast, broad and deep, with pointed stakes all featly palisaded. 350
 Nor can he, even so, repel the hero-slaying fury
 Of Troian Hector : yet while I beside the Achaians battled,
 Hector was rare beyond the wall with sport of martial sally,
 But only to the Skæan gates and near the beechtree ventur'd :
 There once to meet me waited he, and barely scap'd my onset. 355
 But now, sith I no pleasure take to fight with godlike Hector,
 To Jupiter and all the gods to-morrow will I offer
 Due sacrifice, and freight my ships : then, when to sea I launch them,
 Shall thou behold,—if so thy will,— or if such things concern thee,—
 Along the fishful Hellespont at early morn my galleys 360
 Sailing away, and bearing off their bands of eager rowers.
 But if fair voyage greet us from the glorious land-shaker,
 On the third day may I attain the shores of loamy Phthia,
 Where much estate abandon'd I, hither for sorrow wending.
 Now shall I all my other gear, of gold or ruddy copper 365
 Or hoary iron, hence convey, and dappergirdled women,
 And all the chattel won by me : only, my prize of beauty,
 The man who gave it, Atreus' son, wide-ruling Agamemnon,
 Outrageously hath taken back. To him report my answer
 All open, as I speak it : so shall anger seize the Achaians, 370
 If against other Danaï new frauds he plot hereafter,

Always array'd in shamelessness. Yet, though a dog in forehead,
 Eye unto eye, my gaze to meet, I deem, he would not venture.
 No deed nor counsel will I join with him, who me defrauded
 So guiltily; so not again by words shall he delude me. 375
 Away with him in peace; for Jove the Counsellor hath craz'd him.
 To me his gifts are foemanlike, and as a straw I count him.
 If tenfold or elevenfold of all his present substance
 He offer'd me, and more beside, so much as are the treasures 380
 Which come unto Orchomenus, or to Ægyptian Thebe,
 That hundredgated city, where in every gate are counted
 Two hundred men, who each go in with chariot and horses;
 Where in the merchant-chambers lie stores of surpassing richness;
 Or if so many were his gifts, as sand and dust in number; 385
 Not even so might Atreus' son my stubborn purpose vanquish,
 Before he thoroughly repay his spirit-racking outrage.
 Nor of Atrides Agamemnon wed will I the daughter;
 Not if in beauty she compete with golden Aphrodite,
 Or tho' her hands' accomplishment vie with greyey'd Athene, 390
 Still I accept her not: for her, let him from all the Achaians
 Another choose, more suitable, and one than me more royal.
 For if the gods have care of me and home I reach in safety,
 Peleus (I wis) himself for me a seemly mate will furnish.
 On Hellas and on Phthia dwell Achaian damsels many, 395
 Daughters of chieftains, who maintain each man his proper fortress:
 From these (I reckon), whom I please, might I select as consort.
 Much verily and oftentime my noble soul hath urg'd me,
 With a betroth'd and wedded wife, a well-beseeming partner,
 There to delight me in the wealth by aged Peleus gather'd. 400
 For, recompence for *life* to me is none, in all the chattel,
 Which Ilium, they say, possess'd, that thicklypeopled fortress,
 In former days, while peace was yet, ere came Achaia's children;
 Nor in the treasures prisoned beneath the marble pavement
 Of bright Apollo, archer-prince, within his rocky Pytho. 405
 For, troth! by foray and by raid ye get stout sheep and oxen,
 And tripods eke by purchase come, and auburn crests of horses:

405. *Pytho*, afterwards called Delphi, from its new inhabitants.

But *life* to summon back again, when once it pass the outwork
 Of a man's teeth, no purchase then nor martial raid hath power.
 For, Thetis of the silver foot, my goddess mother, often 410
 Warneth me, that by double fates I unto death am carried.
 If, here abiding, round the walls of Ilium I combat,
 No backward voyage waiteth me, but deathless is my glory;
 But if I homeward sail, and reach my native land beloved,
 No noble glory waiteth me, but days of life extended 415
 Shall long endure, nor quickly shall the end of death o'ertake me.
 Yea, and to all the rest of you I do this counsel tender,
 Homeward your galley-prows to turn; sith never will ye compass
 The end of lofty Ilium : for Jupiter wide-sighted
 Holdeth his own hand over her, and hearteneth her people. 420
 But ye, at your return, address the chieftains of Achaia,
 And speak your message out : for *that* the duty is of elders.
 Bid them within their heart to frame some other counsel better,
 Which may the Achaian people save and smoothly hollow galleys;
 Sith this which they devis'd is vain, while I abide relentless. 425
 But in our tents let Phoenix stay and pass the night : to-morrow,
 If such his pleasure, he with us to his dear native country
 Shall voyage; but against his will, surely I will not take him."
 Thus did he answer: thereupon they all were dumb in silence, 430
 Aghast at that high utterance : so sturdily he spake it.
 After long pause, at length replied old charioteering Phoenix
 With gushing tear ; for mightily fear for the galleys mov'd him.
 " Gallant Achilles ! if return be now in truth thy purpose,
 Nor wiltest deadly fire to ward from the sharp-pointed galleys 435
 At all, since rage possesseth thee ; how then could I be parted
 From thee, dear child ? but me to thee old charioteering Peleus
 Gave on the day, where he from Phthia sent thee to Atrides.
 A child wast thou, to council new, where men achieve distinction, 440
 And rude in war all-levelling : therefore with thee he sent me,
 As one who words for thee might speak, and guide to deeds thy effort.
 So would not I from thee, dear child ! be parted ; not, did Heaven
 Promise, old age from me to strip, and give me youthful vigour, 445
 Such as of yore ; what time I fled from Hellas fair with women,

To shun the quarrel of my sire Ormenides Amyntor,
 Who, for his consort's bright hair'd maid was fill'd with rage against me;
 A maid, for whose endearments he his proper spouse dishonour'd, 450
 My mother. She my knees embrac'd and oft with tears implor'd me
 The damsel to preoccupy and balk my aged rival.
 I heard, and wrought my mother's will. But he forthwith suspecting,
 Utter'd against me many a curse, and pray'd the awful Furies,
 That never upon knees of his might sit a darling offspring 455
 From me begotten: troth! his word the mighty gods accomplish'd,
 Both nether-swaying Jupiter and terrible Prosérpine.
 Awhile I plotted in my heart with the sharp brass to slay him;
 But some immortal stay'd my wrath, and counsell'd me to ponder
 The many luckless jibes of men and rumours of the people, 460
 If haply I a parricide were called among the Achaians.
 While bearing thus my father's wrath, the heart within my bosom
 No longer might endure to dwell pent up within his chambers.
 Then verily from every side my kinsmen and my cousins
 Encircling me, with many a pray'r detain'd me in the palace. 465
 Many stout sheep and clumsy-footed crumple-horned oxen
 Were slaughter'd for them; many hogs luxuriant in fatness,
 Huge scorching carcases, were stretch'd across the flame of Vulcan;
 And from that aged prince's jars strong wine was teem'd in plenty.
 Nine nights they slept around me: guard in turns they kept: nor ever
 The fire went out, within the porch of the well-girded cloister
 Nor eke before my bower-doors amid the entrance-chambers.
 But when the tenth night came on me enwrap in gloomy darkness,
 My bower's closely-fitted doors I broke, and leaping lightly 475
 Over the court-wall, pass'd my guards,— men, and domestic women.
 Then I thro' Hellas' wide domain escap'd, and came to Phthia,
 Parent of sheep and deep of loam, unto the princely Peleus,
 Who greeted me with forward love, e'en as a wealthy father 480
 Loveth his child, his tenderling, his only heir begotten.
 He made me rich, and gave to me a train of many people;
 So among Dolopes I ruled, and dwelt in farthest Phthia,
 And lov'd thee from my inmost heart, and to this godlike stature 485

Rear'd thee, divine Achilles! for with other man thou wouldest
 Neither unto a banquet go, nor feed within the palace,
 Ere on my knees I seated thee, and gave thee tastes of dainties,
 And held to thee the winecup; oft in infantine annoyance 490
 Didst thou the winedraught gurgled out, and wet my bosom's vesture.
 So then for thee I verily much suffer'd and much labour'd,
 Forecasting, that for me the gods no proper offspring destin'd;
 But thee, divine Achilles! I as my own child adopted,
 If-that thou mightest ward from me unseemly force hereafter. 495
 Oh Achileus! thy mighty soul subdue! nor is it rightful
 For thee a ruthless heart to hold: the very gods are yielding,
 The gods, who are preeminent in virtue, force and honour.
 E'en they by penitence of men are from their purpose turned
 With sacrifice and pleasing vow and incense and libation, 500
 When mortal man hath trespassed and made himself a sinner.
 For, Penitences damsels are by mighty Jove begotten,
 Knee-stumbling, haggard in the cheek, with eyes askance and downcast,
 Who in the track of Frenesy with sad remorse do follow.
 But Frenesy is vigorous and sound of limb; for alway 505
 She plungeth far ahead of them, and earlier for mischief
 Man's heart doth occupy; and they but heal the wounds behind her.
 Now whoso kindly pitieth Jove's daughters near approaching,
 Him greatly do they benefit and to his prayer hearken;
 But whoso to their word is deaf, and e'en refuseth harshly, 510
 They unto Jove Saturnius go, and implore in guerdon,
 That Frenesy on *him* may come and craze him for disaster.
 But Achileus! do also thou unto the heav'nly damsels
 Pay deference, and bend thy soul, as others soothly noble.
 Did not Atrides gifts present, and more in future promise, 515
 But alway nakedly persist in bitterness of outrage;
 No prayer *I* to thee would make to cast away thy anger
 And to the Argives succour bring, entirely tho' they need thee.
 But now, at once forthwith doth he give much, and more behighteth
 To give hereafter, and hath sent forth from the Achaian army 520
 Chieftains select, as embassy; who to thyself are dearest
 Of all the Argives: whose address and coming, make not empty.

Before such meed of honour came, none might thy anger censure.
 So have we heard from former days the tales of mighty heroes,
 When haply some of them were mov'd by vehemence of choler, 525
 Yet noble gifts acceptance found and gentle words appeas'd them.
 Now I myself an ancient deed remember: 'tis not recent;
 But as it was, so will I tell to you, my friends assembled.
 Around the city Calydon two war-abiding peoples,
 Curetes and Ætolians, did each the other slaughter. 530
 To guard the lovely Calydon the Ætolians were fighting,
 But the Curetes eager were with foeman's rage to waste it.
 For golden-throned Artemis this mischief rous'd betwixt them,
 Wrathful, that in the orchard's lap to *her* no festive honours
 Had Oeneus held: and other gods on hecatombs were feasted, 535
 But to the maid of mighty Jove alone no honours paid he.
 Forgetful he or thoughtless was; but ruinous the folly.
 For she, the arrow-scatterer, issue divine, enraged,
 Sent-in a savage white-tusk'd boar to wallow in the herbage,
 Who visited with dire annoy the orchard-grounds of Oeneus. 540
 Then many a tall and fruitful tree, with stem and branch and flower,
 Out of the soil uprooted he: but auburn Meleager,
 The son of Oeneus, slaughter'd him; from many towns collecting
 Huntsmen and hounds; for such a foe no scanty forcè might master. 545
 So huge was he: and many men on the sad pile he mounted.
 But she around his carcase rais'd much shouting and embroilment
 For the boar's head and shaggy hide, betwixt the keen Curetes
 And lofty-soul'd Aetolians. Now while that Meleager, 550
 Belov'd of Ares, fought; so long 'twas ill with the Curetes,
 Nor might they, many tho' they were, abide without their rampart,
 Until in Meleager's soul his mother dear, Althæa,
 Kindled a fury, such as eke in prudent hearts hath power. 555
 Then lay he by his wedded wife, the beauteous Cleopatra,
 The daughter of Euenus' child, Marpessa taper-ankled,
 Consort of Idas, who was once of men on earth the stoutest,
 Then living; yea, and hardily against the prince Apollo,
 To save his taper-ankled bride, his archer-weapons handled. 560
 (Her thereupon within their halls her sire and queenly mother

Alcyone by surname call'd ; because, for ever mournful,
 She, like the widow'd Alcyon in tearful fate entangled, 563
 Went wailing, when the bright Apollo snatch'd away her bridegroom.)
 So Meleager by his spouse lay indolent, digesting [guish,
 The rancour which his mother's words had stirr'd; who, stung with an-
 For-that her brother he had slain, spake many a curse to heaven ;
 And oft the many-feeding earth she thrash'd with hand of passion,
 Seated on knee of suppliant, (and tears bedew'd her bosom,)
 And call'd aloud on Aïdes and terrible Prosérpine, 570
 Death to her child to give: and her from Erebus the Fury,
 Who in mid darkness stalketh, heard, implacable of spirit.
 Meanwhile from *them*, around the gates, as they assail'd the towers,
 Rose clang and hubbub; and to *him*, with humble supplication,
 The chiefest of the priests arriv'd, sent by the Aetolian elders, 575
 To pray, he would in rescue come, and promis'd mighty guerdon.
 Where'er of lovely Calydon the plain was richest deemed,
 There willed they to bid him choose a portion chief in beauty,
 Of fifty acres ; half of it in slopes with vineyards studded,
 The other half, flat open field well portioned for ploughing. 580
 And Oeneus, aged charioteer, upon the threshold stepping
 Of the high-roofed bower, came and shook the joined panels,
 Seeking to clasp his knees : but *he* not e'en his sire admitted.
 Yea, tho' to him his sisters too and queenly mother often 584
 Made prayer, still he more and more refus'd : and much his comrades
 Entreated, who of all to him were canniest and dearest :
 Nor even so persuaded they the heart within his bosom,
 Till on the chamber batterings came thick, and on the towers
 Mounted the foe, and scatter'd fire over the mighty city.
 So then at last with tears and wail his dapper-girdled consort 590
 Did Meleager supplicate, and all the woes recounted

563. The Greek text does not admit this sense, but runs : "*her mother*, like the Alcyon," which seems to me absurd. Alcyon is celebrated for grief at the death of her husband Ceyx, who was drowned, according to Ovid. The words of Homer in v. 564 leave it uncertain, whether Apollo *slew Idas* or *carried off Marpessa*. The common tale gives to Idas a longer life.

567. A long tale is here glanced at. The old interpreter says that Meleager slew *five* brothers of his mother.

Of captur'd towns:—"the men are kill'd, and fire the city wasteth
 While others lead the children off, and broadly-girded women."—
 Then was the breast within him stirr'd, to hear such deeds of evil; 595
 He hied to go, and o'er his skin he donn'd his shining armour.
 So he from the Ætolians the day of mischief warded,
 Withdrawing from his anger: yet to him no more fulfill'd they
 The many pleasant gifts, but he thankless achiev'd his labour.
 But thou, of such a mind beware; and let no prompting Spirit 600
 Turn thee to this, O child belov'd! far sorer were the combat
 To rescue galleys flaming: but, while presents still are tender'd,
 Come for thy meed: then like a god the Achaians thee will honour.
 But if to hero-wasting war uncall'd and late thou hurry,
 Then, tho' thou rescue them, far less will be thy praise and guerdon." 605

But him Achilles, fleet of foot, address'd with words responsive:
 "Jove-nurtur'd Phœnix, aged friend! to me such praise and guerdon
 Is needless. Jove's arbitrement, I trust, with seemly honour
 Will greet me. This will hold me here, beside the crested galleys,
 While breath doth in my bosom dwell, and while my knees support me.
 This also will I say;—and thou, within thy mind revolve it:
 Do not with wailing and with grief, to gratify the hero
 Atrides, melt my tender heart; nor rightful do I count it
 For thee to love him; lest by me, who love thee, thou be hated.
 Proper for thee it is, with me to vex, whoso me vexeth. 615
 Live as my peer in royalty, endow'd with half my honour.—
 Now these shall bear the message back, and thou behind abiding
 In a soft couch shalt rest; but we, when early Dawn ariseth,
 Will ponder, whether to remain, or homeward to betake us."

This said, unto Patroclus he with silent eyebrow nodded, 620
 A bed for Phœnix, soft and dense, to strew, that with the morning
 They from the tent might quickly plan the homeward course. Then Ajax,
 The Telamonian, match for gods, thus spake his word among them:

"O Jove-deriv'd! Laertes' son! Ulysses much-contriving!
 Go we: for not by this approach the purport of our errand 625
 Shall (as I deem) fulfilment find: but back we now must carry

609. He seems to mean: "Honour forbids me to leave my ships and go to aid Agamemnon."

This word unto the Danaï, albeit no wise pleasant,
 Who now, I ween, wait in their seats expectant. But Achilles
 A savage haughty-hearted soul within his bosom keepeth,
 Cruel: nor is abash'd before the kindness of comrades, 630
 Wherewith, beside the galleys, *him* preeminent we honour;
 O ruthless! Yea, but every man taketh a slayer's ransom,
 For son or brother kill'd; and he who slew, with great amercement,
 Among his people doth abide; the other, sooth'd by presents, 635
 Curbeth his lofty moodiness. Now for a single damsel
 In thee the gods unceasing wrath have set: and lo! we offer
 Seven preeminent, and much beside. But thou, appease thy spirit;
 Revere thy own abode; for here beneath thy roof we meet thee 640
 From the full throng of Danaï; and we, of all the Achaïans,
 Would alway fain abide to thee the tenderest and dearest."

But him Achilles, swift of foot, address'd in words responsive:
 "Oh Joveborn governour of peoples, Telamonian Ajax!
 All that thou sayest seemest thou after my mind to utter. 654
 But anger swelleth in my heart, when I his deeds remember;
 How mid the host he outrag'd me as some degraded outcast.
 But ye unto your king return and speak to him my message.
 So soon as godlike Hector, son of skilful-hearted Priam, 650
 Reacheth the tents of Myrmidons, and smouldereth the galleys,
 Slaying the Argives;—only then will I give heed to battle.
 But, whatsoe'er his eagerness, beside my dusky galley
 And round my tent, I deem that he will make a pause of combat." 655

He spake: then one by one they grasp'd a goblet doubly hollow
 And made libation; backward then beside the galleys hied they.
 Ulysses led in front: meanwhile Patroclus bade his comrades
 And handmaids quickly to array a dainty bed for Phœnix:
 And they obedient array'd a bed, as he commanded, 660
 With matted rug and coverlet and flimsy down of linen.
 There did the aged man repose, awaiting heav'nly Morning.
 Achilles, he in a recess of the well-clos'd pavilion
 Slumber'd; and by his side was laid a dame, whom he from Lesbos
 Brought,—Diomedè dainty-cheek'd, the daughter erst of Phorbas. 665
 Patroclus on the other side reclin'd, and eke beside him

Lay Iphis dapper-girdled, whom on him divine Achilles
Bestow'd, when Scyrus' isle he took, steep fortress of Enyeus.

But them, when to Atrides' tents again their feet had borne them,
Achaia's children, one by one, to each with golden goblets, 670
Uprising, salutation made, and spake a word of question.
But Agamemnon, prince of men, was foremost with inquiry:
"Come say, Ulysses, rich of lore, great glory of the Achaians,
Willeth he from the foeman's fire to screen the Argive galleys,
Or hath refus'd, and anger still his mighty heart possesseth?" 675

To him replied the godlike man, Ulysses much-enduring:
"O Agamemnon, prince of men, most glorious Atrides!
In sooth he willeth not his rage to quench, but more than ever
Is swollen with disdain; and thee and eke thy gifts rejecteth.
Upon thyself he layeth charge to ponder with the Argives, 680
How mayest thou the galleys save and people of Achaians.
But, for himself, so soon as e'er the morrow dawn, he threatens
Into the briny flood to launch his easy-steering galleys.
Yea, and to all the rest of us this counsel doth he tender,
Homeward our galley-prows to turn; sith never will ye compass 685
The end of lofty Ilium; for Jupiter wide-sighted
Holdeth his own hand over her, and hearteneth her people.
Such were his words; and others here, who follow'd me, are witness,—
Both Ajax, and the heralds twain discreet alike: but Phœnix,
The old man, sleepeth there: for so Achilles bade. To-morrow, 690
If such his pleasure, he with them to their dear native country
Will voyage: but against his will Achilles will not take him."

Thus did he answer: thereupon they all were dumb in silence,
[Aghast at that high utterance: so sturdily he spake it.]
Dismay'd with sorrow, long were all Achaia's children speechless, 695
Till Diomedes, good at need, at length replied before them:

"O Agamemnon, prince of men, most glorious Atrides!
Would that thou haddest never sued the spotless son of Peleus
With offer of unbounded gifts! He of himself is haughty,
And now with haughtinesses new much more hast thou inflam'd him.
But him we now may let alone, whether he choose to voyage 701
Or here abide: in time will he to war return, whenever

The spirit in his heart may bid, and when the god shall rouse him.
 But come; as I the word shall speak, let all compliant follow :
 Take ye this night your slumber, when ye have your heart refreshed 705
 With pleasant bread and wine; for this to weary men is vigour.
 But when the rosyfinger'd Morn hath risen fair upon us,
 Then quick and urgently let each set men and steeds in order
 Before the galleys, and himself do battle mid the foremost."

Thus spake he: then the gather'd kings in admiration murmur'd 710
 At the harangue which Diomedes coursertaming utter'd.
 So, when libations they had made, went each to his pavilion,
 And laid their bodies to repose and took the gift of slumber.



BOOK X.

Now all the rest by galley-side, chieftains of Pan-Achaia,
 Kept thro' the livelong night repose, by gentle sleep o'ermaster'd.
 But not Atrides Agamemnon, shepherd of the people,
 Might be in slumber sweet detain'd; but tides of thought did toss him.
 And as when brightair'd Juno's lord thro' heaven lightning sendeth, 5
 Devising hail or piercing sleet (whensnowthe clods hath powder'd),
 Or rainy flood ineffable, or bitter-yawning battle;
 So thickly from his bosom sobb'd the royal Agamemnon,
 Deep drawing from his heart the moan; and all his vitals trembled. 10
 When o'er the Troian plain he gaz'd, the many flames admir'd he,
 Which burnt in front of Ilium,— the sound of flutes and whistles,
 And hum of men: but when he saw the Achaian folk and galleys,
 Then many a hair with lowest roots from out his head uptare he 15
 To Jupiter aloft; and deep his noble heart was shaken.

But to his mind this path appear'd the best ; to go for Nestor,
The son of Neleus, first of men ; if-that some blameless counsel
The twain might ponder, and from bale the Danaï deliver. 20

Upright he rais'd him, and put on around his breast the tunic,
And underneath his supple feet he bound the comely sandals.
But next, a fiery lion's hide he wrapt about his shoulders,
Vast, ruddy, reaching to the heel ; and took his spear beside him.

So eke on Menelaüs came like trembling ; nor did slumber 25
Sit on his eyelids ; terror-struck, lest aught befall the Argives,
Who truly o'er the waters wide for vengeance of his quarrel
To Troas' land had voyaged, audacious combat planning.

First with a spotted panther-skin his shoulders' breadth he cover'd ;
But next a brazen coronal upon his head adjusted, 30
And in his broad hand grasp'd a spear ; and hied to rouse his brother,
Who mightily the Argives sway'd, and as a god was honour'd.

But him he found, around his frame the beauteous armour fitting,
At stern of galley ; and to him brought joy by his arrival. 35
Then Menelaüs, good at need, his brother first accosted :

"My gracious sir, why arimest thou? dost haply urge some comrade
To espy the Troian camp? but I do direly fear, that no one
This work will undertake,—alone amid the foes to venture, 40
Peering across ambrosial night. A sturdy heart is wanted."

To him in words reciprocal spake royal Agamemnon :
"Jove-nurtur'd Menelas ! for thee and me is need of counsel,
Crafty to liberate and save the Argives and their galleys.

For Jove's intent is chang'd, who now on offerings of Hector 45
Rather hath set his mind : for I neither by sight nor story
Have known one man so rueful deeds within a day to compass,
As Hector, dear to Jove, hath wrought upon Achaia's children,

He a mere man, no sacred birth from god or goddess boasting. 50
Deeds hath he done, which, I aver, shall rouse concern in Argives
Lasting and long : such bale hath he against Achaia wreaked.

But hie thee hence, and summon now Idomeneus and Ajax,
Beside the galleys speeding thee ; and I to godlike Nestor
Will go, and urge him to arise, if haply he be willing 55
Unto the sacred watcher-band to cross, and keenly stir them.

For none as he their ear might gain, sith as his son is leader
To marshal them; and eke with him Idomeneus' attendant,
Meriones. For upon these chief trust have we reposed."

Then Menelaüs, good at need, accosted him responsive: 60
"How willest thou that I perform this errand and injunction?
Am I beside the watch to stay, and wait until thou join us,
Or hie me after thee again, when duly I have charg'd them?"

Then Agamemnon, prince of men, reciprocal address'd him:
"Stay on the spot, lest we perchance miss each the other, passing, 65
Amid the gloom: for many are the paths along the army.
And where thou goest, speak aloud, and urge them to be wakeful,
And name the parentage of each, their line of sires recounting,
And lavish praise on all; nor err by haughtiness of spirit,
But let us both good service do in person. So, it seemeth, 70
Jove with the past events on us distressful moil imposeth."

With such address and careful charge dispatched he his brother,
And hied himself in speed, to find Nestor, the people's shepherd.
But him he found within his tent, beside the dusky galley,
On a soft bed; and close to him was laid his curious armour, 75
His shield, two spears, and shining casque with triple crest above it.
Beside them lay his breadth of belt, all-motley; which around him
The old man girded, whensoever to hero-wasting battle,
Leading the folk, he hied; for he enfeebling Eld resisted.
Now on his elbow raising him, he, with the head uplifted, 80
Address'd his speech to Atreus' son, and summon'd him with question:

"Who lonely there beside the ships along the army paceth
In covert of the dusky night, when other mortals slumber?
Say, seekest thou some mule astray, or one of thy companions?
Speak out, nor silent come on me, but tell, what errand brings thee."

Then Agamemnon, prince of men, to him in turn responded: 86
"O Nestor, Neleus' progeny! great glory of the Achaians!
Canst Agamemnon recognize? whom in a sea of troubles
Beyond all mortals Jove hath plung'd, entirely and for ever,
While breath doth in my bosom dwell, and while my knees support me.
But thus I roam, sith on my eyes no gentle slumber sitteth; 91

For, my sad heart doth ruminatè Achaian war and sorrows,
 And grimly for the Danaï I fear: my thoughts within me
 Steadfast no longer are, but faint, and waver: from my bosom
 My heart outleapeth, and beneath, my gallant limbs are palsied. 95
 But if thou aught of vigour hast, sith wakeful thou abidest,
 Descend we to the sentinels, to visit them, lest haply,
 Conquer'd by sleep and weariness, they yield themselves to slumber,
 The watch forgetting: close at hand sitteth the foe; nor know we 100
 Whether perchance in shades of night he eager be to combat."

To him thereat the charioteer Gerenian Nestor answer'd:
 "O Agamemnon, prince of men, most glorious Atrides,
 Truly not all the purposes which Hector now deviseth,
 Will Jove the Counsellor perform; but he, I trow, will struggle 105
 With troubles more and worsè, if from his disastrous anger
 Achilles change his noble heart. But thee I gladly follow;
 And others eke will we arouse; —the spear-renown'd Tydides,
 Ulysses and swift Ajax and the valiant son of Phyleus, 110
 And greater Ajax, match for gods, if one were free to fetch him;
 Withal, the prince Idomeneus; for farthest stand their galleys.
 But Menelas, all-be-that I dear and august account him,
 To thy displeasure will I chide, nor will I hide my censure, 115
 Who sleepeth, and to thee alone such busy duty leaveth.
 But now his task it were, to toil beyond all other chieftains,
 With supplication; for distress unbearable hath reach'd us."

Then Agamemnon, prince of men, accosted him responsive:
 "My aged friend, at other times I bid thee to rebuke him; 120
 For oft in listlessness he waits and willeth not to labour,
 Not from a coward slothful heart, nor aught perverse in temper,
 But keeping still his eye on me, and my resolve awaiting.
 Now woke he earlier than me, and stood above my pillow.
 Him have I forward sent, to call the twain of whom thou askest. 125
 But go we: them I trust to meet before the fenced portals
 Among the sentinels; for there the trysting-place assign'd I."

To him thereat the charioteer Gerenian Nestor answer'd:
 "'Tis well: for so, on future day, none will of all the Argives
 Indignant be or disobey, when he shall charge and urge them."

This said, the aged man put on around his breast the tunic,
 And underneath his supple feet he bound the comely sandals,
 And at his shoulder button'd he a cloak of Punic purple,
 Double, lowreaching, cover'd well with curly shag above it.
 Then did he grasp a valiant spear, pointed with brass welltemper'd, 135
 And hied to go along the ships of brazen-cloak'd Achaïans.
 Ulysses first he found, to Jove an equipoise in counsel,
 And with loud call arous'd him: quick the voice his heart encircled,
 And from the tent forthwith he came, and spake to them in answer: 140

“Why lonely thus beside the ships along the army roam ye
 Mid the ambrosial night? wherein doth need so pressing urge you?”

To him thereat the charioteer Gerenian Nestor answer'd:
 “O Jove-deriv'd, Laertes' son, Ulysses much-contriving,
 Take no offence: so fierce distress upon the Achaïans presseth. 145
 But follow, while we others rouse, whom it befits to summon
 On our high council, to decide either on flight or battle.”

He spake: then, entering his tent, Ulysses much-devising
 Amuchwrought buckler slung around his breast, and mov'd behind them.
 Next went they after Diomedes, Tydeus son; and found him 150
 Lying in arms outside his tent; and round, his comrades slumber'd.
 Beneath their heads their bucklers lay; their spears upright were planted,
 Fix'd in the earth by upper end: the brazen gleam, as lightning
 Of father Jove, flash'd from afar: but he, their chief, was sleeping.
 Beneath his body lay a hide, torn from a bull field-roaming, 155
 But underneath his head was stretch'd a sheeny-broider'd carpet.
 Then with his foot the charioteer Gerenian Nestor stirr'd him,
 And waken'd and exhorted him, and with reproach confronted:
 “Wake, son of Tydeus! why all night dost cull the prime of slumber?
 Nor knowest that the Troïans are seated near the galleys 160
 Along a swelling of the plain, and little space doth ward them?”

When thus accosted, from his sleep right quickly up he started,
 And straightway speaking in reply, did winged accents utter:

“Severe art thou, my aged friend! from toil thou never restest.
 Hath not Achaia younger sons than thee, to move patrolling 165
 And wake the princes? aged sir! distressful is thy vigour.”

To him in turn the charioteer Gerenian Nestor answer'd:

“Ay, verily, all this, my friend, discreetly hast thou spoken ;
 For, blameless children, troth! have I, and a long train of peoples, 170
 Who might patrol and summon you: but heavy need oppresses
 The Achaians mightily: for now upon an edge of razor
 Standeth their future,—or to live, or fall in moanful ruin.

But come, swift Ajax rouse for us; withal, the son of Phyleus; 175
 Sith pity for my age thou hast: for thou than me art younger.”

Hereat, a fiery lion's hide, vast, reaching to the ankle,
 Tydides round his shoulders wrapt, and took his spear beside him,
 And started on his path: and them he rous'd and quickly gather'd.
 But when amid the assembled watch at length they were arrived, 180
 Not slumbering, I wis, they found the captains of the watchers,
 But all with panoply complete in wakeful mood were seated.
 As, penn'd upon a field, the dogs around the sheep are anxious,
 Hearing some stalwart-hearted beast, who thro' the forest howleth,
 Crossing the mountains; after him an endless riot gathers 185
 Of dogs and shepherds; all the night, their hope of sleep hath perish'd:
 So from their eyelids vanish'd then all hope of gentle slumber,
 As thro' that evil night they watch'd: for to the plain they alway
 Turn'd their regard, whene'er they deem'd the Troïans advancing.
 At sight of them the aged man was joyous, and, to cheer them, 190
 He spake a word enheartening. and winged accents utter'd:

“Dear children! watch ye, diligent, as now; and let not slumber
 Any invade; lest we become a triumph to the foemen.”

He spake, and crossing, pass'd the moat; and after him there follow'd
 All who to council summon'd were, king-leaders of the Argives. 195
 Along with them Meriones and Nestor's brilliant offspring
 Proceeded; for the kings themselves their joint advice invited. [tion
 Then o'er the moat, which deep was dug, they cross'd, and took their sta-
 On a clear space, where open ground was seen between the corpses,
 Which fell, where Hector yester-eve set pause upon his fury, 200
 Prostrate the Argives laying, when the shades of night inclos'd him.
 Here duly seated, each to each did canny counsel open.
 To them the Pylian charioteer, Nestor, began discourses:
 “My friends! can no man then be found of Argos, who, confiding
 In his own daring soul, among the mighty-hearted Troians 205

Would venture, if perchance he catch some foeman on the outskirt,
 Or hear among the Troïans some rumour of their purpose,
 Whether their bent be, here to stay, afar, anent the galleys,
 Or to the city back to go, as victors of the Achaians. 210
 Might he such questions duly sound, and safe return among us,
 His glory would to heaven reach, and noble gifts await him.
 For upon him shall every chief, who Argive galleys swayeth,
 Bestow a black ewe, big with young, of woolly chattels peerless; 215
 And alway shall he find a seat at public feast and banquet."

Such was his counsel: thereupon they all were dumb in silence,
 Till Diomedes, good at need, utter'd his voice among them :

"Nestor, my heart and noble soul doth mightily bestir me 220
 Into the Trojan foeman-host, which near us lies, to enter.
 But, with another join'd, it were more comforting and cheery.
 When two together go, the one before the other seizeth,
 How gain is won ; but, when alone, if rightly he discern it, 225
 Yet all his mind more sluggish is, and puny is his counsel."

He spake; then many wish'd to be escórt to Diomedes,
 Both the Ajaces wish'd for it, twin ministers of Ares,—
 And Merion : but greatly did the son of Nestor wish it.
 The son of Atreus wish'd for it, spear-famous Meneläus. 230
 And much Ulysses wish'd, the crowd of Troïans to enter ;
 For alway he in daring soul some enterprize was plotting.
 Then Agamemnon, prince of men, pronounc'd his word among them :

"O Diomedes, Tydeus' son, to my regards most pleasing,
 Now mayest thou thyself select the comrade whom thou willest, 235
 Who of the claimants bravest is ; sith many here are eager.
 But thou no reverence of heart indulge, to lose the braver,
 Where choice is free; nor take the worse, by bashfulness persuaded,
 Looking to birth ; not even if one kinglier be offer'd."

So spake he, inwardly afraid for auburn Meneläus. 240
 But Diomedes, good at need, again replied among them :
 "If then in truth ye lay on me myself to choose a comrade,
 Could I in such arbitrement, forget divine Ulysses,
 In whom the heart and noble soul surpassingly is forward
 For every feat of hardiment; and maid Athene loves him ? 245

If *he* be my escórt, I ween we might return deliver'd

Safe even out of blazing fire : so sage are his devices."

To him the much-enduring man, divine Ulysses, answer'd :

"O son of Tydeus, praise me not too much, nor yet reproach me ;

For, those who hear thee, Argives are, with me and thee acquainted. 250

But go we ; for the night apace doth yield, and morn approacheth :

The stars are far upon their course, and of the nightly watches

More than two parts are gone ; a third barely is left for action."

So spake they mutual ; and both assum'd their dreadful armour.

A buckler upon Tydeus' son war-biding Thrasymedes 255

Bestow'd,—and cutlass double-edg'd ; for he beside the galleys

Had left his own : and round his head he plac'd a cap of bull-hide,

Ridgeless and crestless ; such as guards the heads of blooming callants.

But to Ulysses Merion a bow and quiver offer'd, 260

And sword ; and plac'd around his head a helmet wrought of leather,

With many a twisted strap within girt strongly ; but without it

On either side in thick array a boar's white tusks were planted

Well and right cleverly ; but felt was in the middle fitted. 265

From Eleon, where reign'd of yore Ormenides Amyntor,

Autolycus had stolen it, the closed chamber boring.

It at Scandeia he bestow'd on a Kytheran hero,

Amphidamas ; from whom it pass'd as hospitable token

To Molus : he to Merion, his proper son, bequeath'd it, 270

For use of war : now, settled close, Ulysses' head it shelter'd.

So then the twain, when both were busk'd complete in dreadful armour,

Hied them to go ; and on the spot, behind them, all the bravest

They left ; and maid Athene sent beside the road, to greet them,

A lucky heron : mid the gloom its cry they knew, tho' nothing 275

Saw they. Ulysses then rejoic'd, and thus besought Athene :

"Offspring of ægis-holding Jove, who alway dost beside me

In every feat of danger stand, and all my goings knowest,

Hearken to me, and chiefly now befriend me, O Athene ! 280

Grant us returning to arrive with glory at the galleys,

After some deed of hardiment, which Troians long may ponder."

Next Diomedes, good at need, did second raise his prayer :

"Eke unto me, O child of Jove ! unweariable ! hearken.

Escort me, as of yore thou didst my father, godlike Tydeus, 285
 Escort to Thebes, when forth he went ambassador for Argos,
 And left upon Asopus' banks the brazen-cloak'd Achaians.
 Thither a gentle word did he to the Cadmeians carry;
 Yet he on his returning path a dire achievement plotted,
 Goddess divine! by thy support, who stoodest by, to prompt him.
 In the same fashion now, beside me willing stand, and guard me:
 And I to thee will sacrifice a broad-fac'd yearling heifer
 Untam'd; which no man hitherto beneath the yoke hath fasten'd.
 Gold will I spread around its horns and yield it to thy honour."

So utter'd they the word of pray'r, and maid Athene heard them. 295
 When to the imp of mighty Jove they thus had paid their worship,
 They hied to go, as lions twain, amid the nightly darkness,
 O'er carcasses and dusky gore, thro' weapons and thro' carnage.

Eke Hector, neither yet did he permit the haughty Troians
 To sleep; but into council thick he all the bravest summon'd, 300
 As many as of Troians were governours and leaders.
 When these together he had call'd, a canny word disclos'd he:
 "Who for a mighty guerdon now would undertake and finish
 The deed which in my mind I plan? nor should his meed be scanty.
 For I will give the chariot and two high-crested coursers, 305
 Which are of all preeminent at yon Achaian galleys,
 On him, who hath the hardiment to earn him proper glory,
 And near the swift-careering ships to go, and make inquiry,
 Whether they guard them, as of old, or, by our hands o'ermaster'd, 310
 Among themselves they meditate a homeward flight; and haply,
 Outwearied by direful toil, neglect the nightly watches."

So he harangu'd them: thereupon they all were dumb in silence.—
 Among the Troians was a man, Dolon; whose sire Eumedes
 A godlike herald was: the son was rich in gold and copper, 315
 And had in form no comeliness, tho' excellent his swiftness:
 Five were the daughters of his sire, but he their only brother.
 Who then stood forth, and spake his word to Hector and the Troians:

"Hector! my heart and noble soul doth mightily bestir me
 Near to the swift-careering ships to go, and make inquiry. 320
 But come, thy sceptre forward reach, and swear an oath upon it,

That verily the chariot inwrought with brass, and coursers
 On *me* thou wilt bestow, which bear the spotless son of Peleus.
 But I a spy to thee will be nor vain nor short of promise :
 For thro' and thro' the army I will pass, till I arrive at 325
 The ship of Agamemnon, where (I deem) the bravest heroes
 Join the high council, to decide either on flight or battle."

Then Hector held his sceptre forth, and sware an oath upon it :
 "Bear witness Jupiter himself loud-rumbling lord of Juno ;
 No other man of Troïans shall on these coursers mount him,
 But thou perpetual shalt reap delight from them and glory."

False was the oath which thus he sware, yet *him* it keenly stirred.
 Quickly behind his back he slung his bending bow and quiver :
 On outer part a hoary skin of wolf he wrapt around him,
 With casque of weasel screen'd his head, and seiz'd a pointed jav'lin, 335
 And from the army hied toward the ships. But backward journey
 None was for him by Fate decreed, to bring report to Hector.
 But when the crowd of steeds and men he left, and eager sallied,
 Ulysses his approach perceiv'd, and spake to Diomedes : 340

"Some man, O Diomedes,—hark! comes hither from the army,
 Whether the galleys to espy, or to despoil the corpses.
 But let us suffer him to pass along the plain a little,
 Then, rushing after, catch him quick: or if his feet outstrip us, 345
 Yet shipward press him with the spear, from his own folk divided."

After such whisper and reply, they crouch'd amid the corpses
 Beside the path; and swiftly he, O simpleton! ran past them. 350
 When só far onward he was gone, as in a match of ploughing
 The mules unto the oxen give : —for they by far are quicker
 In new and sinking soil to drag the heavy-framed ploughshare ;—
 Then, in pursuit, on ran the twain. He heard, and stood and listen'd ;
 For o'er his mind this fancy rush'd, that, at command of Hector, 355
 His comrades of the Troïans came after to recal him.
 But when within a lance's length they reach'd, he knew the foemen,
 And plied his supple knees to flee ; and sharply did they chase him.
 As when, with jagged rows of teeth, two hounds to hunting trained 360
 Over a woody lawn pursue a fawn or hare with effort

351. *A match.* The original is obscure, and the sense here assigned conjectural.

Ever incessant ; forward scuds with shriek the tender quarry :
 So then the son of Tydeus, with Ulysses city-rieving,
 From his own folk dividing him, pursued with speed relentless.
 But when all bût he had achiev'd to mingle with the watchers, 365
 In flight unto the galleys, then Athene mighty vigour
 Into Tydides breath'd, lest some of brazen-cloak'd Achaians
 Boast earlier to fling the dart, and *he* but follow second.
 Then, brandishing his weapon, cried the stalwart Diomedes :

“Stand still, or else my javelin shall reach thee : nor, I reckon, 370
 Long time shalt thou beneath my hand escape headlong destruction.”

He spake, and hurl'd his javelin, but miss'd the man on purpose.
 The point of its well-polish'd shaft over his better shoulder
 Glided, and fasten'd in the ground : then still he stood, and trembled,
 All pale with fear ; and in his mouth his teeth did champ and chatter. 375
 Panting, the twain arriv'd and seiz'd his hands : then weeping spake he :

“Save me alive, O warriors, and take a worthy ransom.
 For in our home is brass and gold and varied forms of iron.
 From these my sire would speedily with boundless ransom please you,
 Soon as he learns of me alive beside the Achaian galleys.”

To him, thereat, responsive spake Ulysses much-devising :
 “Be of good cheer, nor let thy mind by thoughts of death be troubled.
 But come, explain thou this to me and faithfully declare it :
 Why from the army lonely thus toward the galleys goest 385
 In covert of the dusky night, when other mortals slumber ?
 Is it, the corpses to despoil ? or art thou sent by Hector
 As spy upon the hollow ships ? or comest thou self-bidden ?”

Dolon replied, and while he spake, his limbs beneath him trembled :
 “ By frenzied follies Hector me entic'd against my judgment,
 Who gave assent to yield to me the single-hoofed horses
 Of Peleus' lordly son, and eke the car with brass adorned ;
 And thro' the night's swift-rushing gloom he bade me to adventure,
 And to the foeman's galley-side to go, and make inquiry, 395
 Whether they guard them, as of old, or, by our hands o'er-master'd,
 Among themselves they meditate a homeward flight, and haply,
 Outwearied by direful toil, neglect the nightly watches.”

To him with smiling glance replied Ulysses much-devising : 400

"To mighty guerdon verily aspir'd thy daring passion.
 Hard are those steeds for mortal men to tame and guide in harness,
 To all but skilful Achileus, born of a deathless mother.
 But come, explain thou this to me, and faithfully declare it. 405
 Where, hither coming, leftest thou Hector, the people's shepherd?
 Where is his martial armour laid? and where repose his horses?
 And of all other Troïans how lie the beds and watches?
 What are their plans? and are they bent to stay anent the galleys, 410
 Or to the city back to go, as victors of the Achaians?"
 Dolon, Eumedes' son, thereat reciprocal address'd him:
 "Right faithfully will I to thee declare the things thou askest.
 With those who are high councillors Hector exchangeth counsels 415
 Far from the din of war, beside the tomb of godlike Ilus.
 As for the watches, none distinct do guard and save the army.
 For where a fire is kindled, there are men awake to watch it:
 Each guardeth other: but the allies, from many countries summon'd, 420
 Slumber; for to the Troïans they trust the charge of watching.
 Themselves in near vicinity nor children have nor women."
 To him in turn responded then Ulysses much-devising:
 "But how? promiscuous reclin'd with coursertaming Troians
 Slumber they? or on ground apart? distinctly this inform me." 425
 Dolon, Eumedes' son, thereat reciprocal address'd him:
 "This also, which thou askest me, right faithfully I tell thee.
 Toward the sea the Leleges and Cares and Caucônes,
 And Pæones with bending bows, and the divine Pelasgi.
 Thymbre-ward lie the Lycians and haughty-hearted Mysi, 430
 And Mæones with horsehair-crests, and coursertaming Phryges.
 But why thus carefully of me inquire ye where they slumber?
 For if ye eager are, the crowd of Troïans to enter,
 Here lie the Thracians apart, new-come, of all the outmost.
 Rhesus, the son of Eioneus, their king, encamps among them,
 Whose steeds I saw, of all on earth the handsomest and largest,
 Whiter in hue than falling snow, and like the winds in fleetness.
 With gold and silver beauteous his chariot is fashion'd.
 With him he brings a spectacle right marvellous to gaze at,
 Gigantic armour, all of gold, which for a man and mortal 440

Seemeth too glorious to wear ; meet only for the deathless.
 But now permit me to approach the swift-careering galleys,
 Else bind me with a ruthless bond, and here behind you leave me,
 Till ye have gone and trial made, whether I told you truly." 445

To him with scowling glance replied the stalwart Diomedes :
 "Dolon ! no fancy of escape within thy heart indulge thou,
 Sithence our hands have grappled thee; albeit good thy tiding.
 For, ransom'd or escaping now, mightest thou come tomorrow
 Against the swift Achaian ships, as spy or open fighter. 450
 But if, beneath my hands laid low, thou here from life shalt vanish,
 Never wilt thou hereafter work annoy against the Argives."

Then Dolon reach'd his spreading hand, upon the beard to stroke him,
 In guise of suppliant; but he, uprising with the cutlass, 455
 Smote him in middle of the neck and adverse tendons sever'd;
 And ere his lips as yet were still, his head with dust was mingled.
 Then off they stript the weasel-cap, and double bow and quiver,
 Wolfskin and spear; but these aloft divine Ulysses raising 460
 Unto Athene booty-driving, spake his vow and worship :

"With these, O goddess, be thou pleas'd: for thee, of all immortals
 First, in Olympus we invoke: but once again conduct us
 Against the coursers and the beds of men arriv'd from Thrake."

This said, upon a tamarisk he rais'd aloft and plac'd them. 465
 Then reeds collecting and the twigs of tamarisk fresh-sprouting,
 He made a token, clear to sight in gloom of night swift-rushing.
 This finish'd, onward went the twain, thro' dusky gore and weapons,
 And sudden came upon the band of men arriv'd from Thrake. 470
 And they, by toil outwearied, did slumber; and beside them
 Upon the ground in order fair by triple row their weapons
 Brilliant were laid; and every man had coursers twain beside him.
 But Rhesus in the middle slept; and his swift chargers near him,
 From outmost rim of chariot with leathern straps were coupled.
 Ulysses then, first seeing him, to Diomedes beckon'd :

"O Diomedes, lo ! the man, and lo ! the snow-white coursers,
 Which Dolon, whom we slew but now, hath faithfully denoted.

459. *Double bow.* So 8, 266. We have no English epithet to define the bow formed of two arches, which bend in reverse when unstrung.

But come, thy stalwart might put forth. Idle to stand, befits not
 A harness'd warrior like thee : do thou untie the horses : 480
 Or else, the men shalt *thou* assail, and *I* will tend the horses."

When thus he spake, the greyey'd maid breath'd might into Tydides.
 From side to side he slaughter'd them; and horrible the groaning
 Rose, as the smiting cutlass fell : red grew the earth with carnage.
 And as a lion on a flock of cattle unprotected, 485
 Or goats or sheep, doth sudden pounce with heart of desolation,
 So did the son of Tydeus then pursue the men of Thrake,
 Till twelve lay slain beneath him: but Ulysses much-devising, [pose,
 Seiz'd by the foot and backward trail'd each slaughter'd man, with pur-
 For-that the glossy-coated steeds might find an easy passage,
 Nor tremble, stepping on the dead: for new were they to slaughter.
 But when unto the king at last the son of Tydeus reached,
 From him, the thirteenth, ravish'd he the life, as honey pleasant, 495
 Gasping already: for, that night, by purpose of Athene,
 Over his head a phantom dire stood forth,—the son of Tydeus!
 Daring Ulysses loos'd meanwhile the single-hoofed horses [string;
 Slung them together, drove them out, and whipp'd them with his bow-
 (For from the curious car to take the shining scourge forgat he;)
 Then with a whistle notice gave to godlike Diomedes.
 He on some new daredevilry, staying behind, did ponder;
 Whether to seize the chariot, which held the curious armour,
 And outward drag it by the pole, or mightily uphoist it, 505
 Or from the troop of Thracians devote more lives to slaughter.
 While all his soul with such debate did heave, meanwhile Athene
 Close standing by his side, address'd the godlike Diomedes.

"Now meditate return, O son of mighty-hearted Tydeus,
 Unto the smoothly-hollow ships; lest scar'd thou hurry thither, 510
 If haply by some other god the Troians too be waken'd."

Whenthus shewhisper'd, right he knew the goddess' voice which warn'd
 Quickly they mounted on the steeds; and with his bow Ulysses [him.
 Smack'd them; and fleetly they approach'd the sharp Achaian galleys.

Meantime no idle watch was kept by silver-bow'd Apollo : 515
 And soon as he with Tydeus' son beheld Athene dealing,
 With her enrag'd, he rush'd amid the crowded throng of Troians,

And rous'd from sleep Hippocoön, high counsellor of Thrake,
 Who Rhesus' noble kinsman was: then up from slumber starting, 519
 When empty he beheld the place, wherestood the snow-white coursers,
 And found the corpses heaving yet, with noisome carnage reeking,
 He thereupon groan'd fearfully, and call'd his dear companion.
 Soon tumult and uncounted scream rose, as the tide of Troians
 Promiscuous together rush'd, and gaz'd at deeds of horror,
 Achiev'd by men unseen,—escap'd unto the hollow galleys. 525

But when they came returning, where they slew the spy of Hector,
 There did Ulysses, dear to Jove, arrest the coursers' gallop.
 His comrade, leaping to the ground, the gory spoils recover'd,
 And plac'd them in Ulysses's hands, and on the steed remounted.
 They flogg'd the coursers, nothing loth in flying race to speed them 530
 Unto the smoothly-hollow ships, whither their wishes hasted.
 And Nestor first the tramping heard, and urgently address'd them:

“O friends, who to the Argive folk are governours and leaders,
 Falsely or truly, shall I say what yet my heart persuadeth?
 My ears do quiver with the tramp of nimble-footed horses. 535
 O heaven! may Ulysses thus and stalwart Diomedes
 Drive sudden from the Troïans the single-hoofed horses.
 Yet grimly in my heart I dread, lest that the Argive bravest
 In some disaster tangled be beneath the Trojan riot.”

Not all his word was utter'd yet, when lo! themselves arrived. 540
 Quick to the ground dismounted they: the rest, in heart delighted,
 With the right hand saluted them and eke with honey'd speeches.
 First thereupon the charioteer Gerenian Nestor ask'd them:

“Come say, Ulysses, rich of lore, great glory of the Achaians,
 Whence are these coursers? took ye them amid the throng of Troians?
 Or did some god fall in with you, and give them as a present? 546
 To the sun's awful brilliancy would I compare their whiteness.
 Ever among the Trojan ranks I mix; nor wont to tarry
 Beside the galleys, troth, am I, albeit old for fighting:
 Yet coursers, such as these, not yet with eye nor fancy saw I, 550
 But rather ween I that some god hath met you and bestow'd them.
 For cloud-collecting Jupiter to both of you hath favour,
 And eke Athene, maiden-imp of Jove the ægisholder.”

To him in turn responsive spake Ulysses much-devising :
 " O Nestor, Neleus' progeny, great glory of the Achaians, 555
 A god, who will'd it, easily might honour us with presents
 Of coursers nobler far than these ; for greatly are they higher.
 Howbeit, aged friend, in sooth, the steeds, of which thou askest,
 Are Thracian and newly come ; and gallant Diomedes 559
 Slaughter'd their lord, and by his side twelve comrades, all his bravest.
 A thirteenth man, whose spoils are here, we captur'd near the galleys,
 Whom, to espy our camp, and sound our strength and courage, Hector
 And other lordly Troïans sent forward from their army."

This said, across the moat he urg'd the singlehoofed horses,
 Highglorying ; along with him the others went, delighted. 565
 When at the tightly joined tent of Tydeus' son arriv'd they,
 With wellcut thongs they fastened the horses to the manger,
 Where, eating honey-pleasant wheat, stood Diomedes' horses.
 And on the poop Ulysses hung the gory spoils of Dolon, 570
 High on his ship, to furnish out a trophy for Athene.
 Themselves, descending on the beach, into the waters waded,
 From feet below, to neck above, the cleansing power courting. [bers,
 But when the tossing wave had wash'd much sweat from off their mem-
 And had their hearts refresh'd, they stept into the baths wellpolish'd. 575
 After their bodies thus were bath'd, and with fat oil anointed,
 So sat they to the morning-meal, and to Athene's honour
 Tilted the honey-pleasant wine, out of the full bowl teeming.

BOOK XI.

THE Queen of Morning from the bed of glorious Tithonus
 Uprose, to carry light to men and eke to gods immortal.
 But to the sharp Achaian ships from Jove came Quarrel darting,
 Noisome, who bare within her hands battle's portentous ensign :
 And on Ulysses' galley black she stood; which midmost couched, 5
 Huge like to some leviathan, to shout both ways adapted,
 Alike toward the tented camp of Telamonian Ajax
 And to Achilles' bands, which haul'd their evenbalanc'd galleys
 Last on the strand, on bravery and stubborn strength reliant.
 There did the goddess station her and shouted sharp and dreadful 10
 With voice highlifted, and infus'd to each Achaian bosom
 Vigour immense, unceasingly to toil in war and combat.
 And sweeter suddenly became the battle, than the voyage
 Unto their native land belov'd on smoothly-hollow galleys.
 The son of Atreus, shouting, bade the Argive host to gird them 15
 For battle : mid them he himself in dazzling brass equipp'd him.
 First on his shins the dapper greaves, with silver anklets clever,
 He fasten'd; next, to guard his chest, enwrapt him in a corslet,
 Which erst from Cinyras he gat as hospitable token, 20
 What time the mighty rumour reach'd to Cyprus, that the Argives
 Would shortly on their galleys sail against the land of Troas.
 Therefore on him bestow'd he it, to gratify the monarch.
 Ten stripes of blue and dusky steel ran o'er its polish'd surface ;
 Its stripes of gold were six and six, but those of tin were twenty. 25
 On either side toward the neck three blue resplendent serpents
 Did arch their throats; to rainbows like, which on the cloudy heaven
 Saturnius may plant, a sign to voice-dividing mortals.
 Then slung he round his neck the sword, with golden studs all-brilliant,
 And guarded in a silver sheath, which hung on golden braces. 31

Above, he took his muchwrought shield, man-hiding, fit for sally,
 Round which ten brazen circles ran. On the fair front in centre,
 Mid twenty bosses of white tin, one of blue steel protruded. 35
 Upon it Gorgon horrid-ey'd was carv'd along the border,
 With dreadful glances; and around sat Flight and Consternation.

The strap with silver was encas'd: o'er it an azure serpent
 Was twin'd with three out-gazing heads, forth from one neck proceeding.
 But on his head a four-plum'd casque with double ridge he settled, 41
 Bushy with horsetail: dreadfully the crest above it nodded.

A pair of valiant spears he grasp'd, with copper tipp'd and sharpen'd,
 And from them shone the yellow gleam afar into the heaven,
 From Juno and Athene then a thunder-clap forth rumbled, 45
 In honor to the stately king of gold-endow'd Mycenæ.

So to his proper charioteer each chief gave urgent bidding,
 There on the moat in order due to bridle in the horses:
 But they themselves on foot, with arms and panoply accoutred,
 Stream'd wildly; and from early dawn incessant rose the clamour. 50
 Before the charioteers they reach'd the moat, all fitly marshall'd.

Nor long the charioteers behind were left: but Saturn's offspring
 Amid them evil tumult rous'd, and from the lofty heaven
 Sent mistiness of gory dew; sith that he now was minded,
 Forward to fling to Aïdes full many a gallant spirit. 55

Along a swelling of the plain, on other side, the Troians
 Stood round the mighty Hector and Polydamas the spotless,
 And round Æneias, whom the folk, e'en as a god, did honour;
 With these, Antenor's children three; brave Polybus, Agenor,
 And youthful Acamas, who bare the form of an immortal. 60
 But Hector held in front his shield, which equal was on all sides.

And as a deadly star is seen, from out the clouds emerging,
 Allradiant, and then again in cloudy darkness sinketh;
 So at one moment Hector did among the foremost show him,
 Among the rearmost otherwhile, to chide them; and as lightning 65
 From Jove the ægisholding sire, he flash'd with brass all over.

As when some wealthy husbandman in months of wheat and barley
 Placeth his reapers on the field, one to another adverse;
 There quickly many a row they cut, and thick the swathes lie prostrate:

So Troians and Achaïans then, one on the other leaping, 70
 Made havoc, nor did either side take thought of deadly terror,
 But raging darted on, like wolves, and equal in the struggle
 Both held their crests; and Quarrel dire look'd down, and was delighted.
 For She was with the combatants, alone of the immortals :
 No other gods were in the throng, but all were sitting quiet 75
 Each in his proper chambers, where for every one were builded
 Illustrious abodes, within the valleys of Olympus.
 On Saturn's gloomy-clouded child they all did cast reproaches,
 For-that upon the Troïans he will'd to lavish glory.
 Nor car'd the Father for their wrath; but, with himself secluded, 80
 Apart from all the other gods, sat glorying in grandeur,
 Gazing upon Achaïa's ships, and on the Troian city,
 And on the flash of brazen arms, the victors and the vanquish'd.

While that the morning lasted still and sacred day was waxing,
 So long from either side the darts did fly, and people perish : 85
 But at what hour the woodman takes, in thickets of a mountain,
 His midday meal, when as his hands, felling tall trees, are weary ;
 Glutted with toil, his soul by love of pleasant food is captur'd :
 At this same hour the Danaï burst thro' the bands by valour, 90
 Urging their comrades, rank by rank: and foremost Agamemnon
 Forth sallying, a hero slew, a shepherd of the people,
 Bianor; next, his comrade too, Oïleus courser-smiting.
 Oïleus from his chariot leapt down, and stood to meet him:
 But he with pointed javelin smote straight upon his forehead; 95
 Nor might the helmet's rim resist, heavy with brass; but thro' it
 Mid bone and brain the weapon splash'd, and quell'd his eager hurry.
 But Agamemnon, prince of men, there both of them abandon'd,
 With naked breasts all glistening, sith he had stript their armour. 100

But off he sped with deadly force at Antiphus and Isus,
 Two sons of Priam, noble *one*, *one* born of meaner mother,
 Both in a single chariot : the charioteer was Isus ;
 But glorious Antiphus the spear did wield: both these Achilles
 Once at the foot of Ida caught tending the sheep of Priam, 105
 Bound them with tender withy-bands, but set them free for ransom.
 Then widely ruling Atreus' son, the hero Agamemnon,

Hit with his spear upon the chest the *one*, above the bosom ;
 But with his sword, beside the ear smote Antiphus and cast him
 Down from the car : then hurrying he stript their beauteous armour, 110
 Knowing them ; sith he saw them both beside the pointed galleys,
 What time Achilles, fleet of foot, of yore from Ida brought them.
 And as a lion, springing light upon the helpless children
 Of a swift hind, doth easily betwix this strong teeth crunch them,
 Coming within their lair, and quick their tender spirit rieveth ; 115
 And she, tho' near, no aid can give ; for trembling dire doth seize her ;
 But at the stalwart beast's attack she rusheth panting, sweating,
 By frantic fear o'ermastered, thro' tangled brake and forest :
 So then of all the Troïans not one might ward destruction 120
 From these ; but eke the rest were scar'd nor dar'd to meet the Argives.

Then royal Agamemnon met two war-abiding heroes,
 Sons of a skilfulhearted sire, Antimachus ; who chiefly
 Forbade to render Helen back to auburn Menelaüs ;
 For brilliant gifts had he receiv'd, of gold, from Alexander. 125
 Peisander and Hippolochus, his sons, together driving,
 Both in a single chariot, the mighty king encounter'd.
 A sudden tremor palsied them : they dropp'd the glossy bridles
 Out of their hands : but Atreus' son, resistless as a lion,
 Rose opposite : then from the car they suppliantly pleaded : 130

" Save us alive, O Atreus' son ! and take a worthy ransom :
 For with Antimachus at home are large possessions treasur'd,
 Many and costly ; brass and gold and varied forms of iron :
 From these our sire would speedily with boundless ransom please thee,
 Soon as he learns of us alive beside the Achaian galleys." 135
 So did the Troian brothers twain weeping accost the monarch
 With words of rueful gentleness ; but ruthlessly he answer'd :

" In troth ! if ye for father have Antimachus the crafty,
 Who once, when Menelaüs came with the divine Ulysses
 On embassy, did straight advise in council of the Troians 140
 To kill them then and there, nor grant a safe return to heralds ;
 Now shall ye suitably repay your sire's unseemly outrage."

He spake, and from the chariot struck to the ground Peisander,
 Pierc'd in his bosom by the spear : so lay he, gazing upward.

But from the car Hippolochus leapt down : him too he slaughter'd,
 Chopt off the hands he rais'd to pray, and gash'd his neck asunder,
 And, like a pillar, sent his trunk to roll amid the tumult.
 These then he left; but he, where'er the bands were thickest justled,
 There sallied in, and eke the rest of dapper-greav'd Achæians.
 By footmen were the footmen slain, when these to flight were driven; 150
 By charioteers the charioteers ; and from the plain beneath them
 Thick rose the dust, which thundering the feet of horses trampled,
 While fierce the foeman's blade was plied: but royal Agamemnon,
 Incessant slaying, press'd them close, still cheering-on the Argives.
 As when a fire may baleful fall on a welltimber'd forest, 155
 In massy flakes on every side the curling wind doth bear it,
 And, branch and root, down fall the trees beneath its burning fury,
 So fell in dust beneath the might of royal Agamemnon
 The heads of Troians fugitive ; and many highneck'd coursers
 Rattled their empty chariots along the battle's causeys, 160
 Missing their spotless charioteers ; who on the earth lay prostrate,
 To vultures a far dearer sight, than to their tender consorts.
 But Hector was by Jove withdrawn and screen'd from battle's terror,
 From dust, from carnage and from gore, from hail of darts and turmoil.
 But Atreus' son right urgently pursued, and cheer'd the Argives.
 Where standeth a wild fig tree, near the tomb of ancient Ilus, 166
 Offspring of Dardanus, the foe across the plain was streaming,
 Eager to reach the city-gate : yet still did Agamemnon
 Chase ; and his hands intractable with carnage were bespatter'd.
 But when the fleeing Troians reach'd the Skæan gates and beech tree,
 There rallying they form'd a band, and waited one for other. 171
 Yet others still amid the plain, like frighten'd kine, were scatter'd,
 If a whole herd be haply scar'd by presence of a lion,
 Who, in the dusk of night, on *one* headlong destruction bringeth ;
 By his huge weight and stalwart teeth its neck at once is broken ; 175
 He rends the victim, laps the blood, and heart and bowels gorgeth :
 So were they chas'd by Atreus' son, wide-ruling Agamemnon,
 Who alway slew the hindmost man, and scar'd the rest before him.
 And many from their chariots on face or back lay prostrate
 By his attack : for direful was the fury of his weapon. 180

But when at length his feet would soon beneath the city's circuit
 And lofty wall have borne him, then the Sire of gods and mortals
 Descending from Olympus' highth to streamy Ida's summits
 Assum'd his royal seat, and held within his hands the lightning;
 Then spake his summons and command to goldenwinged Iris: 185

"Hie, hurry, speedy Iris! bear to Hector this injunction.—
 While he amid the foremost foes shall see the people's shepherd,
 The son of Atreus, raging fierce, the ranks of heroes wasting;
 So long let him from fight withdraw, but bid the other people
 Against the foemen to contend amid the hardy struggle. 190
 But if a spear-thrust wound the king, or if an arrow reach him,
 And he upon his car shall leap; then puissance I to Hector
 Vouchsafe, to slay the foe, until he reach the weldeck'd galleys,
 When in the west the Sun shall sink and yield to sacred darkness."

He spake; nor disobedient was stormy-footed Iris, 195
 But down to sacred Ilium she sped from highths of Ida.
 There found she godlike Hector, son of skilfulhearted Priam,
 Standing among the horses and the chariots welljoined.
 Then Iris swift of foot drew near, and stood, and spake her message.

"O Hector, Priam's son, to Jove an equipoise in counsel! 200
 Sire Jupiter hath sent me forth, to thee this word to carry.
 While thou amid the foremost foes shalt see the people's shepherd,
 The son of Atreus, raging fierce, the ranks of heroes wasting,
 So long do thou from fight withdraw, but bid the other people
 Against the foemen to contend amid the hardy struggle. 205
 But if a spear-thrust wound the king, or if an arrow reach him,
 And he upon his car shall leap; then Jove to thee doth puissance
 Vouchsafe, to slay the foe, until thou reach the weldeck'd galleys,
 When in the west the Sun shall sink, and yield to sacred darkness."

So utter'd Iris swift of foot, and with the word departed. 210
 Then Hector from his chariot leapt to the ground in armour.
 Two pointed jav'lins brandishing, thro' all the army went he,
 Enheartening his men, and rous'd the deadly cry of battle.
 Then did they gather to a ball, and stood against the Achaians.
 The Argives on the other side strengthen'd their close battalions:
 So in new fight confronted stood the hosts: but Agamemnon 216

Was first to sally, bent to shine as champion and leader.
 Utter for me, ye Muses, now, who dwell in high Olympus,
 Who of the adverse army first confronted Agamemnon,
 Or of the illustrious allies, or of themselves the Troians. 220
 Iphidamas, Antenor's son, a man both tall and comely,
 Who upon Thrake's loamy soil, parent of sheep, was nurtur'd.
 Kisseus, the Thracian prince,—the sire of daintycheek'd Theano,
 His mother,—in the palaces did nurture him when little.
 When with advancing years, he reach'd the term of glorious manhood,
 Still would the king detain him there, and tendered his daughter. 226
 So from the bridal chamber he, at rumour of the Achaians,
 Arriv'd with crested galleys twelve, which sail'd beneath his guidance.
 But in Percota left he then the even-balanc'd galleys,
 And came on foot to Ilium, the city of his father. 230
 This was the man, who foremost now confronted Agamemnon.
 When they to shorter distance came, advancing each on other,
 The son of Atreus miss'd his mark, the weapon sideways glancing :
 On other side Iphidamas beneath the corslet reach'd him,
 Upon the girdle, rushing close, and thrust with weighty effort. 235
 Yet did the girdle's motley work resist him ; for the weapon,
 Like lead, was blunted in the shock, nor might traverse the silver.
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon then, with lion-fury grasping
 The spear-shaft, tugg'd it to himself : so from his hand he pluck'd it ;
 Then with the sword he smote his neck, and cast his body helpless. 240
 So, pitiable, fell he there, and slept a brazen slumber,
 For succour to his citizens ; far from his wedded consort,
 His first-belov'd, his beautiful, scarce known, and dearly purchas'd.
 For her a hundred kine he gave at once ; and eke behote he
 Further, a thousand goats and sheep, which countless crop'd his pastures.
 Then did Atrides, stooping low, despoil the lifeless body, 246
 And to the Achaian troop retir'd, bearing the beauteous armour.
 But when Antenor's eldest son, Coön, of heroes signal,
 Discern'd his brother's fall, his eyes were veil'd with piercing sorrow.
 With sideways spearthrust came he on, by godlike Agamemnon 251
 Unseen, and smote him in the arm, beneath the bend of elbow :
 Right thro' the flesh he pierc'd, until the point beyond it glitter'd.

Then Agamemnon, prince of men, with sudden anguish shudder'd,
 Yet, even so, desisted not from fight and war, but sallied, 255
 With spear-shaft nourish'd in the winds, for close attack on Coön.

He by the foot was dragging off Iphidamas his brother,
 His father's son, right eagerly ; to all the bravest shouting :
 But with the brazenheaded pike, beneath his bossy buckler,
 The monarch reach'd him, as he stoop'd, and cast his body helpless, 260
 And there beside Iphidamas the brother's corpse beheaded.

So then Antenor's offspring twain beneath the king Atrides
 Fill'd up their destiny of life and sank to Pluto's dwelling. [he,

Now while his blood from out the gash well'd fresh and warm, assail'd
 With spear and sword and mighty stones the ranks of other heroes. 265
 But when the wound was dry and stiff, and all the blood was clotted,
 Then thro' the frame of Atreus's son sank pangs of thrilling anguish.

As when the lancing throe assails a woman in her travail,
 Sharp darted from the goddesses who wait on painful childbirth, 270
 Daughters of Juno, anguish-fraught to every mortal mother ;

So thro' the frame of Atreus' son sank pangs of thrilling anguish.

Into the car he sprang, and charg'd the charioteer to speed him

Unto the smoothly-hollow ships : for sore his heart was smitten.

But to the Danaï abroad with piercing voice he shouted : 275

“Oh friends, who to the Argive folk are governours and leaders !

To *you* I leave it, to defend, the sea-careering galleys

From noisome battle-cry ; for Jove, the Counsellor, allows not

Me with the Troïans to wait the livelong day in combat.”

So spake he : but the driver lash'd the glossy-coated horses 280

Unto the smoothly-hollow ships : and nothing loth they gallop'd.

Their breasts with streaks of foam were white, the dust their bellies spat-

While from the fight they bare away the sorely-galled monarch. [ter'd ;

But Hector, when afar he saw the back of Agamemnon,

Loud shouted to the Troïans and Lycians and Dardans : 285

“Dardans, who hand to hand contend, and Lycians and Troians !

Be men, my friends ! nor negligent of furious encounter.

Gone is a hero-chief ; and Jove Saturnius hath given

To me high boast ; but drive ye straight the single-hoofed horses

270. Eileithuiæ—is their Greek name.

Against the doughty Danaï, to win a nobler glory." 290

He, by such words, in every breast spirit and strength excited.
 As when against a savage boar or mountain-roaming lion
 A huntsman by his voice doth fill the whitetooth'd hounds with cou-
 So Hector, Priam's son, a peer to Ares, pest of mortals, [rage ;
 Against the Achaïans did whet the mighty-hearted Troians. 295
 Himself with thoughts of arrogance stept on among the foremost,
 And into thickest struggle dash'd, like to a high tornado,
 Which on a sea of violet with stormy scuffle plungeth.

Then who was first, and who was last, a sport of death and plunder
 To Hector, son of Priamus, when Jove to glory rais'd him? 300
 First was Assaeus ; after him Autonoüs, Opites,
 Opheltius, and Clytus' son Dolops, and Agelaüs,
 And Orus and Æsymnus and Hippoönüs war-biding.
 Such leaders of the Danaï he slew ; and next, the many. 304
 As when with massy tempest-stroke the driving Westwind scareth [ward,
 Clouds by the brilliant Southwind brought, and plump waves rolleth on-
 And by the wayward gale's assault the crests of spray are shiver'd ;
 So the thick crests of Argive men fell prostrate under Hector.

Then deeds beyond repair had been, and carnage out of number, 310
 And now the fleeing Argive host would haply reach their galleys,
 But that Ulysses cried aloud to Diomed Tydides :

"Tydides ! why this negligence of furious encounter ?
 Come, gentle heart ! and stand by me ; for troth ! it were a scandal,
 If that our galleys captur'd were by motley-helmed Hector." 315

To him with words reciprocal spake stalwart Diomedes :
 " I verily will wait and dare : but short will be our pleasure :
 For Jove, cloud-gathering, to Troy more than to us hath favour."

He spake, and from the horses hurl'd to earth Thymbræus, smitten
 Thro' the left bosom with the spear : meanwhile in turn Ulysses 321
 Laid prostrate of the selfsame prince the godlike squire Molion.
 Those then they left upon the ground, for ever stay'd from battle.
 Then plunging mid the crowd, the twain made riot ; as resistless,
 Rush two wild boars with souls of pride upon the hounds that chase them :
 So, sallying from bay, did these make havoc of the Troïans ; 326
 But gladly breath'd the Achaïans, escaping godlike Hector.

The hero-pair o'er-master'd next a car, and two bold brethren
 Chiefs of the people. Verily their sire, Percotan Merops,
 Who above all men divinations knew, forbade his children 330
 To hero-wasting war to march : but they his word obey'd not :
 For why ? the Fates to gloomy death the youths unknowing hurried.
 So from their bodies Tydeus' son, spear-famous Diomedes,
 Emptied the spirit and the life, and stripp'd their beauteous armour.
 Eke by Ulysses slaughter'd were two champions of Troas, 335
 Hippodamus the one was nam'd, Hypeirochus the other.

Thereat, from Ida looking down, Saturnius adjusted
 The scale of carnage mutual. The spear of Diomedes
 Pierc'd in the hip Agastrophus, a hero-son of Pæon :
 Nor were his steeds at hand to flee ; —and ruinous the folly. 340
 But them his squire apart detain'd ; meanwhile, on foot, their master
 Rag'd thro' the foremost braves, until he lost his tender spirit.
 But Hector mid the ranks descried the twain, and rush'd against them
 With piercing cry ; and after him the bands of Troians follow'd.
 But Diomedes, good at need, at sight of Hector, shudder'd, 345
 Then to Ulysses, standing near, a sudden word address'd he :

“On *us* now rolleth this annoy, this overbearing Hector :
 But let us stand and hold our ground, and sturdily repel him.”

He spake, and poising, forward threw the spear with lengthy shadow,
 And struck his mark unerringly, the margin of the helmet. 350
 But from the brass the brass did glance ; so his fair skin it reach'd not,
 Warded by bright Apollo's gift, the triple-plated vizor.
 But Hector stagger'd back afar, quick with his people mingling :
 There to his knees the hero sank, on his broad hand supported, 355
 Low on the ground ; and both his eyes did swoon in dismal darkness.
 But while the son of Tydeus went his weapon to recover,
 Afar, across the foremost ranks, where on the earth it lighted,
 Meantime did Hector breath regain, and on the seat ascending
 Back drave unto the multitude, and gloomy Fate escaped. 360
 Then, chasing with the javelin, spake stalwart Diomedes :

“Hound ! thou again hast death escap'd : yet verily the mischief
 Came near to thee : but now anew hath bright Apollo sav'd thee ;
 To whom, I ween, in din of darts adventuring, thou prayest.

But when, next time, on thee I light, I soothly will dispatch thee, 365
 If, eke to me, among the gods is found some able backer.
 But now on others, whomsoe'er I hend, shall be my onset."
 He spake, and straight the armour stripp'd of Pæon's son spear-famous.
 Meanwhile, where by the mason's hand a rocky tomb was sculptur'd
 To Ilus, son of Dardanus, an ancient of the people, 370
 Thereat did Alexander crouch, husband of brighthair'd Helen,
 Behind a pillar hid, and aim'd a shaft against Tydides,
 The people's shepherd; who, at ease, would snatch the motley corslet
 From breast of brave Agastrophus, and buckler from his shoulders,
 And sturdy helmet: but the foe, his bow to circle straining, 375
 Twang'd it: nor vainly did the bolt speed from his hand, but lighted
 On the right foot, amid the sole; and thro' and thro', the arrow
 Piercing, within the ground was fix'd. Then gladly laugh'd the archer,
 And from his ambush bounded forth, and spake a boastful saying:

"It wounded thee: nor sped my shaft in vain: might Heaven grant me
 To hit thee in thy lowest lap, and rieve thy noisome spirit! 381
 So would at length the Troïans have respite from thy mischief,
 Who, shuddering, avoid thee now, as bleating goats the lion."

But, naught dismay'd, to him replied the stalwart Diomedes:
 "O archer, contumelious, horn-brilliant, damsel-gazer! 385
 Wouldest thou try, in arms complete, to meet my close encounter,
 No succour then thy bow should bring, nor all thy sheaves of arrows.
 Now, that my footsole thou hast graz'd, thus fruitlessly thou boastest.
 Nor more care I, than if thou wert a silly boy or woman:
 For of a pithless worthless man unwarlike is the battle. 390
 Far otherwise in sooth from *me* rusheth the pointed weapon:
 If that at all it hit the foe, it quick doth lay him lifeless.
 With mangled cheeks his wife is left, in orphanhood his children,
 And while on crimson'd earth he rots, more birds than women watch him."

He spake; and close before him stood the spear-renown'd Ulysses,
 While Diomedes sat behind, and tugg'd the stinging arrow
 Out of his foot: but thro' his flesh thrill'd pitiable anguish.
 Into the car he sprang, and charg'd the charioteer to speed him
 Unto the smoothly-hollow ships; for sore his heart was smitten. 400

385. *Horn-brilliant*, proud of thy horn-bow.

Thereon Ulysses spear-renown'd was lonely left ; for no one
 Of Argives by his side abode, but fear had all o'ermaster'd.
 Then he in indignation spake to his own haughty spirit :

“Alas ! what now for me is left ? to turn my back, were shameful,
 Fearing the crowd ; yet worse it were, if lonely I be captur'd. 405

And all the other Danaï Saturnius hath frighten'd.

But, O fond heart ! why holdest thou within me such discourses ?

For well know I, that coward men withdraw them from the battle ;

But whoso playeth champion in warfare, him behoveth

To stand his ground right sturdily, and conquer or be conquer'd.” 410

While all his bosom and his soul with such debate did struggle,

Meanwhile the shielded Troïans in close array were present,

And flank'd him round on every side, the danger inmost thrusting.

As when on traces of a boar the hounds and lusty callants

Right eagerly pursue ; but he from a dense thicket rusheth, 415

Whetting his tusk of ivory amid his jaws loud-gnashing ;

Yet round they stream, and on the spot await his charge, tho' dreadful :

So then Ulysses, dear to Jove, was by the Troians circled.

But, springing up, he first assail'd the spotless Deiopithes, 420

High on the shoulder ; after him on Ennomus and Thoön

Fell deadly ; then Chersidamas, down from his horses hasting,

Beneath the bossy shield he reach'd, and pierc'd him in the navel :

So in the dust he fell, the earth with gripe convulsive clutching. 425

These then he left ; but with the spear Hippasides he wounded,

Charops, who proper brother was to noblehearted Socus.

But to his succour Socus hied a man, to gods a rival ;

Who at short distance took his stand, and spake unto Ulysses :

“Ulysses ! rich of lore and wiles, insatiate of labour ! 430

Over two sons of Hippasus shalt thou to-day have triumph,

That thou hast two such heroes slain, and eke despoil'd their armour,

Or else beneath my spear laid low, thyself of life be rieved.”

He spake, and thrusting struck the shield, which equal was on all sides.

Right thro' the shield's resplendency hurtled the massy weapon, 435

And thro' the corslet's crafty work with force uncheck'd was planted,

And from the ribs stript all the skin : yet not did maid Athene

Permit its deadly course to reach the vitals of the hero.

Full well Ulysses knew, himself, not mortal was its errand,
 And back his step withdrawing, gave his answer unto Socus : 440
 "Ha, wretched man! in sooth on thee headlong destruction cometh :
Me truly thou hast stay'd awhile from fight against the Troians ;
 But upon *thee*, I promise, here shall gloomy fate and carnage
 This day alight ; and thou, low laid beneath my spear, shalt furnish
 To me a glory, and a life to charioteering Pluto." 445

While thus he spake, the other turn'd, and quick to flight betook him :
 But ere he might escape, the spear was fix'd between his shoulders
 And pierc'd the helpless back right thro', and reach'd into his bosom :
 So dropt he with a crash: thereat divine Ulysses vaunted :

"O Socus ! son of Hippasus wise-hearted, courser-taming ! 450
 Quickly hath death o'erhended thee, nor mightest thou escape me.
 Ha, wretched man ! never for thee shall sire and queenly mother
 In sleep of death thy eyelids close ; but wrangling fowl shall pluck thee
 With rawdevouring beak, and spread their huddling wings around thee.
 But me the Achaïans divine, whene'er I die, shall bury." 455

He spake, and drew the massy spear of skilfulhearted Socus
 Out of his wounded flesh, and eke from out the bossy buckler :
 But after it his blood the more gush'd out, and griev'd his spirit.
 And when the Troians lofty-soul'd beheld Ulysses bleeding,
 They all in scuffle rush'd on him with mutual exhorting. 460
 But he, a little, back withdrew, and to his comrades shouted.
 Thrice did he lift his voice, as high as one man's throat may compass,
 And thrice did warlike Menelas receive the voice high-lifted ;
 Then suddenly his thought he spake to Ajax, near him standing :

"Oh Joveborn governour of peoples, Telamonian Ajax ! 465
 My ears are compass'd by the voice of hardy-soul'd Ulysses,
 In semblance like to that, as tho' the Troïans had caught him
 Alone, by force o'ermastering, amid the hardy struggle.
 But hurry we along the crowd ; far better 'tis to succour.
 For our brave friend I fear, lest he, cut off among the Troians, 470
 Be harm'd, and to the Danaï bequeath a mighty sorrow."

He spake, and led the way: behind, the godlike hero follow'd.
 Then soon Ulysses, dear to Jove, they found ; and Troians round him
 Swarm'd, as a pack of red wild dogs upon the mountains gather 475

Around a horned stag, whose side a shaft hath pierc'd. Escaping,
 He hurrieth, while warm his blood, and while his knees support him,
 Till the swift arrow conquers: then the mountain-dogs raw-craving
 Rend him within a shady brake: but if the god bring thither 480
 A baleful lion, quick the dogs disperse, and yield the quarry,
 So then the Troians, numerous and gallant, throng'd Ulysses
 Well-skill'd in various enterprize and counsel: but the hero
 Still with his weapon sallying repell'd the rueful moment.
 But Ajax nearer came, his shield like to a tower bearing, 485
 And stood beside him: quickly then the foes dispers'd in panic,
 And Menelas by Ares lov'd out of the tumult led him,
 Holding him by the hand, until the squire drave close his horses.
 But Ajax on the Troians sprang and slew a son of Priam,
 Doryclus, mean on mother's side; then Pandocus he wounded 490
 And Pyrasus in close attack, Lysander and Pylartes.
 As when an overflowing brook down from the mountains cometh
 On to the plain with tossing gush, by storms from Jove escorted,
 And many a dry and rotten oak, and many a pine it beareth,
 And slime and rubbish plentiful into the salt wave casteth: 495
 So then did gallant Ajax deal, filling the plain with tumult,
 Horses and heroes slaughtering. Nor yet did Hector hear it;
 For he beside Scamander's banks far on the left was fighting,
 Where chiefly heads of heroes fell and clamour rose incessant, 500
 Round warrior Idomeneus and round the mighty Nestor.
 With these did Hector company; and ruthless deeds achiev'd he
 By spear and charioteering skill, the bands of young men wasting.
 Nor the divine Achaians yet before him had retreated,
 Unless the lord of bright hair'd Helen, royal Alexander, 505
 Had stay'd Machaon, champion and shepherd of the people,
 In his right shoulder piercing him with triple-barbed arrow.
 For him the Achaians, breathing might, were sore afraid, lest haply,
 If that the battle change its course, the foemen overhend him.
 Then instantly Idomeneus accosted godlike Nestor: 510
 "Oh Nestor, Neleus' progeny, great glory of the Achaians,
 Haste, mount upon thy chariot: beside thee take Machaon;
 And quickly to the galleys hold the singlehoofed horses.

Surely a sage chirurgeon, skilful to cut out arrows
And overspread assuagements soft, hath many fighters' value." 515

He spake : to him the charioteer Gerenian Nestor hearken'd,
And straightway mounted on his car, and took with him Machaon,
The son of Æsculapius, chirurgeon unblemish'd ;
And flogg'd the coursers, nothing loth in flying race to speed them
Unto the smoothly-hollow ships, whither their wishes hasted. 520

But from afar, Kebriones, the charioteer of Hector,
Saw tumult in the Troian ranks, and thus address'd his leader :

" O Hector, we, upon the skirts of harshly-roaring battle,
Here company with Danaï ; but all the other Troïans,
They and their steeds promiscuous, in dire confusion struggle. 525
Ajax, the son of Telamon, doth rout them : well I know him ;
For ample beareth he the shield, around his shoulders hanging.
But thither eke let *us* direct our chariot and horses,
Where signally both horse and foot, propounding evil quarrel,
In carnage mutual are caught and uncheck'd clamour riseth." 530

So spake Kebriones, and lash'd the glossy-coated horses
With the shrillsounding scourge : but they, to the sharp smack attentive,
Quick sped the chariot among Achaïans and Troians,
Trampling on shields and carcases. Beneath the car the axle,
And the broad rims orbicular, with gore of men were pelted, 535
Splash'd from the tires and horses' hoofs. But eager he to enter
And pierce the human mell, leapt in ; nor from the spear withdrew he
For long ; but in the Danaï awaken'd dire disorder.
With spear and sword and mighty stones the ranks of other heroes 540
He visited ; but shunn'd the fight of Telamonian Ajax.

But Jove the lofty-benched sire pour'd terror into Ajax.
Aghast he stood, and backward threw his sevenhided buckler,
Turning him round, and gaz'd askance, like some wild beast, receding 545
Step after step unwillingly, dispirited and beaten.
And as when dogs and rustic men have chas'd a tawny lion
From out a midmost oxen-yard, and, thro' the long night watching,
Balk of the dainty food his maw ; forward and back he springeth, 550
Hungry and scar'd ; for darts thick flung from sturdy hands repel him,
And burning brands, which harry him, howe'er his greed be whetted ;

And in the morning, sorely griev'd and empty, off he passeth :
 So Ajax from the Troians then withdrew, in heart reluctant, 555
 Sorely distrest; for mightily fear for the galleys mov'd him.
 As a dull ass doth on the fields resist the might of children,
 Who on his hide break many a stick; yet he the corn doth enter
 And crop the juicy blade; in vain their childish force assails him, 560
 And hardly may they drive him out, when he is fill'd with fodder:
 So then the allies from distance call'd and high-soul'd Troians, thrusting
 On his mid shield with lengthy pikes, drave Telamonian Ajax.

And Ajax one time bent his soul to furious encounter, 565
 Rallying firm, and check'd the bands of coursertaming Troians;
 At other time he turned to flee; yet, even so, restrain'd he
 The foeman's inroad on the fleet; for still did he terrific
 Twixt Troians and Achaians stand: and spears with onward errand 570
 Flung from bold hands, stood partly fix'd within his mighty buckler,
 And others midway numerous, for glut of carnage greedy,
 Ere the fair skin they might attain, harmless in earth were planted.

When thereupon Eurypylus, Euæmon's brilliant offspring,
 Perceiv'd him by thick darts distrest, he sudden stood beside him, 575
 And hurl'd his shining spear, and struck Phausides Apisaon,
 The people's shepherd, neath the heart, and straight unstrung his sinews;
 Then onward rush'd he, and would strip the armour from his shoulders.
 Which godlike Alexander saw, and forthwith drew an arrow 580
 Against Eurypylus: the shaft in his right thigh was planted:
 There was it broken short, and sore the wounded limb disabled:
 And back he to his comrade-troop retreated, fate avoiding.

Then to the Danaï abroad with piercing voice he shouted: 585
 "O friends, who to the Argive folk are governours and leaders,
 Rally, and ward the rueful day from Ajax, who by weapons
 Sorely is press'd, and scarce may scape from harshly roaring battle.
 Before front, and meet your champion, great Telamonian Ajax." 590

When thus the wounded hero cried, they clos'd their ranks, and hurried,
 With spears extended, shields aslant, till Ajax came and met them:
 And quickly fac'd he round, when first he reach'd his troop of comrades.

While thus, in guise of blazing fire, the combatants were raging, 595
 The sweating mares from off the field bare Nestor and Machaon.
 Him, as he came, divine Achilles foot-reliant notic'd;

For he upon his galley's poop, which rose like some sea-monster,
 Stood gazing on the toil severe and all their tearful riot. 600
 Then from the galley shouted he, and call'd to him Patroclus,
 His comrade: he, within the tent, did hear; and forth he issued
 A peer to Ares:—this to him commencement was of evil.
 Then gallant Menœtiades did first discourses open:
 “Achilles! wherefore callest me? wherein my service needest?” 605
 But him Achilles, fleet of foot, address'd in words responsive:
 “O godlike Menœtiades, to my regards most pleasing,
 Now deem I that the Achaïans will fall in supplication
 Around my knees: for need at length unbearable hath reach'd them.
 But now, Patroclus, dear to Jove! hie thee, and ask of Nestor, 610
 What wounded hero in his car he carrieth from battle.
 To me his hinder aspect seem'd all like unto Machaon,
 The son of Æsculapius: but his front view I saw not,
 For-that the onward-hasting mares shot speedily across me.”
 Thus answer'd he: Patroclus then obey'd his dear companion, 615
 And hied to speed him by the tents and galleys of the Achaïans.
 When to the tent of Neleus' son the chariot had borne them,
 Upon the many-feeding Earth the heroes twain alighted.
 Thereat the squire Eurymedon the old man's steeds unharness'd.
 'Themselves, upon the beach, would dry the sweat from off their garments
 In the sea-breeze; then entering the tent, on couches rested.
 For them a mingled drink was made by brightlock'd Hecamede,
 Daughter of brave Arsinoüs, whom to the aged chieftain, 625
 For-that in counsel he excell'd, the Achaïan choice awarded
 From the fair isle of Tenedos, what time Achilles riev'd it.
 She first before them swiftly plac'd a table, fair, well-polish'd,
 With feet of dusky blue; and next, on it a brazen flagon,
 Pale honey, sacred barley-meal, and drink-enticing onion; 630
 Near these, a cup all-gorgeous, with golden chasings studded,
 Which the old man from home had brought. Double its stem: on margin
 Four ears stood out; aside of each two golden doves were feeding.
 To move it from the board, when full, to others cost much effort, 635
 Yet aged Nestor easily did from the table lift it.
 Then with Pramneian wine the dame, in semblance as a goddess,
 Mingled therein a drink for them, and with a brazen scraper

First goats' cheese into it she par'd, then barley-meal ensprinkled, 640
 And bade them to indulge their hearts, sith-that the drink was ready.
 When therefore from much-parching thirst the pleasant draught had freed
 By friendly intercourse of talk did each delight the other. [them,

Meanwhile Patroclus, godlike man, before the doors was present.
 Thereat from off his shining seat the aged chief arising,
 Led him within with grasp of hand and urg'd him to be seated; 645
 Patroclus, he on other side discreetly spake refusal:

"No seat for me, Jovenurtur'd friend! nor may I be persuaded.
 Majestic, quick to wrath, is he who hither sent me forward,
 To ask, what wounded hero thou didst carry: but already
 I know it; for I see Machaon, shepherd of the people. 650
 Now, to discharge my embassy, return I to Achilles.
 Well thou, Jovenurtur'd aged friend! the moody passion knowest
 Of that dread man; who presently mayhap would blame the blameless."

To him thereat the charioteer Gerenian Nestor answer'd:
 "But wherefore doth Achilles thus bewEEP Achaia's children, 655
 Be few or many wounded sore? nor knoweth he how sorrow
 Over the army wide is spread? sith-that the Argive bravest
 Lie prostrate at the galley-side, by stab or flying weapon.
 A lance hath Agamemnon pierc'd, a lance hath pierc'd Ulysses, 660
 Arrows have reach'd Eurypylos and stalwart Diomedes;
 I a third arrow-wounded chief have rescued: but Achilles,
 [Tho' valiant, for the Danaï hath no concern nor pity.
 Waits he, till, on the water's edge, in spite of Argive effort, 665
 The foe's invading fire shall warm our sharply-pointed galleys,
 And we ourselves, line after line, be slain? for now no longer
 Sinew have I, as once I had within my buxom members.
 O that I still were thus in youth and unimpair'd my vigour,
 As when of old a fray arose twixt us and the Eleians, 670
 What time, in strife for captur'd kine, Itymoneus I slaughter'd,
 Brave offspring of Hypeirochus, who held his home in Elis.

664. To omit 98 lines would here be a great and obvious improvement. These lines may have been patched in by the poet himself, to gratify some Pylia hearer. No one will seriously defend such inopportune garrulity by alluding to Nestor's wine-cup: yet the passage has its interest to us.

Pledges of booty *we* would seize, and *he* his kine would rescue ;
 But from my hand a dart was flung, and mid the foremost struck him ;
 So down he fell; and round the corpse his rustic people trembled. 675
 But booty from the plain we drave promiscuous in plenty :
 For fifty were the herds of beeves, the flocks of sheep were fifty,
 Fifty the grazing troops of swine, the goats' broad herds were fifty ;
 But three times fifty were the heads of auburn steeds we captur'd,
 All of the gentler sex ; and foals to many ran beside them. 680
 These to the town by night we drave within Neleian Pylos,
 And glad was Neleus, that success my early warfare greeted.

But when the Dawn her face had shown, the heralds shrilly summon'd
 All, whosoe'er on score of spoil had claims on heav'nly Elis. 685
 Thereat, from all the Pylians the princely chiefs assembling
 Distributed ; for many a one was by the Epeians plunder'd,
 When, scant in numbers, we engag'd, and worsted were in Pylos.
 For-that, in former years, had come unto our loss and sorrow
 The mightiness of Heracles, who slew our bravest heroes. 690
 For, of male offspring, children twelve were born to spotless Neleus,
 But, sole survivor, I of these was left ; the others perish'd.
 Therefore, contemptuous in pride, the brazen-cloak'd Epeians
 Did contumely upon us heap and direful doings plotted.
 So then my parent for himself a herd of kine selected 695
 And a vast flock of sheep; and pick'd three hundred, with their keepers.
 For, to him also, large redress was due from heav'nly Elis.
 For when, to join the race, he sent a chariot and horses,—
 Four steeds for prizes famous,—them the prince of men Augeias 700
 Kept ; and sent off the charioteer, in grief to lose his horses.
 At such affairs, and deeds likewise, my aged sire was wrathful,
 And pick'd uncounted recompence: the rest for distribution
 Unto the people yielded he, that none might miss his portion.
 So *we* then severally dealt the gear, and round the city 705
 Unto the gods did sacrifice ; but *they*, together thronging,
 On the third day came forth, themselves and singlehoofed horses,
 With general levy: mid their ranks were arm'd the two Molions,
 Children in age, nor yet wellskill'd in furious encounter.—

At distance from Alpheius' banks the city Thryoëssa

Sitteth upon a lofty knoll, farthest of sandy Pylos :
 Round this their warriors did spread, all eager to destroy it.
 But when they cover'd all the plain, and unto *us* Athene
 Came from Olympus darting swift with message to array us,
 By night,—in Pylos gather'd she the people not reluctant, 715
 But burning fierce with eagerness of war: nor me did Neleus
 Allow to busk me for the fight, but hid away my horses;
 For I, he said, not yet had skill in deeds of warlike prowess.
 Yet, even so, forth sallying on foot, was I distinguish'd
 Amid our charioteers: for so the strife Athene guided.— 720
 Near to Arene falls a stream into the briny billow,
 The river Minyeius, where we with the steeds awaited
 The heav'nly dawn; but forward flow'd the Pylian troops of footmen.
 In general levy thence we rush'd, complete in arms accoutred,
 And at the noon of day attain'd Alpheius' sacred current. 725
 Fair victims then we offered to Jupiter o'erswaying;
 A bull to Neptune did we slay, a bull unto Alpheius,
 Lastly, a heifer of the herd unto greyey'd Athene.
 Along the host, by rank and rank, we took, each man his supper,
 And by the river-banks we slept, each in his proper armour. 730
 Eager to storm our city, throng'd the lofty-soul'd Epeians,
 But sudden now must they confront a mighty work of Ares.
 For when with shining beams the sun above the earth was risen,
 Our ranks upon them rush'd, with pray'r to Jove and to Athene. 735
 When contest thus arose betwixt the Pylians and Epeians,
 First I a hero slew, and won his single-hoofed horses,
 The spear-renowned Mulius; a prince, who held in wedlock
 Augeias' daughter eldest-born, the auburn Agamede,
 Skill'd in all medicinal drugs, whatever broad Earth reareth. 740
 Him with the brazen-pointed spear, as he advanc'd, I pierced:
 So down in dust he fell; but I, into his chariot leaping,
 Confronted all their champions: but the high-soul'd Epeians
 Shrunk this and that way, panic-struck at fall of such a hero,
 A leader of their chariots, a champion excelling. 745
 Then, thro' their ranks, in darted I, like to a gloomy tempest,
 And captur'd fifty chariots: beneath my weapon vanquish'd,

Two men from every one did gripe the earth with bite convulsive.

Now had I Actor's offspring quell'd, the two Molion-children,
 But that their widelyruling sire, the great Land-shaking power, 750
 Out of the battle rescued them with copious mist enshrouded.
 Then to the Pyliaus did Jove vouchsafe surpassing puissance.
 For we, across thewidespread plain, with eagerness did follow,
 Slaying the men, and gathering their arms and beauteous harness,
 Until our steeds that land of wheat, Buprasium, had enter'd, 755
 Beside the rock of Olenus, and, near the famous "Pillar,"
 Aleisium. There, to return, Athene warn'd the people.
 There the last hero did I slay and left him; but the Achaians
 To Pylos from Buprasium back their swift horses guided,
 And all, to Jove of gods, gave praise, but among men to Nestor. 760
 Such was I, when in truth I was, mid heroes; but Achilles]
 Alone surviving will enjoy his courage: much repentance
 He surely, all too late, will know, after the folk hath perish'd.
 O gentle heart! thus verily Menœtius did charge thee
 Upon the day, when he from Phthia sent thee to Atrides. 765
 We two, then entering your home, I and divine Ulysses,
 Heard in the chambers everything, how urgently he charg'd thee.
 For we, the army gathering o'er populous Achaia,
 Came to the mansion noblyplac'd of Peleus, prince of Phthia.
 There found we in its ample walls Menœtius the hero 770
 And thee and Achileus; meanwhile old charioteering Peleus
 To thunderloving Jupiter did burn fat thighs of oxen
 Within the cloister of his yard; and held a golden tankard
 And pour'd from it the sparkling wine upon the blazing victims.
 So round the carcases you both were busied: *we* before you 775
 Stood in the threshold. Starting up in quick surprize Achilles
 Led us within with grasp of hand, and urg'd us to be seated,

749. The twins, named Molions after their mother (as is supposed), are regarded by Homer as having Actor for their titular father, Neptune for their true father. Cteatus and Eurytus are their names, 2, 621. See also 13, 185 and 207.

758. *The Achaians.* The phrase here suggests, that the Epeians of Elis were not strictly Achaians.

And tender'd kindly courtesy, as is the due of strangers.
 But when of eating and of drink we had our pleasure taken,
 Then foremost I our errand told, and urg'd you, us to follow. 780
 Willing were ye; and they, your sires, in many words did charge you.
 Then aged Peleus straitly charg'd upon his child Achilles,
 Always to be preeminent, and play the chief to others;
 And Actor's son Menœtius on thee in turn laid charges:
 'Truly, my child, in princely rank Achilles standeth higher; 785
 Older of birth art *thou*; but *he* in prowess far surpasseth:
 But speak a prudent word to him discreetly; make suggestion;
 Guide with authority to good; then shall he give compliance.'
 So spake thy aged sire; but thou forgettest; yet, be urgent
 On skilful-hearted Achileus e'en now, if that he hear thee. 790
Who knoweth, if with heaven's aid thou mayest by persuasion
 Bestir his spirit? useful is a comrade's exhortation.
 But if, with heart foreboding, he some heav'nly danger shunneth,
 Which, from the lips of Jupiter, his queenly mother taught him,
 Yet let him *thee* permit, and send the Myrmidons behind thee 795
 (So haply to the Danaï mayest thou be for comfort),
 And for the fight entrust to thee his own resplendent armour;
 If that perchance the Troïans, deluded by thy semblance,
 Abstain from battle, and hereby Achaia's warlike children
 Gain respite of their toil;—and short the respite is of warfare. 800
 'Twere light for you unwearièd, from off the tents and galleys,
 Unto the city back to drive men wearied in combat."
 He spake; and strongly did bestir the hero's heart within him,
 Who back unto Æacides along the galleys hasten'd.
 But when Patroclus near the ships of the divine Ulysses 805
 In his career arriv'd, whereat were built the sacred altars,
 Round which the Argives causes judg'd with ordinances holy;
 Here met he, limping out of war, Euaemon's Jove-born offspring,
 Eurypylos, who in the thigh was with an arrow wounded. [glèd
 Down from his head and shoulders flow'd the sweat; and dark blood gur-
 Out of the fretting wound; but yet no swoon oppress'd his members.
 Then valiant Menœtiades did pitying behold him,
 And, winged accents uttering, sent forth a wail of sorrow:

“Ha, wretched! who to Danaï are governours and leaders! 815
 So then, your doom it was, afar from friends and native country,
 With whiteness of your fat to gorge the eager dogs in Troas!
 But truly now, Eurypylus, thou Jove-born hero, tell me;—
 Thinkest, the Achaïans yet will stay the huge o’erbearing Hector?
 Or that, beneath his spear subdued, they instantly will perish?” 820

Then prudent-soul’d Eurypylus confronting him responded:
 “No further bulwark will there be, Patroclus Jove-descended!
 But all the Achaïans will fall beside their dusky galleys.
 For all who formerly bare lead, as bravest of the Argives,
 Lie prostrate at the galley-side by stab or flying arrow 825
 Beneath the hands of Troïans, whose strength is alway fiercer.
 But me at least save thou, and lead unto thy dusky galley,
 And from my thigh the arrow cut, and wash the gore’s defilement
 Out of the wound with water warm; and o’er it spread assuagements
 Salubrious and gentle; which (they say) Achilles taught thee, 830
 Who was himself by Cheiron taught, the justest of the Centaurs.
 For as to our chirurgeons, Podaleiris and Machaon,
 One in his tent doth wounded lie, a blameless healer needing
 Himself; the other on the plain the Troian war awaiteth.” 835

Then gallant Menœtiades accosted him responsive:
 “Hero Eurypylus! what course remaineth? how to serve thee?
 To skilful-hearted Achileus I go, to carry tidings,
 Returning from Gerenian Nestor, watcher of the Achaïans:
 Yet even so, in sore distress, I may not lightly leave thee.” 840

He spake, and grasp’d beneath the breast the shepherd of the people,
 And led him to a tent. A squire beholding, spread beneath him
 Ox-hides, whereon he stretched him; then cutting, he extracted
 The pointed arrow anguish-fraught; and wash’d the gore’s defilement
 With water warm; then with his hands he rubb’d for quick infusion 845
 A bitter pain-assuaging root, whereby the pangs of sorrow
 Were all arrested; thus the wound was staunch’d, the blood was stopped.

834. *Blameless*,—perhaps opposed to Sorcery, as 6, 171. But the word in some connections may seem to mean Refined, Liberal (arts). See 9, 127; 13, 637. Indeed Tacitus says “*sanctissimas Arruntii artes*,” for refined and noble accomplishments.

BOOK XII.

THUS valiant Menœtiades within the tents was healing
 Wounded Eurypylus : meanwhile the Troïans and Argives
 In close battalions combated : nor longer might the rampart
 And moat avail, with which their ships the Danaï encompass'd 5
 (Yet no illustrious hecatombs unto the gods did offer),
 That the sharp galleys and much spoil it might enclose and rescue :
 But, built against the immortals' will, not long unharm'd it lasted.
 So long as Hector was alive, and Achileus was wrathful, 10
 And while as princely Priam's city still abode unravag'd,
 So long did eke unharm'd abide the great Achaian rampart.
 But when among the Troïans the bravest all had perish'd,
 And whoso of the Argives liv'd, did Priam's city capture 15
 In the tenth year, and straight embark to seek their native country ;
 Then Neptune and Apollo plann'd to lay the rampart level,
 Turning on it the rivers' might, which seaward flow from Ida,
 Heptáporus and Rhodius, Graníeus and Carésus, 20
 Rhesus, Aisépus, Simoïs, and the divine Scamander,
 Where crests and oxhides fell in mud, and many a hero's offspring.
 But bright Apollo turn'd their mouths for nine days on the rampart,
 And Jove did rain continuous to swamp the walls in ocean, 25
 And the land-shaking god himself, in hand the trident holding,
 Led the attack, and from the depth the stocks and stones uprooted,
 In-bulld by Achaian toil, and mix'd them with the billows,
 And to grand-flowing Helle's stream made all the region level. 30
 Then all the mighty shore again with heaps of sand he cover'd,
 After the rampart flat was laid ; and to their proper channel
 Turn'd back the rivers, where before ran their fair-streaming water.
 Such were the after-deeds to be of Neptune and Apollo :
 But then did fight and clamour blaze round the wellbuilt rampart. 35
 The timbers of the towers crash'd with many a blow, and, fainting

Beneath the scourge of Jupiter, the Argives at their galleys
 Were hemm'd in fear of Priam's son, stout counsellor of terror.
 But he, like to a hurricane, as heretofore, made havoc. 40
 As when mid hunter-troop and hounds a boar or lion faceth,
 With grim delight of strength; but they, arrang'd in close battalion,
 Frontwise do stand, and shower thick their darts; but flight nor terror
 Moveth his noble heart; but him his bravery will ruin; 45
 And oftentime he turneth him, the hunter-ranks attempting,
 And to what part he dasheth straight, there yield the ranks of hunters :
 Thus Hector thro' the maze of men did rush, and to his comrades
 Gave charge to cross the moat; nor yet his nimblefooted horses 50
 Might dare it; but they loud did neigh, close on the outmost margin,
 Affrayed by the mighty trench, too wide for overleaping,
 Too close for passage: all along on either side the scarpment
 Hung over, and sharp stakes aloft were planted stout and many, 55
 Which Panachaia's children fix'd, a shelter from the foeman.
 Not easily might there the steed, the wheeled chariot trailing,
 Down venture; but the ranks of foot did hanker to achieve it.
 Then, standing by bold Hector's side, Polydamas address'd him : 60
 "Hector, and ye the rest, whoe'er lead-on the allies or Troians,
 Madly across the moat we drive the nimblefooted horses.
 And it, sore troublous is to pass: for pointed stakes within it
 Are planted; and anent to them the Achaian rampart standeth.
 Not thither must the charioteers descend in rash embroilment; 65
 For in its narrowness, I ween, may cruel wounds assail us.
 Now if high rumbling Jupiter, unflinchingly malignant
 Against the foe, hath ta'en resolve the Troïans to succour;
 This verily forthwith would I desire to be accomplish'd,
 That, far from Argos, shorn of fame, the Achaians here might perish. 70
 But if they rally in recoil and drive us from the galleys,
 Chasing in turn, and we within the digged moat be smitten;
 No longer then would messenger, —I say, not one,—escaping
 Back to the city reach, beneath the rallying of Argos.
 But come, as I the word shall speak, let all compliant follow. 75
 Let every squire upon the moat rein up the eager horses,
 But we ourselves on foot, with arms and panoply accoutred,

Shall in a body follow close with Hector ; but the Achaians
Will not withstand, if, sooth ! for them are Ruin's meshes fasten'd."

Thus sagely spake Polydamas, and won the heart of Hector ; 80
Who straightway from his chariot leapt to the ground in armour.
Nor stay'd the other Troïans upon their cars assembled,
But all dismounted instantly, on seeing godlike Hector.
Then to his proper charioteer each chief gave urgent bidding
There on the moat in order due to bridle in the horses ; 85
But they themselves, in five-fold band of foot, their leaders follow'd.
Of them the largest company and bravest went with Hector
And with discreet Polydamas ; and greatly were they eager
The rampart to destroy, and fight beside the hollow galleys. 90
Along with these Kebriones went third ; but by the horses
Hector another left, to him inferiour in prowess.
Paris, Alcáthoüs, Agénor, led the *next* battalion.
Over the *third* Deïphobus and Helenus the godlike,
Two sons of Priam ; but with them was Asius the hero, 95
Asius, son of Hyrtacus, whom coursers from Arisba
Flame-hued and stately bare along from the Selleïs river.
Next came Anchises' bonny child, who to the *fourth* was leader,
Æneias ; but beside him stood two children of Antenor,
Archelochus and Acamas, well skill'd in various battle. 100
Over the glorious *allies* Sarpedon was commander,
Who Glaucus chose beside, and eke warlike Asteropæus :
For these among them seem'd to him, for valorous distinction,
After himself, to stand supreme ; but he mid all was signal.
Now when with frames of oxen-hide, each clos'd upon his neighbour, 105
Against the Danaï they dash'd, all eagerness, and reckon'd
No more to be withheld, but rush and gain the dusky galleys.
Then all the other Troïans, and eke the allies far-summon'd,
Were, to the blameless counsel of Polydamas, compliant :
But not the son of Hyrtacus, Asius, chief of heroes, 110
Was willing there to leave his steeds and charioteer attendant ;
But to the galleys sharp approach'd behind his stately horses,
O simpleton ! nor troth ! for *him*, with chariot and coursers
Bragly adorn'd, the gods decreed safe journey from the galleys

Back unto windy Ilium, from evil doom escaping. 115
 Nay : for a luckless Destiny did earlier enshroud him
 Beneath the son of Deucalus, Idomeneus the lordly.
 For he unto the galleys' left did hie him, where the Achaians
 Out of the plain were streaming back with chariots and horses.
 There, thro' he drove his car and steeds; for at the gates he found not
 The panels' ample breadth foreclos'd, nor the huge bar athwart them.
 But men did hold them open wide; if haply they might rescue
 Some of their comrades, who from war would flee unto the galleys.
 Thither with purpose straight he held his steeds; the people follow'd
 With piercing yell; for verily they reckon'd that the Achaians 125
 No more would be withheld, but rush to gain their dusky galleys :
 O simpletons ! for in the gates they found two signal heroes,
 From the spear-wielding Lapithæ a lofty-minded offspring ;
 One to Peirithoüs was son, the stalwart Polypoetes,
 Leonteus was the other, peer to Ares, pest of mortals. 130
 The twain before the lofty gates did stand, as on the mountains
 Highheaded oaks, which day by day the wind and rains do buffet,
 Yet firmly still they hold their ground, by mighty roots engrappled.
 So then the chieftains twain, on hands and bravery reliant, 135
 Awaited mighty Asius, nor shrank from his encounter.
 But with appalling hurly, straight against the wall well-built,
 Holding aloft the rigid frames of oxhide, rush'd the people
 Around the princely Asius, Iamenus, Orestes,
 Adamas, son of Asius, CEnomaüs and Thoön. 140
 Truly the others would, at first, within the wall abiding,
 The dapper-greav'd Achaians urge to combat for the galleys :
 But when the Troïans they saw upon the rampart rushing,
 While of the Danaï arose screaming at once and terror ;
 Thereat, forth sallying, the twain beyond the portals battled, 145
 Like boars of field and mountain, which await the halloo and scurry
 Of dogs and hunters; slant they dash, and crush the circling forest
 Snapt from the roots; and clash their tusks, until some dart may slay them:
 So unto these the shining brass did clash upon their bosom, 150
 Pelted by adverse weapons; sith right sturdily they battled,

117. *Deucalus*. The form of the name is Deucalion in 13, 451.

Reliant on their folk above, and on their proper courage.
 But those with weighty stones did fling from the wellbuilt towers,
 Themselves to succour, and the tents, and the swift-coursing galleys. 155
 As on the ground do flakes of snow fall thick, which gusty tempests,
 Whirling the shady storm-clouds, shed on Earth the many-feeder,
 So from their hands a flying stream was pour'd, alike from Troians
 And from Achaians: helmets hard and bossy targets, batter'd 160
 By massy weights, like stones of mill, with hollow boom resounded.
 Then Asius Hyrtacides, indignant at the struggle,
 Slapt on his thighs with double hand, and utter'd words of groaning:

“O father Jove! and eke dost *thou* delight to balk the credence
 Of trustful mortals? never I, in sooth, against our valour 165
 And hands intractable, believ'd the Achaian host would rally.
 But they, as wasps with stripy waist, or bees, which make their houses
 Along a craggy-clifted path, maintain their hollow dwelling,
 And swarm against marauding men, to combat for their children; 170
 No other wise do these refuse to yield them from the portals,
 Albeit twain alone, until they conquer or be conquer'd.”

He spake, nor by his argument the heart of Jove persuaded,
 Who upon Hector chose to set the primacy of glory.

Now battle, diverse gates around, by diverse men was waged; 175
 And troth! for me, like to a god, all things to tell, were toilsome.
 For round and o'er the stony wall the fire's unearthly splendor
 Arose terrific: so, perforce, albeit griev'd, the Argives
 Fought for the galleys; and the gods were pierc'd in heart with anguish,
 By whomso of Olympians the Danaï were holpen. 180

Yet did the Lapithae engage in war and foeman's bargain.
 And straightway Peirithoides, the stalwart Polypoetes,
 Hit Damasus, and pierced thro' his brazen-cheeked helmet:
 Nor might the brazen helm resist the weighty spear; but thro' it, 185
 Mid bone and brain the weapon splash'd, and quell'd his eager hurry.
 Next he for death and plunder hent both Ormenus and Pylon.
 While, at the girdle aiming well, Leonteus, branch of Ares,
 Struck with the spear Hippomachus, Antimachus' brave offspring:
 Then drawing from the scabbard quick the keenly-whetted cutlass, 190
 Rush'd close upon Antiphates amid the crowd, and smote him

Full prostrate : next, Iamenus, and Menon, and Orestes,
All these successive cast he down on Earth the many-feeder. 194

While from the bodies of the slain they stript the sparkling armour,
Meanwhile, behind Polydamas and Hector, throng'd the bravest,
Eager the rampart to o'erthrow and burn with fire the galleys :
But standing at the trench's brink they faltered in the onset.
For, while they eager were to pass, an omen flew from heaven, 200
An eagle lofty-hovering, keeping to left the people,
Who in her talons bare away a gory monstrous serpent,
Alive and quivering, nor yet of battle-glee forgetful.
For writhing backward in her grasp, it tore her neck and bosom, 205
Till, stung with anguish, down amid the gazing crowd she dropt it,
And on the breezes of the wind herself sail'd off with screaming.
Thereat the Troians shudder'd, when they saw the stripy serpent
Lying amid them,—prodigy of Jove the ægis-holder.
Then, standing by bold Hector's side, Polydamas address'd him : 210

“Hector! when I in council speak sage argument, thou ever
Castest on me some blame, as tho' no common man may venture
In peace or war thy mind to cross, but only swell thy glory.
Yet roundly will I speak my thought, as best to me it seemeth. 215
Go not against the Danaï to combat for their galleys !
For I this issue do forebode, if truly on the Troians
Eager to pass the moat and wall this omen came from heaven,
The eagle lofty-hovering, keeping to left the people,
Who in her talons bare away a gory monstrous serpent 220
Alive ; but dropt it instantly, ere her dear nest attain'd she,
Nor might complete the chase, and bear the quarry to her children :
So, if by mighty strength we burst the gates and stony rampart,
And force the Achaians to retire ; yet, not in comely order 224
Shall we along the selfsame course march homeward from the galleys.
Sith, many a Trojan shall we leave behind us, whom the Achaians
May with the wasting brass lay low, contending for the galleys.
Thus would a sage interpreter, welltrusted by the people
For lore of heav'nly prodigies, spell forth to thee the vision.”

To him with frowning glance replied great motley-helmed Hector: 230
“ Polydamas ! thy word to me no longer friendly soundeth :

Well knowest thou to meditate some other counsel better.
 But if in very truth such wise in earnest thou haranguest,
 Then surely have the gods themselves marr'd all thy native prudence ;
 Who wouldest urge my heart to be forgetful of the purpose, 235
 Of which high-rumbling Jupiter by sacred nod assur'd me.
 But *thou*, forsooth ! exhortest me in lengthy-feather'd omens
 To trust : but I, in view of these, nor bashful am nor anxious,
 Whether toward the east and sun they on the right hand hie them,
 Or leftwise haply they may sheer toward the dusk of sunset. 240
 For *us* ; rely we confident on Jupiter's high purpose,
 Who reigneth mightily over all, both mortals and immortals.
 One omen is for ever best, —to battle for one's country.
 But, as for thee, why dreadest *thou* warfare and foeman's bargain ?
 For if the rest of us shall all beside the Argive galleys 245
 Rush upon slaughter, yet for thee no fear there is to perish ;
 Sith, heart to sally, none hast thou, nor to await the foeman.
 But if thyself shalt skulk away, or by enticing reason,
 Smooth-tongu'd, shalt others turn aside and damp them for the battle ;
 Forthwith, beneath my spear laid low, shalt thou of life be rieved." 250

With such address he led the way, and they beside him follow'd
 With shout unearthly : after it, from Ida's mountain-summits
 Did thunder-loving Jupiter arouse a squally tempest,
 Which on the galleys carried straight the dust ; and he, bewitching
 The Argive spirit, glory sent to Hector and the Troians ; 255
 Who, trusting on His prodigies and on their proper courage,
 Made many a trial to destroy the mighty Argive rampart.
 They push'd against the battlements, they pull'd the towers' outwork,
 They undermin'd the buttresses, which first the Achaians planted
 Deep-rooted in the ground, to serve as holders of the towers. 260
 At these they mightily did toil, to breach the Argive rampart
 By force : nor yet the Danaï withdrew them from the struggle :
 But they for fence and battlement broad oxhide bucklers holding,
 From under them assail'd the foe, who came beneath the rampart.
 Along the towers, to and fro, meanwhile the two Ajaces, 265
 With cheery shout exhorting, mov'd, to rouse the Achaian courage.
 And when they any might descry all-negligent of battle,

This one with words of gentleness, *that* one they harshly chided :

“O friends! whoso of Argives is preeminent or feeblest,
Or eke of middle state (for, troth ! not all of men in combat 270
Alike may quit them): now for all a common struggle pendeth.
And this yourselves too know, I ween: wherefore let no one, hearing
The foe’s upbraiment, turn his back to flee unto the galleys ;
But forward ever struggle ye, and each exhort the other,
If Jove, the Olympian lightener, this day, may haply grant us 275
The onset to repulse, and chase the foemen to their city.”

Thus did the twain with forward shout stir up the Achaian battle.
But they,—as thick the flakes of snow fall in a day of winter,
When Jove the Counsellor is bent his weapons to exhibit 280
Snowing on mortals : mid the lull of winds, he sheds it constant,
Until the lofty mountain-peaks and outmost knolls it cover,
And eke the lotus-bearing plains and the fat tilth of peasants :
Yea, and along the hoary brine the shores and creeks it lineth,
Save where the billows washing up repel it ; but beyond them 285
Are all things overwapt, whene’er the storm from Jove is heavy :
So they on either side did fling,— on Troians—on Achaians,—
The stones thick-showering; and noise along the rampart hooted.
Nor then might yet the Troïans and gallant Hector striving 290
Have bursten thro’ the mighty bar and panels of the portal,
Unless-that Jove the Counsellor had rous’d his son Sarpedon
To sally, as a lion bounds on crumple-horned cattle.
Forthwith, he held in front his shield, which equal was on all sides,
Brazen and fair, by crafty smith well-hammer’d ; but within it 295
Many bullhides were firmly sew’d, around, on golden edges.
This foremost holding for defence, two javelins he brandish’d,
And started on his path ; in guise, as mountain-nurtur’d lion,
Whom, when of flesh bereaved long, his haughty spirit urgeth, 300
In sally on the sheep, to pierce within their closed penfold :
For tho’ beside it swains on guard with dogs and spears await him,
Yet without struggle scorneth he to scurry from the tumult,
But either he some spoil doth seize, amid the flock alighting, 305
Or by a dart from some brisk hand himself is wounded sooner :
So then Sarpedon, match for gods, by daring soul was driven

To mount upon the foeman's wall and burst its strong defences.
 To Glaucus Hippolochides a word address'd he straightway :
 "Wherefore, O Glaucus, are we both for meed of honour greeted 310
 With seat exalted, dainty flesh, and oft-replenish'd goblet,
 In Lycia? and why do all as peers of gods regard us?
 Why are we grac'd by wide domain beside the banks of Xanthus,
 Noble for wheat-producing soil, for fruitful orchards noble?
 Now then beseemeth us, I ween, to stand among the foremost, 315
 And lead the Lycians to meet the fiery brunt of battle;
 That thus may every Lycian close-corsleted applaud us :—
 'Not verily inglorious the princes of our people
 Do domineer in Lycia, consuming fatten'd cattle
 And choicest honey-pleasant wine; but in their sinew liveth 320
 Brave spirit; sith among the first of Lycians they combat.'—
 O gentle friend! if thou and I, from this encounter scaping,
 Hereafter might for ever be from Eld and Death exempted
 As heav'nly gods, not I in sooth would fight among the foremost,
 Nor liefly thee would I advance to man-ennobling battle. 325
 Now,—sith ten thousand shapes of Death do any-gait pursue us,
 Which never mortal may evade, tho' sly of foot and nimble;—
 Onward! and glory let us earn, or glory yield to some one."
 He spake: nor then did Glaucus flinch, or hear his word reluctant :
 So, side by side, the twain led on the Lycian battalions. 330
 But Mnestheus, son of Peteos, their vast array beholding,
 Shudder'd: for *he* the tower held, at which their mischief aimed.
 He then along the Achaian wall did anxious peer, if haply
 He might some chief espy, and win protection for his comrades.
 Quick he descried the Ajaces twain, insatiate of battle, 335
 Standing; and Teucer, from the tent newly arriv'd, beside them,
 Nor distant; yet, to reach their ears by shout, his throat avail'd not;
 For, drowning was the battle-din: to heaven rose the clatter
 From banging at the shields, and helms with triple crest of horsetail,
 And at the gates: for all of them were fasten'd: but against them 340
 Stood mighty troops, who forcibly would try to burst an entrance.
 Then forward he to Ajax sent Thoötes, speedy herald:

326. *Any-gait*; in any way, at any rate, at all events.

“Godlike Thoötes! hie thee swift, and hither Ajax summon;
 Rather the twain: for *that* of all were best: sith dire destruction 345
 Here threatens: for with weighty force impend the Lycian leaders,
 Who staunch and wight were heretofore amid our hardy struggles.

But if there too distressful strife press hard, yet let them spare us
 The valiant son of Telamon, with Teucer, skilful archer.” 350

He spake; nor disobedient the herald heard his bidding,
 But sped to go along the wall of dapper-greav'd Achaians,
 And quickly reach'd the Ajaces' side, and instantly address'd them:

“Ho! ye Ajaces! leaders twain of brazencoated Argives!
 Jove-nurtur'd Peteos' dear son doth urgently entreat you 355

Thither to go, that, for awhile at least, ye stay the danger;
 Rather the twain: for *that* of all were best: sith dire destruction
 There threatens: for with weighty force impend the Lycian leaders,
 Who staunch and wight were heretofore amid our hardy struggles. 360

But if here too distressful strife press hard, at least afford them
 The valiant son of Telamon, with Teucer, skilful archer.”

So spake he, nor reluctant found great Telamonian Ajax,
 Who straightway to Oileus' son did winged accents utter: 365

“Ajax! hereat abiding, thou and stalwart Lycomedes,
 The Danaï to battle rouse; I, to repel the danger,
 Go thither; but again will come, when *them* I well have rescued.”

Then Ajax, son of Telamon, with such address departed, 370
 Attended by his father's son, Teucer his trusty brother;
 And by their side Pandion bare the bending bow of Teucer.
 When at the tower they arriv'd of mightysoul'd Menestheus,
 Within the rampart entering, and found their comrades straiten'd;
 Just then upon the battlements, like to a gloomy tempest, 375
 The governours and leaders brave of Lycia were mounting:
 So front to front both sides did dash, and high arose the clamour.

First Ajax, son of Telamon, laid low an adverse hero,
 The mighty-hearted Epicles, a comrade of Sarpedon:
 Him with a rugged stone he smote, which lay within the rampart 380
 Highest beside the battlements: no man, tho' young and sturdy
 (Men such as *now* are), easily with both his hands would raise it.
 Yet on the helm with fourfold ridge he from aloft did swing it.

Helmet and bones and head were smash'd at once ; and like a diver, 385
 He from the lofty tower plung'd, and life his bones abandon'd.
 But Teucer aim'd an arrowshot, and from the lofty rampart
 Did eager-rushing Glaucus hit, Hippolochus' brave offspring,
 Where he the arm unguarded saw ; and check'd his glee of valour.
 He from the tower stealthily leapt back, that no Achaian 390
 Might pry more closely at the wound and words of triumph utter.
 But anguish on Sarpedon came, when Glaucus thus departed,
 Soon as he saw it : he nathless did hero-glee remember.
 With lucky aim of spear he hit Alcmaon, son of Thestor,
 And pluck'd the weapon out : thereat the wounded hero headlong 395
 Follow'd the spear, and round him clash'd his brass-belayed armour.
 Sarpedon then with sturdy hands a battlement engrappled,
 And tugg'd toward him : all of it follow'd in mass : the rampart
 With a wide breach was open laid, and made a road for many.
 Both sons of Telamon rush'd up ; and Teucer with an arrow 400
 Struck, on his breast, the brilliant strap of the man-hiding buckler :
 But Jove forbad his proper son at galley's poop to perish.
 Then Ajax with a mighty bound smote on his shield ; and thro' it
 Altho' the weapon pierced not, it check'd the eager hero, 405
 Who from the breach retir'd a space : nor yet did he withdraw him
 Entirely ; sith his soul was smit with hope of earning glory.
 Forthwith, the godlike Lycians he rallying exhorted :
 " O Lycians, why thus relax from furious encounter ?
 For me, whate'er my bravery, the task is overmatching, 410
 By my own single strength to force a passage to the galleys.
 But follow after,—all in plump : the more, I deem, the better."
 He spake : the people quail'd beneath the prince's voice upbraiding,
 And, round their chieftain-counsellor, press'd weightier of onset.
 The Argives on the other side strengthen'd their close battalions
 Within the rampart : then for both was mighty toil propounded.
 For neither might the Lycians, tho' valiant, burst the rampart,
 And force amid the Danaï a passage to the galleys :
 Nor might the spearmen Danaï repel the Lycian onset
 And hurl them from the rampart back, when once their band attain'd it.
 But as within a common field two men contest the limits

With rod in hand, and inch by inch debate the doubtful portion ;
 So by the battlements were these scarce sunder'd ; and across them,
 Each of the other, ravaged around their hardy bosoms 425
 The oxhide shields orbicular and shaggy-winged targets.
 Then by close stab from ruthless brass was many a hero wounded,
 Or fleeing with unguarded back, or frontwise thro' the buckler.
 Thus everywhere with gore of men the battlements and towers 430
 On either side bespatter'd were from Troians and Achaians.
 Nor might they, even so, avail to fright away the Achaians :
 But as a woman, scrupulous and toilsome for her children
 To earn hard sustenance by wool, trimmeth her anxious balance ; 435
 So in their balance was the war, by weights on both sides, equal,
 Until-that overswaying Jove to Hector son of Priam
 Gave higher glory, who was first to cross the Achaian rampart.
 So shouted he with piercing voice to all the Troian army :

“Up! coursertaming Troians! burst the rampart of the Argives, 440
 And on their galleys scatter well the fire's unearthly fury.”

He spake exhorting: all of them did ope their ears to hear him,
 And straight ahead against the wall together rush'd : thereafter,
 Bearing wellsharpen'd javelins, they clomb upon the outwork.
 Then Hector clutch'd a massy stone, which lay before the entrance, 445
 Broad at the base, but sharp above: not *two* men pick'd for sinew
 On to a carriage easily might heave it from the pavement,
 (Men such as now are seen), but he alone with ease did swing it :
 For crookedwitted Saturn's child took off for him the burthen. 450
 As when some lusty swain the fleece of a male sheep may carry,
 A single hand sufficeth him, and slight the toil to raise it ;
 So Hector, lifting high the stone, bore straight against the panels,
 Which clos'd the lofty two-leav'd gates, tightly and stoutly fitted,
 Clasp'd by alternate inward bars, thro' which one bolt was fasten'd.
 There, at short distance did he stand, and sturdily enforc'd it
 Full on their middle; stepping broad, to make his swing the stronger.
 The hinges both were torn away: the stone with weighty hurtle
 Fell thro' within, and mightily the portals boom'd around it : 460
 The bars were shatter'd by the blow; the panels split to shivers.
 Then in did gallant Hector leap. The gloom of Night swift-rushing

Mantled his cheeks; the sheathing brass shone horrid from his body :
 Two spears he brandish'd: baleful gleam burnt in his eyes; nor any, 465
 Save only god, might check his rush, when thro' the gates he bounded.
 Facing about, to right, to left, he shouted to the Troians
 To climb the rampart: nothing loth, they hearken'd to his summons.
 Straightway, some overclomb the wall; some thro' the very portals
 Stream'd in, and forc'd the Danaï up to the hollow galleys 470
 In flight; and unremitting din arose in either army.

BOOK XIII.

WHEN to the galleys Jove had thus brought Hector and the Troians,
 There left he either host with toil and wearisome disaster
 To struggle: but himself away his beaming eye turned,
 Gazing upon the distant land of Thrake's horseman people,
 The Mæsiens close-combating and lordly-soul'd Mare-milkers, 5
 Justest of men, who feed on milk, nor martial weapon handle.
 But he no longer unto Troy his beaming eye turned:
 For surely in his heart he deem'd, that none of the immortals
 To Troians or to Danaï for battle-aid would venture.

Nor was a fruitless outlook kept by the landshaking ruler: 10
 For he too held a lofty seat, the hardy war admiring,
 Upon the topmost pinnacle of woody Samo-Thrake;
 Whence, open to the view, appear'd Ida, and Priam's city,
 And galleys of the Danaï: so, from the wave emerging,

6. I interpret *Abioi* to mean "without bows." The ancients did not, because they looked for truth in such notices by Homer. He seems to me to have conceived of the Mare-milkers, as Herodotus of the Argippæans.

Hither he hied him, pitying the Argives, by the Troians 15
 Sore worsted; and with Jupiter was mightily indignant:
 Then from the mountain's craggy highth incontinent descended
 With foot outstriding rapidly. The forest and long ridges
 Shiver'd beneath the immortal tread of Neptune onward hasting.
 Three steps he made; and with the fourth he reach'd his goal at Ægae;
 Ægae, within whose lake profound are builded to his honour
 Golden abodes illustrious, that sparkle undecaying.
 Hither arriv'd, beneath the yoke he shot his heav'nly coursers,
 Brazen of foot and swift to fly, with golden manes longstreaming.
 He on his own immortal skin with gold was clad; and grasping 25
 The golden lash's canny weight, on his own seat he mounted,
 And o'er the billows'gan him drive. From all their caverns rising,
 The ocean-monsters well beknew their lord, and frisk'd around him.
 The sea with gladness op'd its lap, as those immortal coursers
 Skimm'd o'er it; nor was, underneath, the brazen axle wetted. 30
 So him the lightlybounding steeds bare to the Achaian galleys.
 Within the water's secret depth an ample cavern lieth,
 In midway course from Tenedos and craggy-clifted Imbros.
 Here Neptune, shaker of the earth, his steeds' career arrested,
 And loos'd them from the yoke, and cast ambrosial fodder near them 35
 For pasture; and around their feet he tackled golden fetters,
 Proof against mighty blows or craft; that they, their lord awaiting,
 Might firm abide, the while he went unto the Achaian army.
 With Hector, son of Priamus, the thicklygather'd Troians,
 Went, like to flame or like a squall, immeasurably eager, 40
 And roar'd and skirl'd in unison; and ever hop'd to capture
 The Argive galleys, and to slay, beside them, all the Achaians.
 But Neptune, earth-encircling god, land-shaker,—like to Calchas
 In shape and voice unweari'd, out of the deep sea coming, 45
 The Argives rous'd; and first address'd the Ajaces, alway eager:
 "Ajaces! verily ye twain will save the Achaian people,
 If ye remember bravery and not benumbing terror.
 For, tho' the Troians in a crowd have scal'd the mighty rampart,
 Yet I their hands intractable in other places fear not: 50
 Sith-that the Achaians dapper-greav'd avail to stay their onset.

But here, with terrible dismay I grimly dread disaster,
 Where, like to flame celestial, this frantic man is captain,
 Hector, who vaunteth him a son of Jove supremely mighty.
 O would some god this argument within your bosom stablsh, 55
 Yourselves right sturdily to hold, and urge the other people!
 Then, let him rush his worst, but ye from the swiftcoursing galleys
 Would dash him, even if himself the Olympian incite him."

This said; the earth-encircling god, land-shaker, with his sceptre
 Smote both of them, and fill'd them full with heart-inspiring vigour. 60
 Their limbs,—both feet and hands above,—nimble he made and buxom.
 Himself,—as darteth on its flight a rapid-winged falcon,
 Which, bent another bird to chase along the boundless champaign,
 Soareth from some farreaching ledge of precipices stormcapt;
 So, parting from their company, land-shaking Neptune soared. 65
 Of them, Oïleus' agile son first knew the voice of heaven,
 And to the son of Telamon his thought did instant utter:

"Ajax! sith in an augur's shape some god, from high Olympus
 Descending, biddeth thee and me to combat by the galleys:—
 Nor troth! is he our oracle and omen-speller Calchas. 70
 For, as he started, clear I mark'd the traces of his footstep;
 And gods, tho' gods they be, to men are easy of discernment.
 Yea, and myself do feel within thro' all my deepest bosom
 Fresh purposes of warlike deeds kindled; and every member,
 Both feet below and hands above, are fill'd with noble vigour." 75

Then Ajax, son of Telamon, accosted him responsive:
 "Eke unto me hath he bestirred the spirit; and beneath me
 Both feet spring forward; and my hands intractable are frantic,
 Grasping the spear; and e'en alone I hanker for the combat
 With Hector Priam's son, tho' he be measureless in fury." 80

Thus they reciprocal exchang'd betwixt themselves discourses,
 Rejoicing in the hero-gee, wherewith the god inspired them.
 Meanwhile the Earth-encompasser arous'd the hindmost Argives,
 Who to the galley-side withdrawn their tender heart recruited.
 But now their sinews were unstrung by all-oppressing travail, 85
 And anguish rose within their heart to see the sight of terror,
 When in a crowd the Troïans had scal'd the mighty rampart.

Gazing at these, big tears they dropt, nor thought to scape the mischief :
 But the Earth-shaker entering soon rous'd the stout battalions. 90
 To Teucer first and Leïtus with exhortation came he,
 To Thoas and Peneleos and Deipyrus the hero,
 Antilochus and Merion, sage counsellors of onset.
 Then he, to stir their bravery, did winged accents utter :

“O shame! ye Argives, tender boys! on *you* in sooth I trusted 95
 By deeds of valiant enterprize our galleys to deliver.
 But if ye slackly take in hand the mournful work of battle,
 Now do we see our day of doom to fall beneath the Troians.
 Good Spirits! troth, a marvel great doth here my eyes encounter,
 Dreadful;—of which the complishment never my heart expected;—100
 That men of Troy have hardihood to reach the ships of Argos;
 Men, who were like to timid hinds before; which in the forest
 To panthers or to wolves become, or to wild dogs, a quarry,
 Helpless at random wandering, of battle-glee unconscious;
 So heretofore the Troïans, with Argive might confronted, 105
 Knew not our onset to abide for e'en a scanty moment;
 But now, far from their walls they fight, hard by the hollow galleys,
 For-that perverse our leader is, and negligent our people,
 Who, quarrelling with him, refuse for the seacoursing galleys
 To battle valiantly, and now themselves are slain beside them. 110
 But if the widely ruling king, the hero Agamemnon,
 In very truth is blameable, for-that he hath dishonour'd
 Pelides fleet of foot; yet we nowise should be neglectful,
 But heal the mischief: healsome are the bosoms of the noble. 115
 Nor *ye* neglectful well may be of furious encounter,
 Who all are bravest in the host: but if a sorry fighter
 Were slack in battle, never I with such a man would wrangle
 Or blame; but verily with *you* from soul am I indignant.
 O gentle hearts! by this neglect some worser ill ye haply 120
 May bring on us: but, each of you, both Shame and Indignation
 Within his bosom print: for lo! a mighty strife is risen.
 For now doth Hector, good at need, beside the galleys combat,
 Direful; who hath the mighty bar and portal-panels shatter'd.”

Goading the Argive spirit thus, the Earth-encircler urg'd them. 125

Then stood, around the Ajaces twain, the closely-wedg'd battalions,
 Stubborn ; which neither Ares nor Athene people-stirrer
 Reviewing, would disparage them : for, the selected bravest
 Did here against the Troïans and godlike Hector's onset
 Stand firm, and fenced spear with spear, buckler to buckler closing. 130
 So helmet was by helmet screen'd and buckler propt by buckler,
 And warrior by warrior : the horsetail-helmets waving
 With ridges bright each other touch'd : so thick they stood together.
 The javelins were like to kiss, when sturdy hands would wield them,
 But the men's hearts were gone in front, and burn'd to join the battle. 135

Forward in plump the Troians rush'd ; for at their head was Hector,
 Frantic with purpose of assault ; as may a massy boulder
 Roll o'er the margin of a cliff, if tempest-swollen torrents
 Have wrench'd the brute crag's fastenings by countless gush of waters :
 Aloft it bounceth : with the shock the forest boometh hollow : 140
 But it with unimpeded swing careereth, till it lighteth
 On the flat plain ; nor farther then may all its impulse roll it :
 So Hector's mighty rush, awhile, unto the water's margin
 Threaten'd to reach, right thro' the tents and galleys of the Achaïans,
 Slaying : but when he lighted on the closely wedg'd battalions, 145
 He paus'd, full near them : for in front the children of Achaia,
 With swords and with twohanded pikes against his bosom stabbing,
 Kept him to measur'd distance off : so to retreat they drave him.
 Then shouted he with piercing voice to all the Trojan army :

“Dardans, who hand to hand contend, and Lycians, and Troians ! 150
 Stand firmly by my side : not long the Achaïans shall stay me,
 Albeit tower-wise in sooth they dress themselves for battle.
 But they (I reckon) will retire beneath my spear, if truly
 Me hath the chief of gods impell'd, loud-rumbling lord of Juno.”

He, by such words, in every breast spirit and strength excited. 155
 But Priam's son Deïphobus mid them with haughty spirit
 Did march, and forward held his shield, which equal was on all sides,
 Under its covert stealthily with tripping gait advancing.
 But Merion with shining spear took faithful aim against him,
 And hit him on the tough bullhide, which equal was on all sides : 160
 Nor might he pierce it thro', for first the lengthy spear was broken

Low in the shaft : yet far aloof Deiphobus did hurtle
 The leathern buckler from his side, in terror, lest the weapon
 Of skilfulhearted Merion might reach him. But the hero
 Retreated to his comrade troop ; and grimly was indignant 165
 Alike for ruin'd victory and for his broken weapon.
 Then hied he him, along the tents and galleys of the Achaïans,
 Out of his proper tent to fetch, a lance which there he treasur'd.
 Meanwhile, the others join'd in fight, and clamour rose incessant.
 Then Teucer, son of Telamon, was first to slay a hero, 170
 The spearman Imbrius, a son of Mentor rich in horses.
 Ere-that Achaia's children came, his dwelling was Pedæus,
 And Medecasta was his bride, a meaner child of Priam.
 But when the Danaï appear'd with easy-steering galleys,
 Back came he then to Ilium, and was among the Troians 175
 Signal, and dwelt in Priam's court, honour'd as Priam's children.
 Him Teucer reach'd beneath the ear with thrust of lengthy weapon,
 And back withdrew it: then, as falls an ashtree by the woodman,
 Which on a farseen mountain's top its tender leaves lays prostrate ; 180
 So did he fall: and round him clash'd his brass-belayed armour.
 Then rush'd the son of Telamon, eager to strip his harness,
 But with the shining javelin against him Hector darted.
 He, seeing it, by scanty space the brazen point avoided,
 Which deadlly on the bosom struck Amphimachus, the offspring 185
 Of Cteatus Actorides returning to the battle :
 So with a loud crash down he dropt, and o'er him clang'd his armour.
 Then Hector from the hero's head would rush to snatch the helmet
 Of mighty-soul'd Amphimachus, wellfitted to his temples :
 But Ajax with the shining spear at Hector thrust ; nor pierc'd him :
 (For all his flesh with dreadful brass was sheathed :) but he goaded
 The buckler's boss right sturdily, and into distance drove him
 From both the corpses: these forthwith the Achaïans drew toward them.
 Amphimachus by Stichiüs and by divine Menestheus, 195
 Leaders of Athens, mid the host of Danaï was carried ;
 Imbrius, by the Ajaces twain, for fierce encounter eager.
 As when from dogs with jagged fangs in thickets of a forest
 Two lions snatch a goat ; aloft within their jaws they bear it, 200

Raising it from the ground; so him the twain fullarm'd Ajaces
 Carried aloft, then stript his arms: but next, Oïleus' offspring
 In anger for Amphimachus his tender neck beheaded,
 And sent the sever'd head to whirl, ball-wise, among the people :
 So down into the dust it came before the feet of Hector. 205

Then Neptune, shaker of the earth, was, deep in soul, embitter'd,
 To see his grandson perishing in grim embrace of foemen,
 And hied to go along the tents and galleys of the Achaians,
 To whet the souls of Danaï; and plotted woe to Troians.
 Him presently Idomeneus the spear-renown'd encounter'd, 210
 Returning from a comrade's tent, whom his companions newly
 Bare from the war, beneath the ham by a sharp weapon pierced.
 On the chirurgeons had he laid charge, and forth was coming :
 For still to meet the war he burn'd. Him the Land-shaking power 215
 Accosted; but in voice he seem'd Thoas, Andraemon's offspring,
 Who, over lofty Calydon and in wide Pleuron, ruled
 The Ætolians; and by the folk, e'en as a god, was honour'd.

"Idomeneus, high councillor of Cretans! whither vanish
 The threats, which once at Troïans Achaia's children utter'd?" 220

To him in turn Idomeneus, the Cretan leader answer'd :
 "No *man*, I reckon, is in fault : O Thoas, all are valiant.
 No heartless fear possesseth us, nor yet, to sloth compliant,
 Doth any Argive basely shun dire battle: but, it seemeth, 225
 By Saturn's overmatching child this issue is determin'd,
 That far from Argos, shorn of fame, the Achaians here should perish.
 But Thoas! to withstand the foe thou heretofore wast alway
 Alert, and eke dost others urge, whomso thou seest idle;
 Now, more than ever, stir thee well, and one by one exhort them." 230

Then Neptune, shaker of the earth, accosted him responsive :
 "Idomeneus! oh may that man never from soil of Troas
 Safely return, but here to dogs become a joyful portion,
 Whoever this day willingly neglectful is of battle.
 But hither hie thee quick, and take thy arms, and let us sally 235
 In speed; if haply only two may yet achieve some succour.
 Consorted valour tells for much; yea, e'en of sorry fighters :

But thou and I are trained, eke against the brave to quit us."

Thus said, again the god was mix'd amid the toil of heroes.

But soon as e'er Idomeneus his wellmade tent had enter'd, 240

He donn'd his beauteous arms, and gat two javelins, and hurried

In fashion as a lightning-bolt, which Saturn's offspring, grasping

With hand resplendent, brandisheth from summit of Olympus,

Showing a sign to mortal men ; and brilliant are its flashes :

So brilliant was the brass, upon the running prince's bosom. 245

Nor distant from the tent was he, when lo ! he met returning

Meriones, his comely squire, who for a brazen weapon

Would come: then great Idomeneus accosted his companion :

"O son of Molus, Merion fleet-footed, dearest comrade,

Why hither coming leavest thou the war and foeman's bargain ? 250

Art haply somewhere wounded, and the weapon's point doth rack thee ?

Or com'st in errand after me ? nor troth ! myself do hanker

Idle within my tents to sit, but sturdily to combat."

Thereat the sage Meriones accosted him responsive :

"Idomeneus, high councillor of brazencoated Cretans, 255

In quest return I, if perchance within thy tents thou leavest

A spear : for that which heretofore I wielded, have we broken

Against the shield of Priam's son, Deïphobus the haughty."

To him in turn Idomeneus, the Cretan leader, answer'd :

"Spears, if it list thee, thou in sooth shalt find or one or twenty, 260

Standing together in my tent against the splendid frontings ;

Which from the slaughter'd Troïans I rifle : nor regard I

From far to skirmish with the foe : and therefore have I plenty

Of helms and corslets laughing bright and spears and bossy bucklers."

Thereat the sage Meriones accosted him responsive :

"Eke unto me beside my tent and in my dusky galley

Are many Troian spoils ; but now too far they lie to take them :

For neither (as I trow) myself forgetful am of prowess,

But do among the foremost stand in man-ennobling combat, 270

When in embattled warriors dire controversy riseth.

If haply to some other man of brazencloak'd Achaians

My battle be unseen, yet thou (I ween) thyself dost know it."

To him in turn Idomeneus, the Cretan leader, answer'd :

"What is thy valour, well I know : such argument is needless : 275
 For if beside the galleys now we all, whoe'er are bravest,
 Were pick'd for ambuscade, wherein men's worth is best distinguish'd,
 Where dastard men and valorous are clearly seen asunder :—
 (For oft the coward changeth hue, nor may his soul be steady ; 280
 From knee to knee he shifteth him, and feet beneath him foldeth,
 His heart within him, boding doom, throbbeth ; his teeth do chatter :
 While-that the brave man changeth not his hue, nor greatly knoweth
 Tremor, when he with comrade-men the ambuscade hath enter'd, 285
 But only prayeth speedily in mournful brunt to mingle :)
 Not even there might any man thy heart and hands disparege.
 For if, in mell of battle, thou by dart or thrust wert wounded,
 Not from behind the blow would light, but in thy breast or belly, 290
 While onward rushing to the van for converse with the foremost.
 But come (lest some indignant be and arrogant), no longer
 Stand we, as prating simpletons, such argument to reckon :
 But hie thee to my tent, and there pick out a sturdy weapon."
 He spake, and eager Merion, an equipoise to Ares, 295
 Clutching from out the tent a spear, after his leader darted.
 In guise as Ares, pest to man, moveth to war, and with him
 Terror, his darling son, is seen, both stalwart and unflinching,
 Who even in a hardy soul doth damp the battle's ardour : 300
 But they from Thrace accoutre them, twixt Ephyri to parley
 And mightyhearted Phlegyes ; nor yet to both the armies
 Alike may listen, but to one give eminence of glory :
 Such then proceeded to the war those captains of the Argives,
 Idomeneus and Merion, with flaming brass accoutred. 305
 To him thereon Meriones did first his question utter :
 "O son of Deucalus, whereat willest the crowd to enter ?
 Whether toward the right of all, or midmost of the army,
 Or, as I ween, toward the left ? for nowhere else so sorely
 Doth want of champions distress the streaminghair'd Achaians." 310
 To him in turn Idomeneus, the Cretan leader, answer'd :
 "At midmost of the galleys stand eke other chiefs to succour,—

301. "There are *four* Ephyras," says the old scholiast : but *seven* towns of this name are counted in Dr. W. Smith's Geogr. Dict.

The Ajaces twain, and Teucer, who in archery is signal
 Mid all Achaians, and alike brave in the standing-conflict.
 These will a glut of turmoil give (tho' stalwart be his valour) 315
 To Hector, son of Priamus, now rushing into battle.
 And frantic as his purpose is, hard will he find the effort
 Their hands and hearts intractable to quell, and burn our galleys,
 Unless Saturnius himself cast flaming brands upon them. 320
 Great Ajax, son of Telamon, to none of men is second
 Who mortal may of fabric be and eat the fruit of Ceres,
 Whose body may by pointed brass and mighty stones be wounded.
 Not hero-crushing Achileus would carry vantage from him
 In standing combat; speed alone preeminent he claimeth. 325
 Keep we to leftward of the host; so shall we know full quickly,
 Whether we glory may achieve, or glory yield to some one."
 He spake; and eager Merion, an equipoise to Ares,
 Led in the path, until they reach'd amid the leftward army.
 They, when Idomeneus they saw, like to a flame in fury,— 330
 Himself and his attendant, girt in all their curious armour,—
 They all in scuffle rush'd on him with mutual exhorting;
 And opposite the outmost ships their strife was poised even.
 As when by might of whistling winds tornadoes haste together,
 In season when along the roads the dust is thickly heaped, 335
 And mist promiscuous doth rise; so did their battle thicken,
 Dark and embroil'd: and mutual they burn'd in heart for carnage.
 With long fleshgashing pikes of brass the mortal combat bristled,
 And eyes were blinn'd by brazen gleam from newly polish'd corslets 340
 And beaming shields and flashing helms, as close they came together.
 Hard were the heart, which saw such toil with gladness, not with sorrow.
 Diverse in spirit and in aim, two mighty sons of Saturn 345
 Were for the hero-warriours dire misery devising.
 Jove, as I said, will'd victory for Hector and the Troians
 To glorify swift Achileus; nor wholly yet he listed
 Before the walls of Ilium the Achaian host to perish:
 But Thetis would he glorify and her highhearted offspring. 350
 And Neptune, from the hoary brine in close disguise emerging,
 Bestirr'd the Argives, passing thro'; vex'd that they sore were worsted

By Troians ; and with Jupiter was mightily indignant.
 Truly of both, the breed was one ; one and the same their birthplace ;
 But Jupiter was elder born, and wider was his knowledge. 355
 Therefore in manifest array did Neptune shun to succour,
 But alway stealthily the ranks bestirr'd, in mortal figure.
 So they, alternate, both ways haul'd the cable tough and stubborn
 Of strife and war all-levelling which many knees unstringeth. 360
 Then, shouting to the Danaï and on the Troians leaping,
 Idomeneus, tho' ting'd with grey, began the rout of foemen,
 In-that Othryoneus he slew ; who at the battle-rumour
 Was newly from Cabetes come, and had his home in Troas,
 And sued Cassandra for his bride, of Priam's daughters fairest ; 365
 Nor other dower proffered, but pledg'd a great achievement,
 That he from Troas-land perforce would drive Achaia's children.
 To this the aged Priamus assented, and behote him
 The royal damsel : so he fought, on that behest reliant.
 Aiming at him, Idomeneus with shining weapon darted, 370
 And hit him as he lofty strode, and pierc'd him thro' the body ;
 Nor did the corslet aught avail, which, wrought of brass, encas'd him :
 So with a loud crash down he dropt. Thereat the victor boasted :

"Thee chiefly of the sons of men, Othryoneus ! extol I,
 If truly thou wilt all achieve, which lately thou behotest 375
 To Priam, sprung from Dardanus ; who pledg'd to thee his daughter.
We too behest would make to thee, and faithfully perform it,
 To lead from Argos as thy bride, of Agamemnon's daughters
 Whoso may fairest be of form ; if that with us thou capture
 (In sooth) and pillage Ilium, that thickly-peopled fortress. 380
 But off ! with me ! so shall we make at our seacoursing galleys
 The marriage-compact ; sith-that we of dower are not stingy."

So spake Idomeneus, and tugg'd, amid the hardy struggle,
 His foeman by the foot : thereon came Asius for vengeance,
 Afoot before his coursers. These his charioteer attendant 385
 Kept at his shoulders, breathing hot : but while the hero hanker'd
 To hit Idomeneus, himself was earlier arrested,

368. To *behight*, is, to mention by name, to specify ; hence, to promise. So
 a *behest*, is a thing specified or promised ; though used latterly for a command.

Pierc'd by the Cretan javelin, which through his weazand issued.
 Then toppled he, as may an oak or some white poplar topple,
 Or pine upon the mountain-side tall shooting, which for timber 390
 Ship-carpenters have inly chopt with newly whetted axes :
 So he, before his chariot and coursers, lay extended,
 Gnashing his teeth,—the gory dust with hand convulsive clutching.
 But of the wits, which erst he had, the charioteer was stricken ;
 Nor heart retained he enough to scape the hands of foemen, 395
 Wheeling his coursers ; thereupon Antilochus war-biding,
 Hit him with skilful javelin, and pierc'd him thro' the body :
 Nor did the corslet aught avail, which, wrought of brass, encas'd him :
 So from the well-wrought chariot he fell, and gasp'd expiring.
 The coursers by Antilochus, son of great-hearted Nestor, 400
 Were from the Troians driven to' the dapper-greav'd Achaians.
 Then close against Idomeneus Deïphobus advancing
 Stung by the loss of Asius, with shining weapon darted.
 The Cretan saw it opposite, and stoop'd to shun its fury,
 Hiding beneath his ample shield ; which equal was on all sides, 405
 And by the turner's skill was cas'd with dazzling brass and leather
 Of sturdy bull-hide, and within with double guide was fitted.
 Snug under covert here he crouch'd, the while the flying danger
 Pass'd over ; but the buckler jarr'd with harsh and hollow tinkle,
 Graz'd by the spear : nor vainly then from his broad hand it issued, 410
 But hit a shepherd of the folk, Hipposides Hypsenor,
 Where lies the liver neath the heart ; and straight unstrung his sinews.
 Then loudly cried Deïphobus with marvellous rejoicing :
 " In truth not unaveng'd in turn lies Asius : but wending
 Unto the portals tightly barr'd of Aïdes the stubborn, 415
 He will (I ween) rejoice ; sith I escôrt to him have given."
 When thus he vauntingly exclaim'd, it sorely griev'd the Argives,
 And chiefly to Antilochus bestirr'd the prudent bosom.
 Nor did he, tho' with anguish stung, neglect his own companion,
 But ran and overstrode his limbs and spread the buckler round him. 420
 Then, stooping to receive the load, his two belov'd companions
 Mekisteus, son of Echius and the divine Alastor
 Unto the smoothly hollow ships with moans of sorrow bare him.

Nor yet Idomeneus withdrew his might; but alway hanker'd
 Either to veil in gloom of night some Troian, or to perish 425
 Himself in combat, warding off dire slaughter from the Argives.

Jove-nurtur'd Aesyétas left an offspring dear,—the hero
 Alcatheüs, who held as spouse a daughter of Anchises,
 Hippodameia, eldest born of all Anchises' daughters.
 Her in the chambers of their home her sire and queenly mother 430
 Supremely lov'd at heart; for she mid all her friends of childhood
 Egregious for beauty was, for mind, and handy cunning:
 Therefore in all the breadth of Troy the noblest bridegroom found she.
 But he, her lov'd one, now beneath Idomeneus was vanquish'd;
 For Neptune witch'd his sparkling eyes and tied his gallant sinews. 435
 For neither backward might he haste nor shun the adverse danger,
 But, like a lofty-spreading tree, or like a pillar, stood he
 All motionless in front; until Idomeneus the hero
 Pierc'd thro' his bosom with the spear, and burst the tunic round him,
 Brass-twisted; which in former days his life from bale defended: 440
 But now right harshly did it clank, around the rending weapon.
 So with a loud crash down he dropt; but deep the spear was planted
 Within his heart, which, panting high, made the shaft's end to quiver,
 Until rude-hurtling Ares gave remission of his fury.
 Then loudly cried Idomeneus, with marvellous rejoicing: 445

“Deïphobus! how countest thou the tale of slaughter'd foemen?
 Three against one, despite thy boast, a worthy portion seemeth,
 O elf-possessed! But thyself stand forward and confront me;
 So mayest thou be taught, what blood from Jupiter I carry,
 Who, for the oversight of Crete, did Minos erst engender: 450
 Minos in turn a son begat, Deucalion the spotless;
 But me begat Deucalion, for lordship of the peoples
 Over the ample Crete: and now hither my ships have borne me,
 To thee and to thy sire a woe and to the other Troians.”

So spake he: then Deïphobus with double purpose falter'd, 455
 Whether to take in comradeship some mighty-hearted Troian,
 Backward retiring, or to try his own unaided puissance,
 After such ponderings of thought, he deemed, it were wiser

To fetch Æneas: him be found among the rear battalions,
Standing: and alway rancorous was he with godlike Priam, 460
That to a chieftain so approv'd no leadership he trusted.

Then near before his face he stood, and winged accents utter'd :
 "High councillor of Troïans ! Æneias ! thee behoveth
 Now to avenge thy sister's lord, if kinship doth move thee.
 Haste ! vengeance for Alcatheus ! who, being thy stepbrother, 465
 Within his chambers heretofore did nurture thee, when little.
 Him spear-renown'd Idomeneus hath hent for death and plunder."

He spake, and strongly did bestir the hero's heart within him,
Who hied, Idomeneus to meet, with fiery zeal of battle.
But nowise was Idomeneus dismay'd, as tender weakling ; 470
But stoutly waited, as a boar, on bravery reliant,
Which in a solitary lair awaiteth on the mountains
The riot of a rushing throng : then high his back doth bristle,
And his two eyen gleam with fire ; and in his jaws he whetteth
His tusks, full resolute of heart to stop both hounds and huntsmen.
So spear-renown'd Idomeneus abode, nor yielded footstep, 476
Before Æneas keen at need ; but shouted for his comrades,
Ascalaphus and Aphareus and Deipyrus to summon,
Antilochus and Merion, sage counsellors of onset.
These calling to his aid, did he in winged accents urge them : 480

“Hither, my friends ! and succour me, who am alone ; and grimly
Dread I Æneas fleet of foot, who now on me is rushing ;
Who, heroes in the fight to slay, surpassingly is stalwart,
Yea, and of youth the flower hath, whereof is mighty vantage.
For if, with such a heart as this, my years to his were equal, 485
Full shortly should he take or yield the primacy of valour.”

He spake : then all of them, one soul within their bosom holding,
Closing their rank, stood side by side, with shield aslant on shoulder.
Æneas on the other side to his own comrades shouted :
To Paris and Deiphobus and brave Agenor looking, 490
Who leaders were of Troïans : but after each, the people
Follow'd, as doth behind the tup the flock from pasture follow
To seek the water, giving joy unto the shepherd's bosom.
So likewise in Æneas' heart the secret soul was joyful,

When he the crowd of people saw, which companied behind him. 495

Then they around Alcathoüs for mell of combat sallied
 With lengthy pikes; and direfully the brass upon their bosoms
 Rattled, as each at other hurl'd within the crowd. Among them
 Two war-abiding champions, pre-eminent of valour,
 Æneias and Idomeneus, in weight a match to Ares, 500

Hanker'd with ruthless brass to gash the body, each of other.
 And first against Idomeneus his spear Æneias darted.
 The Cretan saw it opposite, and stoop'd to shun its fury :
 Then far behind him in the earth Æneias' spear was planted,
 Strong quivering; and fruitlessly his sturdy arm impell'd it. 505
 In turn Idomeneus must hit Ænomaüs: the weapon

Rending the corslet's hollow, pierc'd his lap, and drain'd his vitals :
 So in the dust he fell, the earth with gripe convulsive clutching.
 Quick did Idomeneus regain the spear with lengthy shadow
 Out of the corpse; yet might not he tear off the beauteous armour 510
 From shoulders of the dead; for sore the javelins distress'd him.
 Much had the sinews of his feet already lost their freshness,
 Whether to sally for his spear, or shun the foe's encounter :
 And tho' in standing-fight he well the rueful moment warded,
 No longer nimble were his limbs in battle-race to scurry. 515

While he retreated step by step, Deïphobus (who alway
 Against him deep resentment kept) his shining weapon darted :
 But miss'd Idomeneus again, and struck the son of Ares,
 Ascalaphus. The weighty spear ran keenly thro' his shoulder :
 So in the dust he fell, the earth with gripe convulsive clutching. 520
 Nor direful Enyalius, rude shouting, yet had learned,
 How that his offspring dear was slain amid the hardy struggle.

But underneath the golden clouds upon Olympus' summit
 He, by the will of Jupiter encag'd, was idly sitting,
 As eke the other deathless gods, debarr'd from war's alarum. 525

But those around Ascalaphus for mell of combat sallied.
 Already had Deïphobus the dead man's shining helmet
 Caught up, when eager Merion, an equipoise to Ares,
 Rush'd at him, wounding with the spear his arm. With hollow tinkle

520. Enyalius, a rarer name for Ares.

Out of his hand then fell to earth the triple-crested vizor. 530
 A second time Meriones on darting, like a vulture,
 Regain'd the weighty spear, from where, near to the wrist, he fix'd it ;
 Then back unto his comrade troop withdrew. Thereat Polites,
 Own brother to Deiphobus, his arms around him spreading,
 Out of the harshly roaring war led him, until they reached 535
 His speedy coursers, which in rear, beyond the throng of battle,
 Stood, with the much-wrought chariot and charioteer behind them.
 These to the city carried him, outworn and deeply groaning,
 While from his newly wounded wrist big drops of crimson trickled.

The rest no pause of combat made, but clamour rose incessant. 540
 First with sharp-pointed javelin Æneas leaping forward
 Smote Aphareus, Caletor's son, upon his adverse weazand.
 Thereat to one side drooped he his head: the buckler follow'd
 And helmet after it: so him soul-crushing Death enshrouded.
 Meanwhile, as Thoön turn'd aside, Antilochus awaiting 545
 With sudden sabre leapt on him, and shear'd away the sinews,
 Which, running upward from the back, about the neck are gather'd.
 All these did he clean shear away: then into dust the Trojan
 Fell on his back, and spread abroad both hands unto his comrades.
 On sped Antilochus, and quick the armour from his shoulders 550
 Would strip, with widely glancing gaze. The Troians, spread in circle,
 Goaded from every side with spears his broad and motley buckler,
 Yet might not reach Antilochus, to graze with ruthless weapon
 His tender skin behind it screen'd: for-that land-shaking Neptune,
 Even amid the storm of darts, the son of Nestor rescued. 555
 No lack of foemen fronted him, yet eye to eye he fac'd them,
 Nor for a moment steady held his spear; but wreath'd and threaten'd
 This way and that, unceasingly; and in his heart was aiming
 Either some distant foe to hit, or close in nearer struggle.

While thus forefencing to assault the crowd, he drew the notice 560
 Of Adamas Asiades, who, rushing close for combat,
 Thrust at the middle of his shield: but purple-haired Neptune,
 Grudging him longer days of life, his pointed weapon blunted.
 It, like a stake fire-harden'd, snapt, and half of it was fasten'd
 In buckler of Antilochus, but half on earth was splinter'd. 565

Then back he to his comrade-troop, avoiding fate, retreated,
 But fronted still the foe. Thereat Meriones pursuing
 With spear beneath the navel pierc'd his lowest lap, where chiefly
 Freighted with anguish Ares is to miserable mortals.
 Then forward falling round the spear his body leapt and struggled, 570
 As struggleth on the mountain wide a bull, whom peasant cowherds
 Have with the thongs of nooses bound, and lead away unwilling :
 So for a little while, not long, struggled the prostrate hero ;
 Until the victor, coming close and stooping o'er his body,
 Pluck'd out the spear : but Adamas in darkness clos'd his eyen. 575

Then with a mighty sword of Thrace on Deipyrus advancing,
 Did Helenus his temple smite, and cleft the crested helmet.
 To earth the triple crest was tost afar ; and some Achaian
 Regain'd it, as it roll'd across amid the feet of fighters :
 Thereat the shades of Erebus round Deipyrus were poured. 580
 But Menelaüs, good at need, Atrides, pierc'd with anguish,
 At Helenus, the hero-prince came rushing on with menace,
 Poising his pointed javelin. The foe, to circle straining
 His bow, defied him : so they met ; the one, to dart his weapon
 All eager ; but the other drew his arrow on the bowstring. 585
 Therewith the son of Priam hit the hollow of the corslet
 Beneath his bosom ; but, repell'd, off flew the stinging arrow.
 As on an ample threshing-floor the dark-skinn'd beans or vetches
 From the broad sieve of winnowing beneath the active breezes 590
 Leap by the peasant's jerk ; so then, off flew the stinging arrow,
 Far from the corslet wandering of famous Menelaüs.
 But in the hand which held the bow well polish'd, Menelaüs
 The son of Atreus, good at need, his javelin implanted,
 Which pierc'd the hand right thro', until into the bow it enter'd. 595
 The Troian to his comrade-troop, Fate to avoid, retreated,
 And trail'd the ashen shaft along, with hand beside him dangling.
 But from his flesh quick pulling it, the mighty-soul'd Agenor
 Did gently bandage up the wound with wool of sheep well twisted,
 Which from a sling his ready squire tare for the people's shepherd. 600

590. The winnowing sieve (or *shovel*) is embraced in the spread arms of a man, and jerked up and down.

Then straight ahead Peisander went at famous Menelaüs :
 For he by evil destiny to his last goal was hurried,
 By thee, O Menelas, to die in grim embrace of foemen.
 When they to shorter distance came advancing each on other,
 The son of Atreus miss'd his mark, the weapon sideways glancing. 605
 Peisander did the buckler goad of famous Menelaüs,
 Nor might his utmost force avail right thro' to drive the weapon ;
 For the broad bullhide warding it, and close above the metal
 His shaft was snapt : but he in heart rejoic'd, and hop'd for conquest.
 Thereat, the son of Atreus drew his sword with silver studded, 610
 And leapt upon Peisander : he, beneath his buckler crouching,
 Wielded a shining axe of brass, with haft of olive-timber,
 Lengthy, well polish'd : so the twain together came for combat.
 The Trojan struck the topmost ridge of the horse-twisted helmet
 Under the plume : above the nose, the other smote the forehead 615
 Of his advancing foe : forthwith the skull and gristle crackled,
 And low before his feet in dust fell both his gory eyen.
 Then writhing dropt he ; but with heel upon his bosom treading,
 Atreides did his armour strip and boastfully exulted :
 " Ye over-foaming Troïans, gluttons of direful onset ! 620
 Troth, *thus* shall ye the galleys leave of charioteering Argives.
 Other disgrace and infamy abundant on you resteth,
 For all the outrage, which on me, O evil hounds ! ye lavish'd,
 Nor trembled at the bitter ire of Jupiter loud-rumbling,
 The god of strangers ; who shall soon your lofty city ravage : 625
 O ye, who, welcom'd once by me and by my wedded consort,
 Did rudely carry her away and eke much gear beside her.
 And now, methinketh, hanker ye on the sea-coursing galleys
 To scatter fiery ravages and slay the Achaian heroes.
 Yet, howso eager, here or there will ye from Ares stay you.— 630
 O Jove, our Father ! thee in sooth they call supreme of wisdom
 Mid gods and mortals ; yet from thee do all these doings issue :
 For-that thou dost indulgence show to men who deal in outrage,—
 To Troïans, whose spirit aye atrocious is ; nor can they
 In heat of war all-levelling be satiate with uproar. 635
 Of all things is satiety ;— of slumber and of fondness,

And of sweet tones melodious and chaste delight of dancing ;
 All which doth every man, I trow, with keener relish follow
 Than fighting ; yet the Troians are insatiate of battle."

Such vauntings utter'd o'er the slain, the spotless Menelaüs 640
 Stript from his skin the bloody arms and gave them to his comrades ;
 But he himself again went forth, and with the foremost mingled.
 The son of king Pylæmenes then suddenly assail'd him,
 Harpalion, who came to Troy for fellowship of warfare
 Behind his father dear ;—nor e'er his native land regained ;— 645
 Who with a thrust of spear would pierce the buckler of Atrides :
 Nor might his utmost force avail right thro' to drive the weapon.
 Then back he to his comrade troop, Fate to avoid, retreated,
 Round glancing cautious, lest some dart alighting reach his body.
 As he withdrew him, Merion sent forth a brazen arrow, 650
 And in the right haunch planted it ; but thro' and thro', the arrow
 Under the bone a passage found and reach'd into the bladder.
 Down on the spot he sank, in hands of his beloved comrades
 Breathing his spirit forth, and lay like to a worm extended,
 And with the dusky-streaming gore the earth beneath him wetted. 655
 Around his body minist'ring with hearts by anguish smitten,
 The lofty-soul'd Paphlágones on to a car did lift him,
 And drave to sacred Ilium : beside them hied his father,
 Melted in tears, nor forfeiture won for his slaughter'd offspring.
 Then bitterly was Paris stung, for-that the slain had often 660
 Cheer'd him in Paphlagonia with hospitable welcome :
 So, for his host indignant, forth he shot a brazen arrow.—
 A man there was, both rich and good, who held his home at Corinth,
 And, well foreseeing deadly fate, embark'd upon his galley. 665
 Oft was he warned by his sire, the prudent Polyeidus,
 A seer,—that he by dire disease would perish in his chambers,
 Or by the Troians be subdued amid the Achaian galleys.
 Of these the latter would he choose, and shunn'd the heavy forfeit
 Onlaid by Argos, and the griefs of heart-consuming sickness. 670
 Him did the arrow strike betwixt the ear and jaw ; and quickly
 Out of his members life was flown, and hateful darkness hent him.

666. *Polyeidus* means "much-knowing."

While thus, in guise of blazing fire, the combatants were raging,
 Not yet had Hector, dear to Jove, espied, nor learnt the tiding,
 That here, upon the galleys' left, his people by the Argives 675
 Were ravag'd ; yea, and haply eke much glory had the Achaians
 Won, when the great landshaking god with his own strength endued them.
 For Hector stay'd, where he at first had pass'd the gates and rampart
 Amid the shielded Danaï, their thick battalions breaking ; 680
 Where by the hoary billow's edge Protesilas and Ajax
 Had drawn aloft their galleys : here the wall was lowest builded,
 For that here chiefly men and steeds were staunch and wight for battle.
 On one side the Bœotians and Locrians and Phthians, 685
 And trailing-rob'd Ionians and gallant-soul'd Epeians
 Scarcely had puissance to repel the rush of godlike Hector,
 When, like an onward-spreading flame, he dash'd toward the galleys.
 There, foremost of the Athenians, a chosen band was posted,
 Led by the son of Peteos, Menestheus : but behind him 690
 Mov'd bonny Bias, Stichius, and Pheidias. O'er th' Epeians
 Amphion stood, and Drachius, and Meges son of Phyleus ;
 But o'er the Phthians Medon and Podarkes war-abiding.
 (Medon to Ajax brother was ; their sire, divine Oileus :
 But Medon was of meaner birth, and dwelt afar, as exile, 695
 Long time in Phylake ; for he whilom had slain a hero,
 A kinsman of his father's bride his stepdame Eriopis.
 But father to Podarkes was Iphiclus, son of Phylax.)
 These twain, accoutred well, before the mighty-hearted Phthians,
 Along with the Bœotians fought to defend the galleys. 700
 Meanwhile Oileus' other son, the nimble Ajax, stirr'd not
 From Ajax son of Telamon, for e'en a scanty moment.
 But as two purple-hided steers, possess'd by equal spirit,
 Strain at the stoutly-framed plough on acres freshly broken,
 And round the bottom of their horns the sweat uprising trickles ; 705
 And nothing but the polish'd yoke the pair asunder parteth
 Struggling within the furrow, which doth mark the field in outline :
 So they advancing side by side did each the other succour.
 Behind the son of Telamon his comrade people follow'd,

686. The inhabitants of all Attica seem to be meant by the *Ionians*.

Many and gallant, who in turn his weighty shield supported, 710
 Whene'er his knees outwearied with toil and sweat might stagger.
 But round Oïleus' noble son no Locrians then follow'd,
 Nor might their courage firm abide amid the standing struggle :
 For brazen helmets none had they with crest of horsetail shaggy,
 Nor bare they shields orbicular and ashen-shafted lances ; 715
 But they, on arrow-shooting bow and wool of sheep well twisted
 Reliant, unto Ilium had come ; with these thereafter
 Thick darting, they discomfited the Troïan battalions.
 So with one band the leaders then in front, with curious armour,
 Dealt battle to the Troïans and brazen-helmed Hector ; 720
 The others shower'd from behind by stealth ; nor did the foemen
 Remember hero-glee ; for sore the arrowshots bestraught them.

Then from the galleys and the tents haply with sad disaster
 Back unto windy Ilium the Troïans had retreated ;
 But, standing by bold Hector's side, Polydamas address'd him : 725

“ Hector ! untractable art thou to listen to persuasion.
 For-that to thee supremely God hath deeds of battle given,
 Therefore in counsel wouldest thou take mastery of others ;
 Yet not in every kind at once mayest thyself be foremost.
 For unto one man chiefly God hath deeds of battle given, 730
 A second in the dance has skill, a third with lyre and chantings :
 Within the bosom of a fourth hath Jupiter wide-sighted
 Planted high wisdom, whence accrues welfare to many mortals ;
 Which eke has cities sav'd ; and Jove himself supremely hath it.
 But I my counsel will avow, as best to me it seemeth. 735
 For, compassing thee everywhere, a wreath of battle flameth :
 And of our mighty-hearted host, sithence they pass'd the rampart,
 Somewith their weapons hold aloof ; others, beside the galleys
 Hither and thither scatter'd, fight few against foemen many.
 But thou, retiring, hither quick do all the bravest summon. 740
 Thereafter, we right earnestly the whole design would ponder,
 Whether in plump to fall upon the many-benched galleys,
 If God may haply victory on us bestow ; or quickly
 Now from the galleys to return unharm'd. For I with terror
 Quake, lest their debt of yesterday the Achæians repay us ; 745

Sith by their galleys, now, a man insatiate of battle
 Abideth ; nor (I ween) will he refrain him from the combat."

Thus sagely spake Polydamas, and won the heart of Hector ;
 Who straightway from his chariot leapt to the ground in armour,
 And, hastily accosting him, did winged accents utter : 750

" Polydamas ! here on the spot detain thou all our bravest.
 Thitherward I myself will wend, and take my share of battle,
 But hither quick will I return, when duly I have charg'd them."

He spake ; then as a raging bird onward the hero darted
 With piercing scream, and flew across amid the allies and Troians. 755

But they, when Hector's voice they heard, did all, with eager hurry,
 To kindly-soul'd Polydamas, Panthoüs' son, betake them.

But he amid the foremost ranks mov'd through, with earnest purpose,
 Seeking for prince Deïphobus and Helenus his brothers,
 And Adamas, and Asius the chieftain from Arisba. 760

But them no longer might he find unwounded or unslaughter'd.

For some already prostrate lay beside the outmost galleys
 Bereaved of their tender lives beneath the hands of Argos :

Some were within the rampart, pierc'd by stab or flying weapon.

Yet did he speedily descry the godlike Alexander, 765

Lord of the brighthair'd Helen, near the left of tearful battle.

Cheering the comrades at his side, and stirring them to combat.

But Hector, when he close was come, with words of scorn address'd him :

" Ill-omen'd Paris ; fair of face ! seducer ! woman-frenzied !

Where now are prince Deïphobus and Helenus thy brothers, 770

And Adamas, and Asius the chieftain from Arisba ?

Whither is gone Othryoneus ? Now from the summit fallen

Is lofty Ilium ; and thee bluff overthrow awaiteth."

But thus responsively to him spake godlike Alexander :

" Hector ; sith-that thy will it is, even to blame the blameless, 775

More likely were I otherwhile to start away from battle ;

Nor did my mother Hecuba to be a dastard bear me.

But constantly, sithence that thou beside the galleys rousest

754. The Greek, instead of "raging bird," has "snowy mountain"; which I cannot believe that Homer said. I have imagined *oreî niphōenti* to be a corruption of *orneoi thuonti*.

The war of thy companions, with Danaï converse we 779
 Here on the spot. But those our friends are slain, of whom thou askest.
 Only the prince Deïphobus and Helenus our brothers
 Are from the combatants withdrawn, with lengthy lances wounded
 Both in the hand ; but deadly fate Saturnius hath wardèd.
 Now, whitherso thy heart and soul commandeth, thither lead me ;
 And we behind thee eagerly will follow ; nor shall courage, 785
 I trow, abandon me, so far as power may be present :
 But no man, howso eager, may "beyond his power combat."

When thus the hero spake, the word his brother's heart persuaded ;
 Who onward mov'd, where chiefly was battle and whoop of tribesmen
 Around Kebriones, around Polydamas the spotless 790
 And Polyphetes match for gods and Phalkes and Orthaeus,
 Morys son of Hippotion, Ascanius and Palmys,
 Who on the former morn had come as substitutes of battle
 From loamy-soil'd Ascania : now Jove arous'd their courage.
 Then on rush'd they, with weight and mass like to a troublous whirlwind
 Which from the thundercloud of Jove down on the champaign plumpeth,
 And doth the briny flood bestir with an unearthly uproar :
 Then in the ever-brawling sea full many a billow splasheth,
 Hollow, and bald with hoary pate, one racing after other :
 So then the Troians closely wedg'd, one after other marching, 800
 Sparkling in brazen panoply, beside their leaders muster'd :
 And Hector, Priam's son, a peer for Ares, pest of mortals,
 Led them ; and forward held his shield, which equal was on all sides,
 Compact with bull-hides : over them thick plates of brass were welded,
 And his resplendent helmet's plume around his temples nodded. 805
 This way and that he tried, amid the foeman's ranks advancing,
 If, as beneath his shield he mov'd, perchance they yield before him.
 Yet nowise daunted he the heart within the Achaian bosom ;
 But Ajax, proudly stepping forth, did foremost speak a challenge :
 " Oh elf-possest ! nearer come ! why vainly wouldest frighten 810
 The Argive heroes ? not, in sooth, unskill'd are we in battle,
 But by the evil scourge of Jove awhile the Achaians suffer.
 And verily thy heart, I ween, for pillage of our galleys
 Hopeth ; but straightway eke to us are many hands to rescue.

I plight, that earlier by far your thickly-peopled city 815
 Captur'd shall be and ravaged beneath the hands of Argos.
 Yea, to thyself, I say, 'tis near, when thou, in flight escaping,
 Shalt prayer lift to Father Jove and other gods immortal,
 Swifter than falcon-flight to make the glossy-coated horses,
 Which, scurrying the dusty plain, shall bear thee to the city."

While thus he boasted, from the right a lofty-sailing eagle,
 Brave augury, flew up : thereat Achaia's army shouted,
 Cheery to see the bird of Jove. Then answer'd gallant Hector :

" Ajax, big vaunter, rash of speech ! what saying hast thou blurted ?
 Oh that to ægis-holding Jove so surely I were offspring, 825
 And queenly Juno gave me birth for days and years eternal,
 And I such honour met, as eke Athene and Apollo,
 Surely as doth the present day unto the Argive army
 Bear common ruin : mid the crowd shalt thou thyself be vanquish'd,
 If to await my lengthy spear thou venture, which shall mangle 830
 Thy lily skin ; and thou, subdued beside the Achaian galleys,
 With fatness of thy flesh shalt gorge the Troian dogs and vultures."

Thus having spoke, he led the way : the multitude behind him
 Shouted aloud, and forward press'd with an unearthly clamour.
 From other side the Argives too did shout, nor were forgetful 835
 Of courage ; but awaited firm the bravest Troian onset.
 So to Jove's brilliant æther reach'd the noise of either army

BOOK XIV.

NOR might the winecup longer hide the nearer din from Nestor,
 Who unto Asclepiades did winged accents utter :

" Godlike Machaon ! turn thy thought, how these affairs may issue.
 Louder along the galleys comes the shout of sturdy callants.

Do thou then, sitting here, abide, the sparkling wine enjoying, 5
Until the bath for thee be warm'd by bright-hair'd Hecamede :
So shall thy skin right pleasantly from gore and filth be cleansed.
I forth to glance around must go, and shortly thee revisit."

He spake, and seiz'd the sturdy shield of skilful Thrasymedes
His courser-taming son ; which lay brilliant with brass beside him 10
Within the tent : but Thrasymed his father's buckler carried.
Then Nestor grasp'd a valiant spear, pointed with brass well temper'd,
And sallied from the tent ; and straight he saw a work unseemly,—
His gallant comrades driven hard, and the high-hearted Troians
Routing them from behind ; and down was cast the Achaian rampart. 15
As when the mighty deep amid dumb surges is betossed,
Eying, across the helpless calm, the distant-gliding courses
Of shrilly whistling winds ;—in vain : for neither way it rolleth,
Till some decisive wafting breeze from Jupiter descendeth :
So heav'd the aged hero's soul, distraught by double purpose, 20
Whether among the crowd to go of charioteeing Argives,
Or to Atrides Agamemnon, shepherd of the people.
After such pondering of thought, he deemed, it were wiser
To seek Atrides : they, meanwhile, did one the other slaughter
In adverse fight : and round their skin crackled the brass unyielding, 25
As foemen foemen stabb'd with swords and with two-handed lances.

Then the Jove-nurtur'd royal chiefs, who in the war were wounded,
King Agamemnon Atreus' son, Ulysses, and Tydides,
Returning from beside the ships met the advance of Nestor.
For at far distance from the fight upon the strand their galleys 30
Were from the hoary wave retir'd ; for these they hauled foremost
On to the plain ; and built in front close to their poop, the rampart.
Nor might the margin of the beach, albeit it was ample,
Hold all the Achaian galleys ; but the folk were closely straiten'd.
Wherefore, with hulls alternate plac'd, poop before poop, they drew them,
And fill'd the mighty depth of shore betwixt the outrunning headlands.
But now the princes, fain to see the onset and the battle,
Resting upon their lances came collected ; and their bosom,
Heaving with grief, felt new dismay at sight of aged Nestor. 40
To him with earnest utterance spake royal Agamemnon :

"O Nestor, Neleus' progeny! great glory of the Achaians!
 Why hither com'st, abandoning the hero-wasting battle?
 I tremble lest dire Hector crown that saying with fulfilment,
 Which he in full harangue to Troy against us whilom threaten'd, 45
 That back to Ilium would he no earlier betake him,
 Than he our galleys wrap in flame and slay ourselves beside them.
 So then haranguing threaten'd he; which all is now approaching.
 Ye spirits! do then others too of dapper-greav'd Achaians
 Foster against me in their heart fierce choler; as Achilles; 50
 Nor choose against the galley-poop to play their best in battle?"

To him in turn the charioteer Gerenian Nestor answer'd:
 "Ay, verily, these things do near o'erhang; nor other issues
 May loudly rumbling Jupiter himself devise ament us.
 For prostrate in the dust is laid the wall, whereon we trusted 55
 Unto our galleys and ourselves to be a breachless bulwark.
 And now beside their very hulls the foeman's quenchless riot
 Blazeth abroad; nor might thy gaze, albeit closely prying,
 Know, from which side the Achaian rout this way and that way flounders:
 So are they slaughter'd in melay; and din to heaven reacheth. 60
 Our part it is to ponder, how may these affairs be turned,
 If haply wisdom aught effect: but nowise would I counsel
 Yourselves to enter war; for vain the battle of the wounded."

Then Agamemnon, prince of men, to him in turn responded:
 "O Nestor, sith the Troïan fray our galleys' poop invadeth, 65
 Nor hath the moat availed us, nor the high-built rampart,
 For which the Danaï amain did toil, and fondly fancied
 It to our galleys and ourselves to be a breachless bulwark;
 So seemeth it the will to be of Jupiter o'ermatching,
 That far from Argos, shorn of fame, the Achaians here should perish. 70
 For well I knew, when zealously the Danaï he favour'd:
 So now again know I, that he the Troïan host exalteth
 As peers of blessed gods, but ties the hands and might of Argos.
 But come! as I the word shall speak, let all compliant follow.
 Down to the briny flood divine over the margin drag we 75
 And launch the galleys, whichsoe'er unto the sea are nearest,
 And moor them to the mooringstones aloft, till Night immortal

Arrive ; if haply in her gloom the Troïans from battle
 May stay them : instantly would we then launch the inmost galleys,
 And flee with all : for shame is none, even by night to save us : 80
 For better 'tis, by flight to scape, than be by mischief hended."

To him with frowning glance replied Ulysses much devising :
 "Betwixt the outwork of thy teeth what word hath slipt, Atrides ?
 Infatuate ! oh that thou wert lord to some other army
 Of sorry wretches ! not to us, for whom hath Jove, methinketh, 85
 Destin'd, from manhood's early dawn, even to eld, to ravel
 Distressful wars beside thee, till we every one shall perish.
 Art thou thus eager then to leave the ample-streeted city
 Of Troy, in sake of which we here much misery have suffer'd ?
 Hush thee, O prince ! lest other folk among the Achaians hear it,— 90
 A word, with which no man at all within his lips would dally,
 Who knoweth counsel suitable from out his heart to utter,
 And is a sceptre-holding King to whom so many peoples
 Loyal submission yield, as thou amid the Argives reignest.
 Now utterly disparage I thy judgment, how thou speakest :
 Who, when encompassed we are with war and din of battle, 96
 Biddest, the galleys tightly-deck'd to launch ; whereby the Troïans,
 Fluster'd already with success, shall gain their wishes double,
 But upon *us* shall ruin fall headlong : for when the galleys
 Seaward ye drag, the Achaian host will not withstand the combat, 100
 But starting backward, gaze around, for glee of battle palsied.
 So will thy counsel baleful be, O chieftain of the peoples."

But Agamemnon, prince of men, then spake to him responsive :
 "Ulysses ! troth ! thy bitter word lasheth my heart ; but never
 Meant I, against their will to bid the children of Achaia 105
 Into the briny flood to launch their tightly-decked galleys.
 Now, may the man be found, to speak some other counsel better !
 Whether he young or old might be, to me it were a pleasure."

Then Diomedes, good at need, spake forth his word among them :
 "Near is the man, not far to seek, if ye to hear be willing, 110
 Nor grudge and wonder, for-that I am youngest-born among you.
 I too a noble pedigree do vaunt, and noble father,
 Tydeus ; whom in Cadmeian Thebes a heaped barrow hideth.

For unto Portheus were of yore three spotless sons begotten, 115
 Who dwelt o'er high Ætolia, in Calydon and Pleuron ;
 Melas and Agrius, but third was charioteering Oeneus,
 Sire of my sire, who mid them all most signal was of valour.
 He in his native land abode ; but roaming thence, my father
 Rested in Argos ;—so, I ween, did Jove and other powers 120
 Decide. In wedlock there he held a daughter of Adrastus.
 So dwelt he in a wealthy home, and plentiful his acres
 Teeming with wheat ; and many were his rows of planted orchards,
 Many his flocks of sheep : but how he with the spear was foremost
 In all Achaia,—this, I trow, from none of you is hidden. 125
 Wherefore, ye may not call my breed ignoble and unmanly,
 Or scorn upon the counsel cast, which prudently I utter.
 Come ! enter we the war ! perforce ; albeit we are wounded :
 Let us, beyond the reach of darts, therein from fray of foemen
 Ourselves abstain, lest haply one by wound on wound be stricken.
 But yet, new courage may we breathe in others ; who, indulging
 A languid spirit, stand aloof nor stir themselves for valour.”
 He spake ; and they all willingly did listen and obey him :
 Forward they hied, and in their front mov'd royal Agamemnon.
 Nor was a fruitless outlook kept by the renown'd Landshaker. 135
 In semblance of an aged man he follow'd in their footstep,
 And, by the right hand grasping tight Atrides Agamemnon,
 With an address of courtesy did winged accents utter :
 “ O son of Atreus ! now, I ween, Achilles' bosom swelleth
 With deadly gladness, whilst he views Achaian flight and carnage ; 140
 Sith of right judgment, in his heart, no shred at all abideth.
 Now perish may he, as he is, and righteous Heaven maim him !
 Yet against thee the blessed gods not yet are wrathful wholly ;
 But troth ! the Troian leaders still and governours shall scuffle
 Over the dusty breadth of plain : and thou thyself shalt see them 145
 Fleeing to reach their city-wall, far from the tents and galleys.”
 So saying, mightily he yell'd, over the plain advancing.
 For,—loud as thousands nine or ten of men who shout for battle,
 Closing in Ares' strife,—such voice did the Landshaking ruler 150
 Out of his breast send forth ; and shed in each Achaian bosom

Vigour immense, unceasingly to toil in war and combat.

Then, standing on Olympus' brink, did golden-throned Juno
 Gazing descry amid the throng of man-ennobling combat 155
 Jove's brother and her own employ'd; and in her soul was joyful:
 But Jove upon the highest top of rill-bestreamed Ida
 Seated beheld she, and the sight was to her heart distasteful.
 Then doubtful plannings stirr'd the mind of large-ey'd queenly Juno,
 How might she best delusion frame for Jove the ægis-holder. 160
 Then to her meditative thought this counsel wisest seemed:—
 Into her fairest guise bedeck'd, to show herself on Ida;
 If, kindled by her brilliancy, his heart might haply covet
 Love's nearer pressure; then would she with warm and gentle slumber
 His eyelids overcloud, and dim the keenness of his prudence. 165
 So to her chamber hurried she, which her beloved offspring
 Vulcan had fashion'd, closing fast the panels to the doorposts
 With lock mysterious, the which no god but she might open.
 There entering, the shining doors she clos'd; then first with waters
 Ambrosial, her lovely skin she cleans'd from all defilement,
 Ointed with oil ambrosial, which for herself was mingled
 With daintiness of fragrance rich, and, on the brazen pavement
 Of Jove set free, cast wide its scent to earth and ends of heaven.
 Herewith her fair skin ointed she, and comb'd and featly braided, 175
 Streaming from that immortal head, the bright ambrosial tresses.
 Then, wrapt in gauze ambrosial, which for the queen of heaven
 Athene as a sampler wrought with broideries uncounted,
 With golden brooches fasten'd she the vestment of her bosom, 180
 And in a girdle girded her with hundred fringes fitted.
 Next, through her ears' well-pierced flaps she pass'd the curious jewels,
 Three-ey'd and piec'd of many a stone; from which much beauty glisten'd.
 Above,—divine of goddesses,— with head-attire resplendent
 New-fashion'd, she accoutred her: like to a sun its glory. 185
 Lastly, beneath her glossy feet she bound the dainty sandals.
 When thus around her tender skin she all her gear had fitted,
 Forth from the bower hasted she, and, calling Aphrodite
 Apart from other gods, to her a winning word she utter'd:
 "Wouldest thou, dearest child, comply, if I some favour ask thee? 190

Or scornful wilt thou haply be, this in thy mind resenting,
For-that I aid the Danaï and thou the Troians aidest?"

To her in words responsive spake Jove's daughter Aphrodite :
" O Juno, venerable queen, daughter of mighty Saturn,
Speak forth thy meaning : me my heart to compliment exhorteth, 195
If I can, and if such purpose I could have been."

Then guileful-heartedly to her spake venerable Juno :
" Give now that loveliness to me and charms, whereby thou swayest
Over all mortal men, and eke over the gods immortal.
For I, on visit to the ends of Earth the many-feeder, 200
Wend unto Ocean, source of gods, and unto mother Tethys,
Who in their own halls nurtur'd me, receiving me from Rhea,
Kindly ; what time widesighted Jove set low the abode of Saturn
Beneath the Earth's expanse, beneath the cropless Ocean's bottom.

To these on visit go I now, to end their hopeless quarrel. 205
For they long time withholden are from fondness and embraces,
Each sundered from other ; sith rage on their soul hath fallen.
If I by words and blandishment might oversway their temper,
And join them in the rightful bed of ancient endearments,
Always should I by them be held at once belov'd and awful." 210

Then Aphrodite, queen of smiles, accosted her responsive :
" Thy counsel to reject, I find nor possible nor seemly ;
For in Jove's bosom retest thou, who noblest is and greatest."

Thus saying, from around her breast the broider'd belt she loosen'd,
All-curious ; inwrought for her with manifold bewitchment. 215
In it was fondness, in it charm, and in it gentle whisper,
Right winsome ; which hath stolen oft the wisdom e'en of sages.
This into Juno's hand she gave, and spake, her name pronouncing :
" Here ! in thy bosom place the belt complex : and troth ! I reckon 220
Within it all thy wish is wrought, nor vain shall be thy errand."

So answer'd she, and drew a smile from large-ey'd queenly Juno,
Who smiling took from her the belt and in her bosom plac'd it.
Straightway unto her chamber went Jove's daughter Aphrodite ;
But Juno, hasting on her path, Olympus' margin quitted. 225
Over Emathia's lovely land along Pieria wending,
She to the snowy mountains sped of Thrake's horseman people,

Above the summits ; nor was Earth imprinted with her footstep.
 From Athos' height descended she amid the swelling billows,
 And lighted upon Lemnos' isle, estate of godlike Thoas. 230
 Here, in his proper dwelling-place, Death's brother, Slumber, met she,
 And closely did she press his hand, and spake, his name pronouncing :

“O Slumber, lord of all the gods ! lord of the race of mortals !

If ever didst thou heretofore to my entreaty hearken,
 Now too obey me : and to thee all days will I be grateful. 235
 Beneath the brows of Jupiter close thou the beaming eyen,
 So soon as by his side I lie in dalliance of fondness.
 Then I a throne to thee will give, for ever undecaying,
 Golden and fair ; which my own son, the doubly-dextrous Vulcan,
 By art shall fabricate, and eke a footstool place beneath it, 240
 Which to thy dainty feet shall yield delightsome rest in banquet.”

Then balmy Slumber timidly accosted her responsive :
 “O Juno, venerable queen, daughter of mighty Saturn,
 Other of gods eternal-born full lightly might I fetter ; 245
 Yea, even river Ocean's flow, who Source is held of all things.
 But I to Jove Saturnius never might nearer venture,
 Nor lull him into slumber, save when he himself might bid me.
 Ay ! for thy urgency of yore a sager lesson taught me ;
 What time that haughty-hearted son of Jupiter was sailing 250
 From Ilium, and left behind the Troian city ravag'd.
 Then did I overcloud the mind of Jove the ægis-holder,
 Shed balmy round him : thou meanwhile his son in mischief caughtest,
 Arousing o'er the widespread main the noisome blore of tempests :
 So thou to thickly-peopled Cos diddest the hero carry, 255
 Afar from all his friends. But Jove awaking was indignant,
 And in disorder tost the gods along his hall : but chiefly
 Me sought he, and from heavenhigh had hurl'd me lost in ocean ;
 But Night, who tameth gods and men, to whom I fled for rescue,
 Receiv'd me : then his hand he stay'd, (albeit sore his anger,) 260
 In honour to swift-rushing Night, and shunning to displease her.
 And now this other featless toil thou urgest me to accomplish.”

To him thereat reciprocal spake large-ey'd queenly Juno :
 “O Slumber ! why within thy breast so sad remembrance ponder ?

Deemest, widesighted Jupiter such succour unto Troians 265
 Giveth, as he for Héracles, his proper son, was anger'd?
 But hearken further! I to thee one of the younger Graces
 Behight for wedlock's joyances, and to be call'd thy partner,
 Pasithea, for whom thy heart thro' many a year doth hanker."

Then Slumber, kindled with delight, accosted her responsive: 270
 „Come then, and swear to me by Styx, inviolable water!

And of thy hands lay thou the one on Earth the many-feeder,
 The other on the sparkling sea; that all the deathless powers,
 Who sit with Saturn under Earth, betwixt us twain be witness;
 To me thou verily shalt give one of the younger Graces, 275
 Pasithea, for whom my heart thro' many a year doth hanker."

“He spake, nor uncompliant found the white-arm'd goddess Juno;
 But as he bade, she sware the oath, and every god rehearsed
 Under the deep of Tartarus, who hold the name of Titans.
 After she had perform'd to swear and all the oath was ended, 280
 Thén, leaving Lemnos' peopled seat and Imbros, on they darted,
 With mist as garment wrapping them, a speedy course achieving.
 So unto Ida rill-bestream'd, parent of game, arriv'd they,
 At Lectus; where they quitted first the sea, and after journey'd
 Over the dry, and neath their feet the topmost forest bended. 285
 Here Slumber pausing tarried, ere Jove's eyen might descry him;
 Therefore he mounted on a fir high-soaring, which on Ida
 Thro' the low air grew tapering, and unto heaven pierced.
 Snug in the branches of the fir a seat of shelter found he,
 In form not other than the bird, which skirling on the mountains
 Is *Chalkis* by the immortals call'd, but men the nighthawk call it. 291

But Juno unto Gargarus, the top of lofty Ida,
 Swiftly advanc'd; and Jupiter the cloud-collector saw her.
 Nor sooner on her gaz'd, than love his closest bosom enter'd
 In-pouring, even as when he his first embrace of fondness 295
 Adventur'd, in the stolen bed, from their dear parents hidden.
 So there confronting her he stood, and spake, her name pronouncing:
 “Juno! with what so urgent thought down from Olympus hastest,
 Nor here stand ready for thy feet thy chariot and horses?”

268. *Behight*, i. e., name, stipulate, promise.

Then guileful-heartedly to him spake venerable Juno ; 300
 " I now, on visit to the ends of Earth the many-feeder,
 Wend unto Ocean, source of gods, and unto mother Tethys,
 Who in their own halls welcom'd me with kindly cares and nurture.
 To these on visit go I now, to end their hopeless quarrel.
 For they long time withholden are from fondness and embraces, 305
 Each sundered from other ; sith rage on their soul hath fallen.
 But on an outmost under-knoll of rill-bestreamed Ida
 Tarry my coursers, which career o'er foodful lea or water.
 But thy approval to ensure, down from Olympus haste I,
 Lest-that hereafter thou with me be wrathful, if in silence 310
 I journey to the ample halls of deeply-flowing ocean."
 Thereat to her reciprocal spake Jove the cloud-collector :
 " O Juno, thither mayest thou as well hereafter journey :
 But come, in dear companionship upon the couch repose we.
 For never yet did love so much of goddess or of woman, 315
 Flooding my very soul within, around and thro', subdue me :
 Not even when Ixion's spouse my wiser senses ravish'd,
 Who bare to me Peirithoüs, a peer to gods in counsel ;
 Or when the taper-ankled wench, Argive Acrisione,
 Who royal Perseus bare to me, among all heroes signal ; 320
 Or when Europa, maiden-imp of far-renown'd Phoenix,
 Who Rhadamanthys, match for gods, to me brought forth, and Minos ;
 Or when, in Thebe, Semele and sage Alcmena held me :—
 The latter gave me Héracles, a stalwart-hearted offspring,
 The former Dionysus bare, a joy to weary mortals. 325
 Nor did the dainty-braided queen, Persephoneia's mother,
 Nor glorious Latona's form, nor thy own self, bewitch me,
 As now I am on fire for thee, and sweetly captive taken."
 Then guileful-heartedly to him spake venerable Juno :
 " O son of Saturn, grim and dire, what saying hast thou blurted ? 330

319. Acrisione, i. e. daughter of Acrisius ; Danæ.

321. Phoenix,—or, *the Phœnician* ; called Agenor by later poets.

326. Persephoneia, the same name as *Proserpina* of the Latins. Her mother is Demeter,—Ceres.

If now in dear companionship thou hanker to entrance us
 Upon the tops of Ida, where all things are wide and open,
 Say, what if haply some among the gods of birth eternal
 Espy us twain asleep, and haste to bruit the rumour widely
 Unto all gods? never would I back to thy palace trust me, 335
 Uprising from that bed: in sooth, the argument were scandal.
 But if thy will be thus, and if such longings draw thy fancy,
 Thou hast a chamber of thy own, which thy beloved offspring
 Vulcan hath fashion'd, closing fast the panels to the doorposts.
 Thither go we to lie, sith now the bed to thee is pleasing." 340
 Then cloud-collecting Jupiter accosted her responsive:
 "O Juno, fear not thou at all, lest god or man behold us.
 In such a golden cloud will I thickly around enwrap thee,
 Thro' it no ray of sun shall pierce, whose eye of all is sharpest." 345

So speaking, Jove with both his arms enclasp'd his proper consort.
 Beneath their forms creative Earth new tender herbage sprouted,—
 The lotus, fraught with juicy dew,—crocus and hyacinthus,—
 In masses thick and soft, which them afar from hard earth parted.
 Hereon repos'd the twain: above, a cloud of gold was woven, 350
 All-glorious; and from it dews dript glittering upón them.

So then on highest Gargarus the Father rested tranquil,
 By sleep and tenderness beguil'd; and clasp'd in arms his partner.
 Then quickly balmy Slumber hied, to reach the Achaian galleys,
 Sent upon errand to the god landshaking Earth-encircling; 355
 And standing close in front of him did winged accents utter:

"Now Neptune! to the Danaï right zealous succour bear thou.
 While Jove on Ida sleepeth yet, on théin bestow a glory,
 Short though it be; for soft and deep have I on him descended;
 For by endearments Juno hath to guileful bed enchain'd him." 360

So spake he, and departing sought the noble tribes of mortals.
 But Neptune more than ever burn'd the Danaï to succour,
 And mid the foremost ranks straightway forth leaping, loud exhorted:

"O Argives, do we yield anew to Hector, son of Priam,
 Power, the galleys to destroy and earn excelling glory? 365
 And verily so speaketh he and vaunteth, sith Achilles
 Beside the smoothly hollow ships, enrag'd at heart, abideth.

Yet no too keen regret of him shall be, if we the others
 Do each to mutual support duly bestir his fellows.
 But come ! as I the word shall speak, let all compliant follow. 370
 Whatever bucklers in the host are sturdiest and biggest,
 These let the strongest heroes take ; then, with resplendent helmets
 Screening their heads, and in their hands the longest weapons grasping,
 Onward ! but I myself will lead : nor Hector, son of Priam,
 I deem shall longer hold his ground, albeit fierce his purpose. 375
 Also, whoe'er is stout to fight, but wieldeth on his shoulder
 Puny equipment, he forthwith should to a weaker yield it."

He spake ; and they all willingly did listen and obey him.
 Then quickly did the kings themselves, albeit wounded, marshal,—
 Tydides and Ulysses and Atrides Agamemnon ; 380
 Who, passing in review thro' all, exchang'd their martial armour.
 Good warriors good arms put on, and worse to worser yielded.
 So when their skin in dazzling brass accoutred was, thereafter
 They hied to speed them : at their head stood tower-quaking Neptune,
 Wielding within his breadth of grasp a long-edg'd direful weapon, 385
 Which, like to lightning, flash'd abroad : nor yet in gramsome quarrel
 May it commingle for assault ; but fear withholdeth mortals.

The Troians, them on other side did gallant Hector marshal.
 Hector and Neptune purple-haired battle's grim tangle lengthen'd, 390
 To either army bearing aid,— to Troians or to Argives.
 The surging billows rose aloft unto the tents and galleys
 Of Argos : then with vast uproar did both the hosts encounter.
 Nor on the pebbly beach so much the wave of ocean roareth,
 When Boreas with savage breath out of the deep doth drive it ; 395
 Nor hooteth fiery-blazing flame within a mountain's hollows,
 So loudly, when it riseth fierce the forest to enkindle ;
 Nor wind, which in its hour of wrath is mightiest of bluster,
 Unto the lofty leaf-hair'd oaks such altercation screameth ;
 Such, as was then the voice abroad from Troians and Achaians, 400
 When each upon the other rush'd with terrible alarum.

Then gallant Hector darted first with shining spear at Ajax,
 Who straight before him fronting stood ; nor failed he to hit him,
 Just where the double breadth of strap was cross'd around his bosom ;

(From *this* the shield was hung, from *that* the silverstudded sabre;) 405
 Which did his tender skin defend, together: then was Hector
 Enrag'd, that fruitless from his hand the weapon sharp had issued,
 And back he to his comrade troop retreated, Fate avoiding.
 But, as he yielded, after him great Telamonian Ajax
 Seeing the weighty stones which roll'd beside the feet of fighters, 410
 Many, to moor the galleys sharp; with one of these, uplifted,
 Smote on his bosom, near the neck, above his buckler's margin;
 And as a top is whirl'd around, so forcibly he whirl'd it.
 As by the stroke of father Jove an oak may topple headlong
 Uprooted, and intense from it the stench of brimstone riseth; 415
 So frightful is his thunderbolt;— whoso beholdeth, quaileth:—
 Thus then fell sudden in the dust the sturdy might of Hector.
 Out of his hand he dropt the spear; on it the buckler follow'd
 And helmet; and around him clang'd his brass-belayed armour. 420
 Thereat with mighty skirling rush'd Achaia's children forward,
 Hoping to drag his body off; and thick their bolts they darted,
 In showers; yet not one of them might reach the people's shepherd,
 Nor closely stab him; for in front the bravest sooner crowded,
 Æneas and Polydamas, and the divine Agenor, 425
 Sarpedon, prince of Lycians, and eke unblemish'd Glaucus.
 Nay, nor did any of the rest neglect him; but before him
 They held their shields orbicular: meanwhile his dear companions
 With hands uplifting bare him out from moil; until they reached
 His speedy coursers, which in rear, beyond the throng of battle, 430
 Stood, with the much-wrought chariot and charioteer behind them:
 These to the city carried him, outworn and deeply groaning.

But when unto the ford they reach'd of the fair streaming river,
 Xanthus much-eddyng, to whom immortal Jove was father,
 There from the chariot on earth they rested him, and o'er him 435
 Pour'd water: then he breath'd anew and gaz'd abroad, and rising
 On to his knees, from out his mouth much dusky gore he spouted.
 But soon again back on to earth he sank, and dark night cover'd
 His wilder'd eyen; for the bolt did still subdue his vigour.

Meanwhile the Argives, when they saw that Hector was departed, 440
 Leapt braver on the Troians and hero-glee remember'd.

Then Ajax swift, Oileus' son, in-springing far the foremost,
 With pointed spear at Satnius the son of Enops, pierc'd him ;
 Whom erst to Enops tending kine a blameless Naïd damsel 445
 Bare on the banks of Satnious. Him then Oileus' offspring
 Spearfamous, close approaching, fell'd, stabbing his side: and round him
 Both Troïans and Danaï commingled hardy struggle.
 But unto him Polydamas, spear-brandishing avenger,
 The son of Panthoüs, advanc'd ; and wounded Prothoënor, 450
 Son of Areilycus :—the spear pass'd thro' his better shoulder :—
 So in the dust he fell, the earth with gripe convulsive clutching.
 Then loudly cried Polydamas with marvellous rejoicing:

“ In truth not fruitlessly in turn from sturdy hand, I reckon,
 Hath Panthoüs' highhearted son his darting weapon guided ; 455
 But it some Argive welcometh deep in his skin, and resting
 Upon such staff, doth better walk down to the house of Pluto.”

When thus he vauntingly exclaim'd, it sorely griev'd the Argives ;
 And chiefly did the soul bestir of skilful-hearted Ajax,
 The son of Telamon ; for *he* stood nighest by the fallen, 460
 And, at the foe retreating, quick his shining weapon darted.
 Then tho' Polydamas himself the gloomy fate avoided,
 Hurrying sideways, yet its force fell on Antenor's offspring,
 Archelochus, sith as for him the gods had ruin plotted. 464
 Just where the head and neck are join'd, and where the spine is ended,
 There enter'd it, and keenly shear'd thro' both the adverse tendons.
 So down the hero dropt ; but ere his knees and shanks had fail'd him,
 On to the earth much sooner shot his head and mouth and nostrils.
 Then to discreet Polydamas in turn exulted Ajax :

“ Poise well the scales, Polydamas, and speak thy answer truly. 470
 Have ye not paid a costly life as price for Prothoënor ?
 To me not worthless seemeth he, nor born of worthless parents.
 Mayhap as brother or as son Antenor courser-taming
 Beknoweth him ; for sooth his form to him near likeness beareth.” 474

He spake, but knew him well : and grief possess'd the Trojan bosom.
 Then with his long spear Acamas, around his brother striding,
 Thrust thro' Bœotian Promachus, who by the feet would drag him.
 Thereat loud shouted Acamas with marvellous rejoicing :

"O Argives, frenzied of upróar, insatiate of menace,
 Not verily to *us* alone is turmoil and affliction 480
 Allotted; but at times,—as here,—must also *ye* be slaughter'd.
 Ponder ye well, how Promachus in tranquil sleep repositeth,
 Tam'd by my spear; nor long, I ween, the forfeit for my brother
 Unpaid abideth: therefore eke exulteth every hero
 To leave a kinsman in his halls, avenger of his troubles." 485

When thus he vauntingly exclaim'd, it sorely griev'd the Argives,
 And chiefly to Peneleos bestirr'd the prudent bosom,
 Who fierce advanc'd on Acamas: nor waited he the sally
 Of prince Peneleos, whereby Ilioneus was wounded,
 Offspring of Phorbas rich in flocks, who of the Troian people 490
 Was chiefly lov'd by Hermeas, and with possessions favour'd.
 To him Ilioneus was born, his mother's only offspring.
 But now, beneath his eyebrow thrust, the spear drove out the pupil
 And issued thro' his head behind. But he, with arms expanded, 495
 Sank sitting to the ground; until the foe, his sharp sword drawing,
 Smote him in middle of the neck, and dash'd both head and helmet
 Off to the ground, albeit still the heavy spear was planted
 Thro' the eye's socket. He the head, like to a poppy, lifting,
 Unto the Troians made address and spake a word of boasting. 500

"Troians! send word for me, and bid the sire and tender mother
 Of lordly-soul'd Ilioneus to wail within their chambers.
 Ay, for the spouse of Promachus and father Alegenor
 Never again may joy to see their warriour's arrival,
 When we, Achaian youths, return from Troas with our galleys." 505

He spake; and all the Troians by terror pale were master'd,
 And each did singly look around to scape headlóng destruction.
 Utter for me, ye Muses, now, who dwell in high Olympus,
 Who first among Achaian men then earn'd him gory trophies,
 When the Landshaker glorious the tide of battle turned. 510

First Ajax, son of Telamon smote Hyrtius, the leader
 Of hardy-hearted Mysians; —Gyrtius was his father.
 Antilochus did Mermerus and Phalkes hend for plunder;
 By Merion, Hippotion and Morys eke was slaughter'd,
 But Periphetes low was laid, and Prothoön, by Teucer. 515

Next Menelaüs, hand to hand, deep wounded Hyperenor,
 The people's shepherd, in the flank; and drain'd with wasting weapon
 His vitals; but the hero's soul into the vast air hurried
 Through the wide-yawning gash: so there did darkness veil his eyes.
 But most of all, Oïleus' son, swift Ajax, overhended; 520
 For of Achæians none to him was peer, on foot to follow
 When Jove did counsel flight to men, and hearts were smit with panic.

BOOK XV.

BUT when across the palisade and up the moat they clamber'd
 Fleeing, and many fell in death beneath the hands of Argives,
 Then checking at the chariots their wild career, they halted,
 With terror pale and all-amaze. But on the tops of Ida
 Jove woke from slumber, at the side of golden-throned Juno. 5
 So stood he, starting up, and view'd Achæians and Troians,
 The latter routed in the fray; the Argives, close behind them,
 Hotly pursuing, and their ranks by princely Neptune headed:
 But Hector lying on the plain he saw, and, round him sitting,
 His comrades: fainting he at heart, dropt blood from mouth and nostrils,
 And painfully did gasp; sith not the puniest of Argos 11
 Had smote him. Him with pity view'd the sire of gods and mortals,
 And with a direful scowling glance address'd a word to Juno:

“Thy mischief-plotting artifice, unmanageable Juno!
 Hath godlike Hector stopt from war, and terrified his people. 15
 Nor know I, whether haply now of this illwoven noyance
 Thyself shalt first the folly taste, beneath my grievous scourging.
 Or dost forget, how once aloft thou hunkest, when I fasten'd
 A pair of anvils from thy feet, and round thy hands a fetter,
 Golden, which nought might break; so thou in clouds and æther hunkest.

Then indignation seiz'd the gods who dwell on long Olympus ;
 Yet of their concourse was there none to loose thee ; but whomever
 I caught, them clutching one by one I toss'd from off the threshold,
 Till swooning he the earth might reach. Nor yet did this appease me,
 Smarting with anguish for the fate of Héracles the godlike, 25
 Whom, with the wind of Boreas, didst thou, the Squalls persuading,
 Over the Ocean's croplless plain escort by ill devices.
 So thou to thickly peopled Cos diddest the hero carry ;
 But thence, my power rescued him, and after many a labour
 Restor'd him to his proper home in courser-feeding Argos. 30
 Now,—that from trickeries thou cease,—of this will I remind thee.
 Hereby thou mayest trial make, whether the bed of fondness,
 For which thou camest from the gods deceitfully, shall aid thee."

Thus when he spake, with terror quail'd the large-ey'd queenly Juno ;
 So meekly she accosting him did winged accents utter : 35
 "I call to witness now this earth and highth of vasty Heaven
 And dripping water of the Styx, which to the heav'nly blessed
 Greatest and direst is of oaths : yea, by thy head so sacred,
 And our own early bed,—by which swear vainly would I never : 40
 Not surely for the sake of *me* doth the landshaker Neptune
 Plague Hector and the Troïans, or aid to Argos giveth.
 I ween, his proper notion doth imagine and enjoin it ;
 Sith at the galleys he beheld and pitied their disasters.
 But (let me say it) eke to him would I my counsel tender, 45
 Into that path to go, wherein, Dark-clouded One ! thou guidest."

The sire of mortals and of gods with smiles her terror greeted,
 And in responsive argument did winged accents utter.

"If thou then verily henceforth, O large-ey'd queenly Juno,
 Sittest likeminded unto me among the gods immortal, 50
 Then shall prince Neptune (tho' perchance full other be his purpose)
 Sudden reverse his bent of soul, thy heart and mine to follow.
 But if sincerely from thy breast in very truth thou speakest,
 Hie thee among the tribes of gods forthwith, and hither summon
 Iris, my errand to perform, and famous-bow'd Apollo ; 55
 That *she* amid the wide array of brazen-clad Achaians
 May speed her, and the earnest word to princely Neptune carry,—

From battle to withdraw him straight and seek his proper dwellings :
 But bright Apollo, *he* meanwhile shall Hector urge to battle,
 And breathe in him new might, and give forgetfulness of anguish, 60
 Which now, deepseated, galleth sore his vitals ;—but the Achaïans
 Back from the battle shall he turn, unmanly flight inspiring,
 Till to the many-benched ships of Peleus' son Achilles
 In flight they hurry. He in turn shall rouse his own companion
 Patroclus,—soon to fall in death by spear of gallant Hector 65
 Before the walls of Ilium, when many a youth in Orcus
 Calls him to vengeance ; with the rest, my godlike son Sarpedon.
 But great Achilles, for his friend enrag'd, shall Hector slaughter.
 Thenceforward from the galleys I continuous will give thee
 A never-ceasing back-pursuit of war, until the Achaïans 70
 Shall capture lofty Ilium by counsels of Athene.
 But earlier withdraw I not my anger, nor permit I
 Other immortals on the field the Danaï to succour ;
 Ere—that I fully accomplish'd have the longings of Pelides,
 As first I undertook for him and with my nod assented, 75
 Upon the day, when by my knees the goddess Thetis clasp'd me,
 Imploring honour for her son Achilles city-rieving."

He spake, nor uncompliant found the white-arm'd goddess Juno,
 But, from the mounts of Ida, up went she to long Olympus.
 As darteth forth the mind of man, who over ample country 80
 Distant hath journey'd ; haply he in sage remembrance thinketh,
 " In such a place was I, and such,"—and rovethe wide at random ;
 So then, in eagerness, across flew venerable Juno.
 At steep Olympus she arriv'd, and found the gods immortal
 All gather'd in the hall of Jove. They, seeing her arrival, 85
 Upstart'd from their seats at once, and welcom'd her with goblets.
 She of the rest took no account, yet did accept the goblet
 From Themis dainty-cheek'd ; who first came hurrying to meet her,
 And with address of courtesy such winged accents utter'd :

" Juno, why hither wendest thou, and, like to frighten'd, seemest ? 90
 Troth ! Saturn's son hath scared thee, who is thy proper consort."

To her then spake reciprocal the white-arm'd goddess Juno :

66. *Orcus*, the underworld. This word is Latin, not Homeric : so *Tartarus*.

"Themis! dear goddess! ask not me too much: thyself well knowest
 His heart of royal haughtiness, how stern and overfoaming.
 Do thou, in chambers of the gods, preside at rightful banquet, 95
 But of these doings afterward wilt hear, with all the immortals,
 What ill achievements Jupiter doth show us; nor, I reckon,
 Will he to all alike give joy, —on earth, nor yet in heaven,
 Albeit at the heavenly board each one now cheery feasteth."

Such words did queenly Juno speak, and took her seat among them.
 Then in the hall of Jove the gods indignant were: but Juno 101
 Forcing upon her lips a smile, no gladness on her forehead
 Display'd along her raven brow; but angrily address'd them:
 "Simple are we, infatuate, who with intentness ponder
 Whether we will some limit set on Jove, by close encounter 105
 Of word, or haply of constraint: but he, apart abiding,
 At our misliking fretteth not nor heedeth; for he vaunteth,
 That he, egregious of gods, in strength and might is foremost.
 Wherefore, whatever ill to each he list to offer, take ye.
 And now already, I opine, for Ares woe is accomplish'd; 110
 For in the battle fallen is his son, of heroes dearest,
 Ascalaphus, whom to himself Ares as offspring claimeth."

She spake; but Ares instantly with double palm descending
 Smote on his lusty thighs, and pour'd an utterance of wailing.

"Blame not my purpose, O ye gods, who hold Olympian dwellings,
 My slaughter'd offspring to avenge beside the Achaian galleys;
 Albeit eke for me be doom to lie among the corpses
 Struck by the thunderbolt of Jove, in blood and dust confounded."

So spake he, and accordant bade Terror and Flight to harness
 His coursers, and himself would don his allresplendent armour. 120
 Then other turmoil had been wrought more mighty and more noisome
 By the fierce wrath of Jupiter against the gods immortal;
 But that Athene, smit with fear for all the heav'nly dwellers,
 Out o'er the threshold rush'd, and left the throne whereon she rested,
 And off his head the helmet drew and buckler from his shoulders; 125
 Then taking from his sturdy hand the brazen spear, she fix'd it
 Upright, and with reproachful words did lash impetuous Ares:

"O doltish and bewilder'd soul, besotted are thy senses:

Troth! vainly hast thou ears to hear; thy shame and wits are perish'd
 Or heardest not, what argument spake white-arm'd goddess Juno,
 Who now afresh, from Jupiter the Olympian, arriveth? 131
 Dost wish, thyself with many a woe bestraught, by stern compulsion,
 Despite thy anger, back to haste retiring to Olympus,
 And to the other blessed ones great mischief to engender?
 For shortly Jupiter will leave the haughty-hearted Troians 135
 And Argives; but on *us* will come with riot to Olympus,
 And indiscriminate will catch the guilty and the harmless.
 Thou therefore for thy bonny son remit, I say, thy anger.
 For one than him far mightier in force and skill already
 Slain either is, or shall be soon: and troth, the task were toilsome 140
 Of all the world the kith and kin to rescue from disaster."

Thus speaking, she upon his throne impetuous Ares seated:
 Out of the chambers thereupon did Juno call Apollo
 And Iris, who is messenger unto the gods immortal;
 Then straitly she exhorting them harangu'd in winged accents: 145

"Jove biddeth both of you to come with utmost speed to Ida;
 But when arriv'd ye be, and raise on Jupiter your eyes,
 Then accomplish, whatsoe'er of tasks his pleasure may enjoin you."
 Such errand spoken, back again hied venerable Juno
 And sat upon her throne; but they, the twain, flew darting forward. 150
 Soon unto Ida rill-bestream'd, parent of game, arriv'd they,
 And found widesighted Saturn's child upon the summit resting
 At Gargarus, and round his form was wreath'd a cloud of incense.
 So entering, before the face of Jove the cloud-collector
 Stood they; nor when the twain he saw, was he in heart displeased, 155
 That to the bidding of his spouse they quickly gave obeisance.
 Then he to Iris earlier his winged accents utter'd:

"Hie, hurry, speedy Iris! hence; bear thou to princely Neptune
 The rightful errand of my words, nor be a false reporter.
 Command him to withdraw himself from contest and from battle, 160
 Returning mid the tribes of gods or the salt flood eternal.
 But if he choose not to obey my word, but disregardeth,
 Let him thereafter ponder well within his heart and bosom,
 Lest, stalwart tho' his hardiment, in onset he be feeble

Me to withstand : for I than him in force am greatly stronger, 165
 And earlier of birth ; and yet his fancy fondly slighteth
 To hold pretension as my peer, at whom all others shudder."

He spake, nor uncompliant found fleet stormy-footed Iris,
 But down to sacred Ilium from Ida's mountains hied she.
 And as when hailstorm from the clouds may fly, or sleety shower, 170
 Chill'd by the gust of Boreas, whom sky serene doth gender ;
 So swiftly in her eagerness across flew speedy Iris,
 And standing close in front, address'd the glorious Landshaker :

"O Earth-encircler purple-hair'd ! to thee I hither hurry
 From ægis-holding Jupiter a canny errand bearing. 175
 He biddeth to withdraw thyself from contest and from battle,
 Returning mid the tribes of gods or the salt flood eternal.
 But if thou choose not to obey his word, but disregardest,
 Then doth he threaten thee in turn, with adverse force to hie him
 For battle hitherward : but thee he urgeth, from encounter 180
 With him to shrink ; sith he than thee in force is greatly stronger,
 And earlier in birth ; and yet thy fancy fondly slighteth
 To hold pretension as his peer, at whom all others shudder."

To her indignantly replied the glorious Landshaker :
 "Ye Spirits ! troth, tho' grand he be, haughty the word he speaketh, 185
 If me, who am in rank his peer, he will constrain unwilling.
 For we, three equal brethren are, whom Rhea bare to Saturn,
 First Jove, next me, then Aïdes, who nether regions swayeth.
 All things in threefold lot are cast : each hath his share of honour.
 To me the hoary brine for aye as dwelling was apportion'd, 190
 When lots we shook ; to Aïdes the sunless dusk was granted ;
 Jove had as his the ample sky of clouds and empty æther :
 But Earth to all is common yet, as eke is long Olympus,
 So will not I by Jove's decree demean me : let him tranquil
 Abide within his own third share, albeit stalwart is he. 195
 But truly let him not by force alarm me, as a coward.
 More seemly were it and more right against his sons and daughters,
 Whom he himself begat, to scold with keen and lordly errand.
 These, when he sendeth urgent word, must e'en perforce obey him."

To him responded thereupon fleet stormy-footed Iris : 200

“ O Earth-encircler purple-hair’d ! alas ! is *this* my errand ?
This must I bear to Jupiter from thee,—so stern and hardy ?
 Or wilt thou somewhat bend and yield ? and noble hearts are yielding.
 Thou knowest, how on elders-born for ever wait the Furies.”

Then Neptune, shaker of the earth, accosted her responsive : 205

“ Iris, dear goddess ! troth ! this word discreetly hast thou spoken.
 Good followeth the messenger, who canny counsel knoweth.
 Only my heart and soul are here by anguish grimly wounded,
 When Jupiter usurpeth right with words of gall to wrangle
 Against his peer in destiny, to equal lot appointed. 210
 But now, indignant though I am, to this will I submit me.
 Yet one thing will I farther say and from my heart will threaten.
 If he, against my will,—against Athene booty-driving,—
 Despite of princely Vulcan,—ay ! of Hermeas, and Juno,—
 Shall rescue lofty Ilium, nor suffer us to storm it 215
 And to the Argive arms to give the mastery of glory ;
 Know he : a feud betwixt us twain unheal’d abideth ever.”

So speaking, the Landshaker left the army of Achaia,
 And plung’d beneath the deep : and soon the Achaian heroes miss’d him.
 But cloud-collecting Jupiter thereat address’d Apollo : 220

“ Go now, dear shining one ! and seek the brazen-helmed Hector.
 The god who circleth quaking Earth already is departed
 Into his salt eternal flood, eschewing our displeasure
 Gramsome ; for other gods also did hear of yore our battle,
 Who, nethermost of nature, dwell around the home of Saturn. 225
 But verily, alike to me and to himself, more gainful
 Was it, that he did earlier indignantly submit him
 Beneath my puissance : else, the toil no common struggle boded.
 But now within thy hands assume my many-fringed ægis,
 And in their faces flaunting it, dismay the Achaian heroes. 230
 But thou, Fardarter ! must thyself have care of gallant Hector,
 And in him waken mighty force so long, until the Achaians
 Unto their galleys reach in flight and to the flood of Helle.
 But I thenceforward will myself of word and work bethink me,
 How that the Achaians may again find respite from disaster.” 235

So spake he ; nor Apollo then did disobey his father,

And down from Ida's tops he went, in semblance of a falcon
 Fleet-winged, pigeon-murdering, of feather'd wights the swiftest.
 So found he godlike Hector, son of skilful-hearted Priam,
 Sitting, nor prostrate still; for he anew had sense recover'd, 240
 Knowing his comrades round about. Gasping and sweat had ceased,
 Sithence the mind of Jupiter, the ægis-holder, rais'd him.
 Then, near beside him standing, spake Apollo Far-avert'er :

"O Hector, son of Priamus! why thus apart from others
 Sittest thou faint at heart? perchance doth some disaster plague thee?"

To him, with puny vigour left spake motley-helmed Hector: 246
 "Who art thou, noblest of the gods! that face to face dost ask me?
 Hearest thou not,—in outmost fight against the Achaian galleys,
 How Ajax, good at need, did smite with huge stone on my bosom,
 While I his comrades slew; and quell'd my furious encounter. 250
 And verily I thought to see the dead, and house of Pluto,
 Upon this day: so near did I gasp forth my tender spirit."

To him the Far-averting prince Apollo spake responsive:
 "Now cheer thee! such reserve of war Saturnius from Ida
 Hath forward to befriend thee sent and rescue thee from danger,—255
 Me, golden-belted shining prince Apollo, who do ever
 Of yore deliver both thyself and eke thy lofty fortress.
 But to thy many charioteers, come now, give earnest bidding
 Unto the smoothly hollow ships to drive the nimble horses:
 And I myself, in front of them advancing, for the horses 260
 Will level all the chariot-roads and scare the Achaian heroes."

So saying, mighty strength he breath'd into the people's shepherd.
 As when a charger, closely kept, high-pamper'd at the manger,
 Bursting his halter, o'er the plain with prance and gambol trampleth,
 Accustom'd in the flood to bathe of some fair-streaming river, 265
 Wild glorying; and holdeth high his head, and off his shoulders
 Rusheth the mane abroad; and he in his brave beauty trusteth;
 Lightly his knees then carry him to horses' haunts and pastures:
 So too with supple foot and knee did Hector hurry onward,
 Soon as he heard the voice divine, his charioteers to order. 270
 And as when dogs or rustic men have chas'd upon the mountains
 Whether an antler-bearing stag or roebuck;—it, defended

By forest-boughs o'ershadowing and rocks that cheat the footstep,
 Escapeth them, nor is success to all their efforts destin'd ;
 At length, beneath their shouting rous'd, upon the path appeareth 275
 A noble-bearded lion, who doth sudden scare their courage :
 So for awhile the Danaï in troops did keenly follow,
 With swords and with twohanded pikes against the foeman stabbing ;
 But when they Hector saw amid the ranks of heroes moving,
 They trembled, and the soul of all beside their feet lay prostrate. 280

Thoas hereat, Andræmon's son, did with harangue accost them :
 Of all Ætolia bravest he, to dart the jav'lin skilful,
 And good in standing fight : but few might in debate surpass him,
 When in full mote Achaian youths * held rivalry of prudence ;
 Who then with kindly soul harangu'd and spake his word among them :
 " Ye spirits ! now these eyen see in truth a mighty marvel, 286
 If Hector they behold again arisen, Fate escaping.
 Yet verily each heart of us was trusting that this hero
 Lately had perish'd by the hands of Telamonian Ajax.
 But now some heav'nly god anew hath sav'd and rescued Hector, 290
 Who had of many Danaï unstrung the knees and sinews.
 So now, as I forebode, again will be : for here he standeth
 An ardent leader, not without the will of Jove high-rumbling.
 But come, as I the word shall speak, let all compliant follow :
 Back to the galleys bid we all the multitude to hie them ; 295
 But for ourselves, who boast to be amid the army bravest,
 Confronting him with spears outstretch'd, let us withstand his onset,
 If we may haply stagger him : and he, I ween, tho' eager,
 Will shrink to meet the Danaï and in their troop to mingle."

He spake ; and they all willingly did listen and obey him. 300
 Crowding around the Ajaces twain and Merion and Teucer,
 Around the prince Idomeneus and Meges peer to Ares,
 The stubborn struggle marshal'd they, their champions collecting
 Fierce to withstand the Troïans and Hector ; but behind them
 Back to the Achaian galleys hied the multitude returning. 305
 Forward in plump the Troïans rush'd, and at their head was Hector,

284. *Elder* chiefs and princes spoke in the *council* ; the *younger* men only in the *public assembly*, and then but rarely, it seems.

With lengthy strides ; and in his front hied bright Apollo onward,
 Clad round his shoulders with a cloud ; the furious ægis bearing,
 Dreadful, with shag offringes rough, præëminent ; which Vulcan,
 Worker of copper, gave to Jove for men's dismay to carry : 310
 This ægis holding in his hands, Apollo led the peoples ;
 But eke the Argives clos'd their ranks unmov'd ; and deadly clamour
 From either side arose : then leapt the arrows from the bowstring,
 And many a brazen javelin, by sturdy sinews darted,
 Partly were fix'd within the limbs of callants keen in battle, 315
 And others midway numerous, for glut of carnage greedy,
 Ere the fair skin they might attain, harmless in earth were planted.
 While bright Apollo held unmov'd the manyfringed ægis,
 So long from either side the darts did fly, and people perish ;
 But when he flouted full in face the charioteering Argives, 320
 Shaking his arm, and eke himself yell'd loudly ; then their bosom
 Was all bewitch'd with fear, and straight forgot impetuous ardour.
 And as, amid a herd of kine or mighty flock of bleaters,
 In gloominess of dusky night do two wild beasts make havoc,
 Which suddenly arrive, nor find the keeper at his station : 325
 So were the Achaians terrified, unwarlike ; for Apollo
 Fill'd them with fear, and glory gave to Hector and the Troians.

Thereon each hero slew his man, when scatter'd was the struggle.
 By Hector, slain was Stichius first, and Arkesilaüs :
 The latter to the brazen-clad Boeotians was leader, 330
 The former, trusty comrade was to Mnestheus mighty-hearted.
 Æneias next for death and spoil hent Iasus and Medon.
 Medon to Ajax brother was ; —their sire, divine Oileus ;—
 But Medon was of meaner birth, and dwelt afar, as exile, 335
 Long time in Phylake ; for he whilom had slain a hero,
 A kinsman of his father's bride his stepdame Eriopis.
 But to Athene's skilful folk was Iasus a leader,
 And Sphelus was his father call'd, but Bucolus his grandsire.
 Mekisteus by Polydamas, Echius by Polites,
 Clonius by divine Agenor, fell in foremost struggle, 340
 Paris hit Deiochus behind at bottom of the shoulder,
 As in the foremost ranks he fled ; and thrust the weapon thro' him.

While from the slain the victors stript their arms, meanwhile the Achæians,
 Within the deep-entrenched moat and palisades entangled,
 Rov'd hither, thither; and anew perforce the rampart enter'd. 345
 Then Hector rais'd his voice aloft and charg'd the Trojan army
 To leave the gory panoplies and rush upon the galleys:

"But whomsoever I descry far from the galleys slinking,
 There, on the spot, for *him* will I plot ruin; nor shall ever
 His kinsmen and kinswomen dear in rightful flames enwrap him: 350
 But him before our city's wall the hungry dogs shall mangle."

Thus speaking, with the scourge he lash'd his horses on the shoulder,
 Cheering across the Trojan ranks aloud: and they, beside him,
 With general alarum, held the chariot-trailing horses.
 Unearthly was their battle-din. Before them bright Apollo 355
 With his broad foot did easily cast down into the middle

The scarp'd embankments of the trench, and bridg'd an ample causey
 Solid and broad; so far, as when a man, to outmost distance,
 Flingeth in air his javelin, his martial vigour trying.
 Over this road in ample squares they pour'd; in front, Apollo 360
 With costly ægis on his arm. Right easily o'erthrew he

The Achæian rampart, e'en as when a child lays low his sandheap;
 Who, where the billow lately dash'd, a playful wall hath built him
 Of sand, and when his sport is done, with foot or hand o'erthrows it:
 So then by thee, bright Eîus,* the plenteous toil and trouble 365
 Of Argives vain was made, and eke themselves with terror filled.

But, checking by the galleys' side their wild career, they halted,
 And each to other made appeal, and to all gods in heaven
 Did every one with lifted hands loud supplication offer.
 But chiefly there Gerenian Nestor, watcher of the Achæians, 370
 Made prayer to the gods, his hand to starry heaven lifting:

"O father Jove, if ever yet a man in wheatful Argos,
 Burning to thee the costly limbs of sheep or eke of bullock,
 Besought thee for a safe return, and thou didst nod approval;
 Think of all this, Olympian! and ward the ruthless moment, 375
 Nor wholly by the Troïans destroy the Achæian army."

365. *Eîus* is clearly a surname of Apollo: its meaning is less certain. Sophocles makes it *Ieîus*.

So prayed Neleus' aged son ; thereat with mighty thunder
 Did Jove the Counsellor reply, his supplication hearing.
 The Troians also, at the voice of Jove the ægisholder,
 Leapt braver on the Achaïans and hero-glee remember'd. 380
 As on the ample-breasted sea when a huge billow plungeth,
 Over the galley's wooden ribs descending, if the hurtle
 Of wind impress it ; for 'tis this, that chief the waves engrosseth :
 So then with terrible upróar the Troians scal'd the rampart.
 And now, their coursers driving in, at poop of galley fought they, 385
 Mingled in battle, foe to foe, with doublehanded weapons,
 These mounted on the chariots ; but those from dusky galleys
 With lengthy shipspears warded them, which on the decks were stored,
 Fasten'd with clamps for naval fight, and tipt at end with copper.

But, for Patroclus, he meantime, while Troians and Achaïans 390
 Outside, beyond the Argive fleet, around the wall were fighting ;
 With friendly-soul'd Eurypylus he in the tent was seated
 So long, and sooth'd his heart with talk ; and as a balm of anguish,
 Drugs o'er the painful wound he spread, of medicinal virtue.
 But, when he after was aware, the Troians o'er the rampart 395
 Had enter'd, while the Danaï were fill'd with scream and tumult ;
 Then loudly groan'd he, and straightway with double palm descending
 Smote on his thighs, and pour'd abroad an utterance of wailing :

“ Eurypylus ! albeit much thou needest me, no longer
 May I beside thee stay ; for lo ! a mighty strife is risen. 400
 But thee, let now thy squire amuse ; and I unto Achilles
 Must quickly hie me, if perchance I win him to the combat.
Who knoweth, if, with heaven's aid, I haply by persuasion
 May stir his spirit ? useful is a comrade's exhortation.”

He, with such words, on speedy feet departed ; but the Achaïans 405
 Firmly the Troïan advance awaited, nor were able,
 Albeit fewer were the foes, to ward them from the galleys.
 Nor might the Troians yet break thro' the Danaän battalions
 And force a passage to the tents and mingle with the galleys.
 As by a cunning workman's hands, in wisdom of Athene 410
 Taught perfectly, the rule doth draw a galley's timber even ;
 So even, of those combatants was drawn the fight and combat.

And battle, diverse ships around, by diverse men was waged,
 But Hector made his chief attack against illustrious Ajax. 415
 Around one galley had the twain fierce trouble, nor were able,
 The Troian, out to drive his foe and wrap in flames the galley,
 Nor he, the assailant to repel, sith heav'nly power brought him.
 Then gallant Ajax with his spear struck on the breast Caletor,
 The active son of Clytius, fire to the galley bearing ; 420
 So with a loud crash down he fell, and dropt the brand beside him.
 But Hector, when before his eyes his cousin he discerned
 Laid prostrate in the dust, in front, beneath the dusky galley,
 He shouted to the Troïans and Lycians and Dardans :

"Dardans, who hand to hand contend, and Lycians and Troians ! 425
 Not yet, in such a strait, my friends ! retire ye from the battle ;
 But save the son of Clytius, nor let the Achaians strip him,
 Fallen before the galley-poop, in theatre of battle."

So spake he, and with shining spear straightway at Ajax darted,
 And miss'd him : but the weapon hit Lycophron, son of Mastor, 430
 Who, at divine Kythéra born, of yore had slain a hero :
 Then quitted he his early home, and dwelt, as squire, with Ajax.
 To this man, as by Ajax's side he stood, the spear of Hector
 Enter'd his head above the ear ; so backward from the galley
 Into the dust from off the poop he fell, unstrung and helpless. 435
 But Ajax shudder'd at the sight, and straight address'd his brother :

"Dear Teucer ! lo ! before our eyes is slain our trusty comrade,
 The son of Mastor, whom we both did in our chambers welcome
 With honour like to parents dear, arriving from Kythéra.
 But mighty-hearted Hector him hath slain. Where now thy arrows
 Death swiftly dealing, and the bow which bright Apollo gave thee ?"

He spake, and Teucer caught the word, and ran, and stood beside him,
 Holding within his hand the bow back-bending, and the quiver
 Fraught full with arrows : quick he shot his bolts against the Troians.
 By the first arrow Cleitus fell, Peisenor's brilliant offspring, 445
 The comrade of Polydamas the lordly son of Panthûs,
 Holding within his hands the reins. He with the steeds was busied :
 For there kept hé ;—for kindly aid to Hector and the Troians,—

422. *Cousin.* In 20, 238, Clytius is brother to Priam.

Where thickest justled were the ranks : but quickly came the mischief
On to himself ; which none of all, tho' eager, then averted. 450

For deep within his neck, behind, the grievous arrow pierced :
So from the chariot he dropt ; and sudden swerv'd the horses,
Rattling the empty chariot. But quickly did its master
Polydamas perceive, who first in front the steeds arrested.
Them gave he to Astynöüs, the son of Protiaon, 455

And on him many a charge he laid, at hand to keep the horses,
Eying his master ;—straight, himself regain'd the foremost battle.
Then Teucer took a second shaft for brazen-helmed Hector ;
And would an end of war have made against the Achaian galleys,
Had he the chieftain slain, in whom was primacy of valour. 460

Nor this the canny mind escap'd of Jupiter, who guarded
Hector, and glory's vaunt denied to Telamonian Teucer.
For while as in the blameless bow he drew the string well-twisted,
Jove sudden snapt it : thereupon the brazen-weighted arrow
Stray'd other way, and from his hand down fell his vain equipment. 465
Then Teucer shudder'd at the sight and straight address'd his brother :

“Ye Spirits! troth! some power high our plans of battle snappeth
All rudely, who from out my hands hath cast the bow and arrow,
And burst the newly-twisted string, which I this morning fasten'd,
That stoutly it might carry home the thickly-springing arrows.” 470

Then spake to him reciprocal great Telamonian Ajax :
“Dear fellow, leave thy bow in peace and all thy sheaves of arrows ;
Sith, envying the Danaï, some god hath these confounded.
But in thy hands take lengthy spear and buckler on thy shoulder,
And fight against the Troïans and rouse the other peoples. 475
Then, tho' the mastery they win, not without effort shall they
The well-deck'd galleys take, if we do battle-gee remember.”

So spake he : Teucer then replac'd within his tent the arrows,
But round his shoulders quickly slung his shield with plates quadruple,
And on his gallant head he put a well-wrought leathern helmet, 480
Bushy with horsetail : dreadfully the crest above it nodded.
Lastly, he grasp'd a valiant spear, pointed with brass well temper'd,
Hied on his path, and speedily ran up, and stood by Ajax.

But Hector, when his eye descried the bolts of Teucer crippled,

Loud shouted to the Troïans and Lycians and Dardans : 485

“Dardans, who hand to hand contend, and Lycians and Troians !

Be men, my friends ! nor negligent of furious encounter

Beside the smoothly hollow ships. For lo ! these eyes are witness,

How of a leading warrior the bolts by Jove are crippled.

Right easily may man discern the purposes of heaven, 490

Alike, to whomso Jupiter high mastery vouchsafeth,

And eke whomso he lessen will, nor chooseth to avenge them ;

As now the Argives willeth he to crush, but us to succour.

But fight ye at the galleys, all in plump : and if for any

The doom of death allotted be, by thrust or flying arrow, 495

Let death be welcome : seemly 'tis in combat for one's country

To die, if need be ; but his wife and children safe behind him

And house and lot inviolate abide, whene'er the Achaians

Back to their native land belov'd depart upon their galleys.”

He, by such words, in every breast spirit and strength excited. 500

But Ajax, he on other side did charge his own companions :

“O shame, ye Argives ! now behold your guarantee,—to perish

Or save our fortunes, beating back this noyance from the galleys.

If motley-helmed Hector burn the Achaiian ships, then hope ye

Each man his native land to reach on his own feet returning ? 505

Hear ye not Hector eagerly urge them, our fleet to kindle ?

Not to a dance he summoneth, I reckon, but to combat.

For us no counsel and intent, better than this, abideth,

Foot against foot and hand to hand to grapple, soul and body. 510

Better it is, now once for all to live or else to perish,

Than pine in combat lingering by grim embrace of foemen,—

Men who are noway peers to us,—on the shore's edge, thus vainly.”

He, by such words, in every breast spirit and strength excited.

Then Hector, *he* slew Schedius, a son of Perimedes, 515

And prince of Phocis : Ajax hent Laodamas in slaughter,

A leader of the infantry, Antenor's brilliant offspring.

Polydamas for death and spoil took Otus of Kyllene,

Comrade of Phyleus' son, and prince to the high-soul'd Epeians.

But Meges saw, and rush'd on him : Polydamas evaded, 520

Flinching aside ; so him the thrust struck not : nor did Apollo

Allow the son of Panthoüs to fall in front encounter.

But Croismus' bosom, in his stead, to meet the spear was destin'd :
 Crashing he fell, and Meges stript the armour from his shoulders.
 Meanwhile upon him Dolops rush'd, to wield the spear right skilful, 525
 And to impetuous valour train'd ; (Dolops, the son of Lampus,
 Son of Laomedon : his sire, Lampus, was chief of heroes :)
 This man, approaching, with the spear assail'd the son of Phyleus,
 And pierc'd his midmost buckler thro' ; but the close corslet sav'd him,
 Which, at the hollows jointed well, he wore : (his father Phyleus 530
 Brought it of yore from Ephyra, from the Selleïs river.
 His host Euphetes, prince of men, on him as gift bestow'd it,
 To wear for battle's garniture, a shelter from the foeman ;
 Which from the body of his son did then avert destruction.)
 But Meges on his helmet's top, brazen, with horsetail shaggy, 535
 Thrust heavy with his spear, and broke the plumed crest, which sudden
 Fell all dishonour'd in the dust, of late with crimson shining.
 While Dolops yet the fight maintain'd, and still for conquest hoped,
 Meanwhile as succour to the foe came martial Menelaüs. 540
 He on the flank approach'd unseen, and flung behind the shoulder
 His spear: its onward-hasting point, possess'd by fury, issued
 Right thro' the hapless Troian's breast, who sideways there fell headlong.
 Then rush'd the heroes twain to strip the armour from his shoulders.
 But to the kinsmen of the slain Hector address'd him sternly, 545
 And chief to Melanippus brave, the son of Hiketaon :
 Who, while the foemen were afar, did pasture in Percotas
 His crumple-horned kine ; but when their easy-steering galleys
 Arriv'd, came back to Ilium, and was among the Troians 550
 Signal, and dwelt in Priam's court, honour'd as Priam's children.
 On him did Hector cast reproach, and spake, his name pronouncing :
 "O Melanippus, shall we thus neglect ? and is thy bosom
 Not fill'd with self-reproaching shame, to see thy kinsman fallen ?
 Or doth it scape thee, how the foe round Dolops' arms is busied ? 555
 But follow ! for no longer choice have we, aloof to combat
 Against the Argives: choice is none, but them to slay, or suffer
 The fall of lofty Ilium and bondage of her people."
 He spake, and led the way : behind, the godlike hero follow'd.
 But Ajax, son of Telamon, meanwhile bestirr'd the Argives :
 551. Hiketaon and Lampus were brothers of Priam, 20, 238.

"Oh friends, be men, and in your souls a bashful honour cherish, 561
 And each to other bashful be amid your hardy struggles.
 Of bashful-hearted men, the most are safe, and few are slaughter'd :
 But runaways no glory win, nor runneth safety with them."

So spake he ; and his comrades eke themselves for fight were earnest.
 They in their inmost bosom cast his word, and fenc'd the galleys
 With barrier of brass ; but still did Jove arouse the Troians.
 Then Menelaüs, good at need, Antilochus would challenge :

" Of Argive chieftains none than thee, Antilochus, is younger,
 Nor swifter is of foot ; nor e'en, as thou, is bold in battle, 570
 If from the ranks thou wouldest leap, and hit some foremost Trojan."

He with such words departed, sith he had the youth excited ;
 Who, leaping from the foremost ranks, with shining weapon darted,
 Turning on every side his gaze : the Troians shrunk before him,
 As from him flew the javelin : nor did he aim it vainly, 575

But struck in middle of the breast the son of Hiketaon,
 Seeking for danger's foremost post, high-hearted Melanippus :
 So with a loud crash down he dropt, and o'er him clang'd his armour.

Then forward sped Antilochus, as hound on fawn that's wounded,
 Which, as it springeth from its lair, with deadly aim a hunter 580
 Hitting, its sinews hath unstrung ; so then, O Melanippus,

On thee the war-abiding youth sprang, to despoil thy armour.
 But godlike Hector saw, and ran to thwart him in encounter.
 Then, tho' an ardent warrior, Antilochus retreated, 585

Skulking away, like some wild beast, that conscious is of mischief,
 Which, having haply kill'd a dog or herdsman round the cattle,
 Hurries escaping, ere the crowd of peasants be assembled :

So hurried Nestor's son. At him the Troians and Hector
 With an unearthly clamour pour'd their darts' distressful shower : 590
 But quickly fac'd he round, when first he reach'd his troop of comrades.

Meanwhile the Trojan army, like to raw-devouring lions,
 Against the galleys press'd apace and Jove's command accomplish'd,
 Who alway waken'd in their heart high courage ; and bewitching

The Danaï, of glory *them* despoil'd, but *those* excited, 595
 Holding the purpose, to extend to Hector son of Priam
 The meed of glory, till he cast upon the crested galleys

The restless fire's unearthly blaze and wholly win for Thetis

Her pray'r ill-omen'd: this was Jove the Counsellor awaiting,
 The blaze before his eyes to see rise from a burning galley. 600
 Thenceforward destin'd he to give a back-pursuit unceasing,
 Driving the Troians from the ships with glory to the Argives.
 Such purpose holding, he against the smoothly hollow galleys
 Rous'd Hector, son of Priamus, himself already eager;
 Who rag'd, as eke may Ares' self, spear-poiser; or as rageth 605
 Upon the mountains deadly fire in thickets of a forest.
 Foam circled from his gnashing teeth: beneath his horrid eyebrow
 Gleam'd his two eyes; but the helm shook dreadful on his temples
 Amid the battle: sith to him a champion from heaven 610
 Was Jove himself; who him alone mid many heroes honour'd
 And glorified awhile; not long: for, troth! his hour of greatness
 Soon to expire was destin'd: sith already maid Athene,
 Beneath Pelides' might, on him the day of doom was bringing.

To force a passage, troth! he wish'd, the ranks of men attempting, 615
 Where thickest he the crowd beheld and noblest was the armour.
 Yet, tho' supreme his hankering, not even so he forc'd them,
 As stood they, fitted tower-wise, like to some rock of ocean,
 Foot-cheating, huge, which plungeth sheer amid the hoary surges,
 And firm abideth aye, despite the speedy-gliding courses 620
 Of whistling gales, and turbid waves which forth are belch'd against it:
 So mid the war the Danaï were motionless and tranquil.
 But he amid the scuffle leapt, with blaze around him sheeny,
 Plumping, as on a galley sharp may plump a bouncing billow,
 Whose bulk by cloud-born squalls is fed and all by foam is cover'd. 625
 The direful blast against the sail doth roar; the trembling sailors
 Shrink with alarm; for close they ride to death beside them yawning.
 So direfully the heart was rent within the Achaian bosom.
 Then as the kine, on whom may come a deadly-hearted lion, 630
 In the great pasture of a marsh, where they in numbers countless
 Graze; and a herdsman in their midst doth stand, not yet well trained
 With stalwart-hearted beasts to fight for crumple-horned cattle;
 Thus, as the cows move, moveth he: but pouncing on the middle, 635
 The beast a heifer hath devour'd, and all with panic filleth:
 So with divine alarm, beneath Hector and Jove the Father,
 The Achaians were affrighted all: yet none he overhended,

Save only Periphetes, son of Mycenæan Copeus,
 Who to Eurystheus message bare of great Heracles' labours. 640
 From such a father worser far, was born an offspring better
 In every virtue,—hand or foot,— to fight, to run, to counsel ;
 For he in knowledge might defy the foremost of Mycenæ :
 Who by his fall to Hector gave the meed of higher glory.

For, backward turning him, he tript against his buckler's margin, 645
 Which, reaching to his heels, he bare, from javelins a shelter.

By this entangled, down he fell, right on his back : the helmet,
 Bang'd on the hard ground suddenly, rang horrid round his temples.

But Hector, quick espying it, ran up and stood before him,
 And in his bosom plung'd the spear, and near his dear companions 650
 Slew him : but these unable were, tho' heartstruck for their comrade,
 Rescue to bring him ; for themselves had awe of godlike Hector.

They in full gaze the galleys held ; the outmost hulls embrac'd them,
 Which foremost on the strand were haul'd : and onward stream'd the Troians.

Then from the foremost galley-poops perforce withdrew the Argives, 655
 Yet cluster'd densely round their tents, nor in confusion straggled,

By shame and fear constrain'd, while each to each spake threat and counsel.
 But chiefly there Gerenian Nestor, watcher of the Achaians,

Touching the knees of every man, besought him by his parents :

“ O friends, be men, and in your souls a bashful honour cherish, 660
 Fearing the blame of other men ; and every one remember
 His children and his tender wife, his lot of land, and parents,
 Whether alive they still abide, or whether death have ta'en them.
 On sake of these dear absent ones I by your knees beseech you 665
 Firmly to hold against the foe nor yield yourselves to terror.”

He, by such words, in every breast spirit and strength excited,
 And maid Athene from their eyes the cloud of mist dispersed
 Unearthly : so from either side full light was shed around them,
 Alike, where stood their inmost ships, and o'er the impartial battle : 670
 So knew they Hector good at need, and knew their own companions,
Who from the galleys stood aloof and fear'd to join the combat,
 And *who* beside the galleys sharp stood hardily in battle.

No longer then it pleas'd the soul of mighty-hearted Ajax
 To stand, where congregated stood the children of Achaia ; 675
 But he along the galleys' decks with mighty strides invading,

Wielded within his hands a pike, made long for naval combat ;—
 Full two-and-twenty ells its length, with brazen clamps compacted.
 As on the horses' backs is seen a man to riding trained,
 Who, picking from a numerous herd, four steeds together slingeth, 680
 And, from the country driving them, to a great city rideth
 Along a people-trodden road ; and many men and women
 Stand gazing at him : calmly he and safely, springs alternate
 From back to back, as listeth him ; and headlong, on they scurry :
 So Ajax on to many decks of swiftcareering galleys 685
 Long striding, mov'd alternately, and rais'd his voice to heaven ;
 And alway to the Danaï with dreadful whoop he shouted,
 To save the galleys and the tents.—On other side, nor Hector
 Would, mid the crowd of Troïans close-corsleted, await him ;
 But he, in guise no other, than as tawny eagle souseth 690
 On to a flock of winged fowl that feed beside a river,
 Or geeese or cranes or longnecked swans ; so, rushing straight, did Hector
 Against the blue-prow'd galley dash : for Jupiter behind him
 By his own mighty hand press'd on, and with him urg'd the people. 695

Then once again beside the ships arose a bitter combat.
 Thou mightest deem that men in war unwounded and unweary
 Each upon other rush'd : so fierce and eager was their meeting.
 Nor yet the combatants alike were minded ; for the Achaïans
 Escape from overmatching fate hop'd not, but there to perish : 700
 But each man of the Troïans was in his bosom hopeful,
 With fire to kindle yonder fleet and slay the Achaïan heroes.
 With such forebodings of the heart stood both the hosts confronting.
 At length did Hector touch the poop of that seacoursing vessel,
 Fine-shap'd, swift-rowing o'er the waves, which bare Protesilaüs 705
 To Troy,—nor brought him back again to his dear native country.
 Fighting about this ship, I say, Achaïans and Troïans
 Did hand to hand each other waste ; nor stood apart, awaiting
 The distant arrowshots and darts : but, bent on close encounter, 710
 As with a single heart possest, with hatchets sharp were fighting,
 With axes and with mighty swords and long twohanded lances.
 And many a beauteous-hilted sword, rimm'd with black edge of iron,

713. *iron*. The Greek epithet is strictly *blackbound* or *blackrimmed*. I do not feel sure of the sense.

Some fell from hands upon the ground, and *others* from the shoulders,
Lost with the belts of combatants; and dark earth flow'd with carnage.
But Hector, when he once had seiz'd the poop, no more would yield it,
But grasp'd the adornments in his hand, and loudly charg'd the Troians :

“Fire! bring ye fire! and eke yourselves, collected, swell the onset.
Jove granteth now to us a day, which payeth for all others,
Their ships to capture; which, despite the gods, have hither ventur'd, 720
And laid much misery on us, thro' folly of our elders :
Who, when I eager was to fight against the nearest galleys,
Forbade my marching to the war and stopt my train of people.
But if widesighted Jupiter did then our counsels cripple,
Yet now himself impelleth us and urgeth unto daring.” 725

So spake he: they with greater zeal against the Argives sallied.
No longer then did Ajax wait; for sore the darts distress'd him :
Yet but withdrew him step by step, altho' of life despairing,
And left the even galley's deck, and planted him in ambush
Upon a bench of seven feet : thence with his spear repell'd he 730
The Troians from the ship, who'er the restless fire might carry.
And alway to the Danaï he call'd with horrid outcry :

“Friends, heroes of the Danaï and ministers of Ares !
Be men, my friends! nor negligent of furious encounter.
Deem ye, that now reserves we keep auxiliar behind us, 735
Or any martial rampart, which may men from ruin rescue?
No city hold we near at hand, with towers tightly fashion'd,
Wherein might beaten troops be hid and garrison of peoples.
But, on the plain of Troïans close-corsleted, we combat
Leaning against the depth of sea, far from our native country. 740
Therefore on daring dawneth light and not on gentle fighting.”

Frenzied he spake, and on the word with pointed weapon follow'd.
Then whosoe'er of Troïans against the hollow galleys
Rush'd onward with the wasting fire, obeying Hector's summons ;
Him with long spear did Ajax thrust, forth sallying from ambush. 750
So laid he prostrate hand to hand twelve men before the galley.

735. *Auxiliar*. I imagine the Homeric *aosseo* to be a softened sound of *aoxao*, related to *aexo*, as in Latin *auxilium* to *augeo*.

BOOK XVI.

So far'd the hardy struggle there, around the welldeck'd galley.
 Meanwhile Patroclus stood beside Achilles, people's shepherd,
 Pouring adown his cheek warm tears, as some dark source of waters,
 Which down a stormcapt precipice poureth a murky torrent.
 At sight of him divine Achilles footreliant marvell'd ; 5
 So he with pitiful address did winged accents utter :
 " Patroclus ! wherefore weepest thou, like to a tender infant,
 Who, tripping at her mother's side and clinging to her garment,
 Imploresth to be lifted up and hindereth her hurry,
 And, to be lifted in her arms, with many a tear uplooketh : 10
 Like unto her, Patroclus, thou the tender teardrop sheddest.
 Hast haply for the Myrmidons or for myself a message ?
 Or is to thee alone some news arriv'd from distant Phthia ?
 Still, as they say, Menoetius, the son of Actor, liveth,
 And still among the Myrmidons liveth my father Peleus ; 15
 Either of whom, by fate's decree remov'd, would sorely grieve us.
 Or for the Argives sorrowest, how now their bands are wasted,
 Beside the smoothly hollow ships, to scourge their proper trespass ?
 Lock not thy breast, but speak it out ; and so, we both shall know it."
 To him with heavy groans didst thou, horseman Patroclus ! answer : 20
 " O son of Peleus ! Achileus ! far noblest of the Achaians !
 Take no offence : so fierce distress upon the Achaians presseth.
 For all who formerly bare lead, as bravest of our army,
 Lie prostrate at the galley-side by thrust or flying arrow.
 Lances have Agamemnon pierc'd and spear-renown'd Ulysses, 25
 Arrows have reach'd Eurypylus and stalwart Diomedes.
 About them the chirurgeons with many a drug are busied,
 Healing their wounds ; but *thou* art made unhealable, Achilles !
Me never may such anger seize, as that which *thou* dost foster ! 30
 Woe on thy valour ! why should men of future ages bless thee,
 If thou from Argos willest not to ward unseemly ruin ?

O cruel ! never sire to thee was charioteering Peleus,
 Nor Thetis was thy mother : nay, but grey sea-billows bare thee
 And foot-betraying rocks ; so wild, so rugged is thy bosom. 35
 But if, with heart foreboding, thou some heav'nly danger shunnest,
 Which, from the lips of Jupiter, thy queenly mother taught thee,
 Yet me send forward quick, and lend thy other folk behind me
 Of Myrmidons ; so may I bring some ray of light to Argos.
 And on my shoulders grant to me to bear thy proper armour, 40
 If-that perchance the Troians, deluded by my semblance,
 Stand off from battle, and hereby Achaia's warlike children
 Gain respite of their toil ;—and short the respite is of warfare.
 'Twere light for us unwearied, from off the tents and galleys,
 Unto the city back to drive men wearied in combat." 45
 So supplicating spake he then, great simpleton ! for truly
 He for himself did supplicate a direful doom of ruin.
 To him Achilles, fleet of foot, indignantly responded :
 " What utterance was that ? alas, Patroclus Jove-descended !
 Naught from the lips of Jupiter my queenly mother teacheth, 50
 Nor know I heav'nly oracle to fill with awe my bosom.
 Only, my heart and soul are here by anguish grimly wounded,
 When one, who is in sway and force superiour, delighteth
 His equal to bereave of right, and back his prize to ravish.
 Grim anguish deem I this ; sith I in heart have sorrow suffer'd. 55
 The damsel whom Achaia's sons for me as prize selected,
 Whom by my spear I purchased, a walled city storming,
 Her from my hands did Atreus' son, wide-ruling Agamemnon,
 Snatch from me back again, as tho' from some degraded outcast.
 But leave we these things, past and gone ; and any-gait uncomely 60
 Was it, with obstinate resolve for ever to be anger'd.
 Troth ! thought I, never would I stay the fury of my passion,
 Till the loud onset of the war might reach my proper galley.
 Yet thou, my own illustrious arms upon thy shoulders placing,
 Lead the warloving Myrmidons to join the hardy struggle ; 65
 Sith, like a cloud of dusky blue, the Troians now, it seemeth,
 Circle the fleet, o'ermastering ; but on the rough sea-margin
 The Argives lean, hemm'd every way, and hold but scanty portion

Of land remaining; while on them comes all the Troian city,
 Cheery: for they no longer view the frontlet of my helmet 70
 Within our ranks near glittering: else would they fill the gulleys
 By speedy flight with carcasses, if royal Agamemnon
 To me were kindly minded: now, around the camp they combat.
 Nor longer in the skilful grasp of Diomed Tydides
 Rageth the spear, which once would save the Danaï from ruin. 75
 Nor rumour reacheth me as yet, that Atreus' son high shouteth
 From hated mouth: nay, but the voice of hero-slaying Hector
 Cheering his Troians, echoeth rebounding: they, with uproar
 The plain preoccupy, in fray outnatching these Achaïans.
 Yet, even so, Patroclus! thou, to save the fleet from ruin, 80
 Fall in with overswaying might, lest they the galleys kindle
 With blazing firebrand: so would they of sweet return despoil us.
 But thou, as in thy mind I set a charge complete,—obey me;
 (So thou from all the Danaï shalt mighty honour earn me
 And glory; who with public train unto my tents shall convoy 85
 The damsel bright and beautiful, and splendid gifts beside her.)—
 When from the fleet the foe is scar'd, return thou! or, if haply
 Juno's loud-rumbling spouse on thee bestow some meed of glory,
 Without my presence hanker not to dally in the battle
 With the warloving Troïans: and cheaper wilt thou make me: 90
 Nor, O my friend, in foeman's play and hero-glee exulting,
 And rieving lives of Troïans, to Ilium pursue them;
 Lest of the gods eternal-born one meet thee from Olympus:—
 And them Apollo Far-avertter tenderly doth cherish.
 But turn thee backward, soon as thou some ray of light hast open'd 95
 Unto the fleet, and leave the hosts upon the plain to bargain.
 Would it might be,—O father Jove, Athene and Apollo!
 That of all Troïans who live, and eke of all the Argives,
 Not one from slaughter might escape, and only we survive them:
 Then would we twain, of Ilium o'erthrow the sacred turrets." 100
 So they reciprocally held betwixt themselves discourses.
 But Ajax might no longer wait; for sore the darts distress'd him.
 The mind of Jove o'er-master'd him, and lordly-hearted Troians
 With bolts unwearied pelting thick. Pelted, around his temples,

The shining helm a rattle kept : and pelted was he alway 105
 Over his tight accoutrements. All-weary was his shoulder,—
 The left,—which stedfast ever held his vast and motley buckler :
 Yet they, with darts hard pressing round, to dash him off avail'd not.
 A noisome gasping cramp'd his breast, and down him sweat abundant
 Flow'd from his limbs on every side, nor might he breath recover 110
 And respite gain ; but every where was evil heap'd on evil.

Utter for me, ye Muses, now, who dwell in high Olympus,
 How first the deadly fire was cast upon the Achaian galleys.

Hector with Ajax battle join'd.—Hector with mighty sabre
 Above its head of metal smote his foeman's ashen weapon, 115
 And lopt the metal sheer away : so Telamonian Ajax
 Brandish'd in vain the crippled shaft : whose brazen point far falling
 Rang on the ground re-echoing. Then Ajax knew the omen,
 And shudder'd in his blameless soul to see the gods' achievements,
 How Jove high-rumbling utterly did shear away the counsels 120
 Of Argive battle, bent to yield high puissance to the Troians.
 He from the darts withdrew ; but they on the sharp galley scatter'd
 Unweary fire, whose quenchless flame was sudden pour'd across it.
 The busy fire curl'd round the poop, aspiring : but Achilles
 Smote on his thighs with double palm, and thus address'd Patroclus : 125

“Ho ! quick arouse thee, Jove-deriv'd Patroclus courser-guiding !
 The spurting of the foeman's fire behold I by the galleys,
 And if the galleys captur'd be, no more escape remaineth.
 But don thy armour speedily, and I the folk may gather.” 129

When thus he urg'd, Patroclus quick in dazzling brass encas'd him.
 First on his shins the dapper greaves, with silver anklets clever,
 He fasten'd ; but to guard his chest, he took the crafty corslet
 Borne by Pelides fleet of foot, all various and starry.
 About his shoulders next he slung the sword with silver studded, 135
 Brazen of edge ; and after it his buckler great and stubborn :
 And on his gallant head he put the wellwrought leathern helmet
 Bushy with horsetail : dreadfully the crest above it nodded.
 Lastly, he pick'd two valiant spears, unto his grasp adapted.
 Alone, of all the equipments borne by Peleus' spotless offspring, 140
 The lance he took not,—weighty, huge ; which no Achaian chieftain

One of the bands Menesthius with motley corslet guided,
 Who claim'd Spercheius as his sire, a never-resting river,
 Streaming from Jove. Him Peleus' child, the beauteous Polydora, 175
 Bare to Spercheius,—woman weak to an immortal wedded;
 Yet Borus was his sire esteem'd, the son of Perieres,
 Who boundless dower paid for her, and led her into bridal.
 Commander of the second band was warrior Eudorus,
 A hero maiden-born: but him fair-dancing Polymela, 180
 Daughter of Phylas, gave to life, whom the brave Argus-killer
 Beheld, and lov'd her, as she danc'd amid the virgin-comrades
 Of golden-shafted Artemis, the ever-whooping huntress.
 Forthwith, good-fellow Hermeas, into her chamber mounting,
 Lay at her side by stealth; and she a brilliant offspring gave him, 185
 Eudorus, swift of foot to run, and terrible in combat.
 But when at length the goddess, who on painful childbirth waiteth,
 Woke him to light of day, and he beheld this sunny splendour;
 Then Echeclus of stalwart might, the son of Actor, paying
 Uncounted dower, led away the mother to his chambers; 190
 But aged Phylas took the child and nurtur'd him discreetly,
 Fondly embracing him with love, as tho' his proper offspring.
 Over the third battalion stood the warrior Peisander,
 The son of Maemalus; but he to wield the spear was signal
 Beyond all other Myrmidons, except Pelides' comrade. 195
 Over the fourth battalion went old charioteering Phoenix;
 Over the fifth Alkimedon, Læerkes' spotless offspring.
 But when Achilles, picking well, had station'd them in order
 Beside their leaders, then to all he stern monition added:

"O Myrmidons, let none, I pray, forget the words of menace, 200
 Which at the Troïans did ye at the sharp galleys threaten,
 During my day of anger, when ye every one rebuk'd me:—
 'O cruel son of Peleus! troth, on gall thy mother fed thee;
 Heartless! who keepest by the ships thy comrades sore unwilling.
 Right homeward let us wend our way with sea-careering galleys, 205
 Returning; sith so evil rage upon thy soul hath fallen.'—
 To me, assembled, thus ye spake ofttime: and now appeareth

The mighty work of battle-cry, for which ye erst did hanker ;
Here then to fight with Troïans let each have valiant spirit."

He, by such words, in every breast spirit and strength excited ; 210
And when their monarch's voice they heard, more close the ranks did pack
As when with wellcompacted stones a man may featly fashion [them.
For some highroofed house a wall, to screen the force of tempests ;
So fitted then were bossy shields and horsetail-crested helmets.
For helmet was by helmet screen'd, and buckler propt by buckler, 215
And warrior by warrior : the plumed helmets waving
With ridges bright each other touch'd : so thick they stood together.
And in the front of all, two men stood forth complete in armour,
Patroclus and Automedon, possest of single spirit,
To head the Myrmidons in fight. Meanwhile, Achilles hied him 220
Into his tent : there open'd he the lid, that clos'd a coffer,
Dainty and varied ; which to him the silverfooted Thetis
Had plac'd for convoy on the ship, well-fill'd with under-raiment
And cloaks,—a shelter from the blast, and curly-haired carpets.
Therein besides a goblet lay, well-carved ; nor from out it 225
Did other man than Achileus drink ever wine resplendent,
Nor he to other god would pour, save unto Jove the Father.
Out of the coffer this he took and cleansed it with brimstone
First ; afterward besprinkled it with dainty streams of water.
Himself besprinkled eke his hands, and fill'd with wine the goblet. 230
Then standing midmost in his court, he pray'd, and made libation,
With eyes to heaven rais'd ; and Jove the thunderloving knew it :

"Lord Jupiter, enthron'd afar, Pelasgo-Dodonæan !
Thou who Dodona's winter-land o'erswayest ! and around thee
Dwell with unwashen feet thy seers the ground-encouched Selli. 235
In former time to my request already hast thou listen'd ;
Didst honour me, and mightily hast harm'd the Achaian people :
Now, once again implor'd, do thou this wish for me accomplish.
Myself by galley-side shall stay, in theatre of battle,
But with the trooping Myrmidons my comrade send I forward 240
To combat : now, widesighted Jove ! on him bestow successes.
With mighty courage strengthen thou his heart ; whereby shall Hector
Learn, whether our companion dear even without my presence

Knoweth to combat, or his hands untractable are frantic
 Then only, when I hie with him mid the turmoil of Ares. 245
 But after from the galleys he the din of fight have chased,
 May he to me forthwith return and reach the galleys scatheless,
 With comrades, round his side who fight, and all my curious armour.”

Such was his word of prayer; and Jove the Counsellor attended.
 To one petition listen'd he; the other he rejected. 250
 Far from the ships to drive away the battle's present danger,
 He granted; but the safe return from battle, this he gave not.
 The prince,—libation now complete, and pray'r to Jove the Father,—
 Returning to his tent, replac'd the goblet in the coffer;
 Then forth proceeded from the tent, and still in soul did hanker 255
 To watch the deadly battle-cry of Troians and Achaians.

But they, accoutred and arrang'd with mighty-soul'd Patroclus,
 March'd steadily, till on they rush'd with ardour at the foeman.
 In sally swarmed they forthwith, like wasps, who hold their houses
 By the roadside; whom children weak are wont in sport to harry, 261
 Tormenting alway; bringing eke a common woe on many.
 For if some traveller perchance unwilling now bestir them,
 With valiant bosom forth they fly, to combat for their children. 265
 Such heart and spirit cherishing, the Myrmidon battalions
 Then from the galleys sallied out; and clamour rose incessant.
 Patroclus too his comrades charg'd, with voice uplifted shouting:

“O Myrmidons, who comrades are of Peleus' son, Achilles!
 Be men, my friends, nor negligent of furious encounter; 270
 So shall we honour Peleus' son, who bravest is of Argives
 Beside the galleys, and the squires who fight around his buckler.
 So shall we teach to Atreus' son, wide-ruling Agamemnon,
 His folly, who perversely scorn'd the noblest of the Achaians.”

He, by such words, in every breast spirit and strength excited. 275
 Quick on the Troïans they fell, collected; and the galleys
 Responded with terrific crash, beneath the Achaians shouting.
 But when the Troians saw the chief, Menoetius' brave offspring,
 Himself and eke his charioteer, in all their armour sparkling,
 The heart of all held grim debate, and their battalions trembled; 280
 Deeming that by the galley-side the lordly-soul'd Pelides

At length his anger had renounc'd, and chose the bonds of friendship.
So each did singly look around, to scape headlong destruction.

Patroclus first with shining spear into the middle darted, 285
Where most were justled, near the poop of great Protesilaüs.
Over the plum'd Paeonians Pyraechmes there was leader,
Who brought them from far Amydon and Axius wide-flowing.
On the right shoulder him it hit; so, groaning fell he prostrate
Down in the dust, and round his corpse his dear companions trembled,
His own Paeonians: sith all Patroclus fill'd with terror, 291
Slaying their champion, who held the primacy of valour.
Thus from the beach he drave them off, and quench'd the fire that sparkled;
And there the half-burnt ship was left. With an unearthly clamour
The Trojan army took to flight: the Danaï pursued them 295
Forthwith, and unremitting din arose along the galleys.
As when from off the summit high of some cloud-compass'd mountain
May lightning-wreathing Jupiter withdraw the veil of dimness;
And every lofty peak is shown, and headland edge and forest,
And from behind the cloven dun, unfathom'd heaven gleameth; 300
So, for awhile, the Danaï, repelling from the galleys
The foeman's fire, did breath regain: yet was no pause of battle.
For not yet did the Trojans to flight straightforward scuffle,
Scar'd from the dusky ships, beneath the Achaians dear to Ares, 304
But still they party-wise withstood and but perforce withdrew them.

Thereon each man his fellow slew, when scatter'd was the struggle,
Among the leaders. First of them, Menoetius' brave offspring,
While-as Areilycus was turn'd, pierc'd thro' his thigh entirely
With pointed spear, and crush'd the bone: he to the earth fell headlong.
But Menelas to Ares dear struck Thoas in the bosom 311
Beside the buckler open left, and there unstrung his sinews.
And Phyleus' son, in ambush hid, caught Amphiclus in sally,
Piercing the pillar of his leg, where thew of man is thickest: 315
The weapon's point his sinews rent, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Of Nestor's sons, Antilochus with piercing sidestab wounded
Atymnius, who dropt in front; then for his brother, Maris,
Rush'd angry, and before the dead stood firm: but Thrasymedes, 320
Ere Maris might a wound implant, did instant fix his weapon

Into the shoulder, brake the bone, and stript the limb of sinew :
 So, with a loud crash down he fell, and darkness veil'd his eyen. 325
 Thus by two brethren brethren twain, Sarpedon's brave companions,
 Skilful in darting, overmatch'd, to Erebus descended:

Whose sire the dread Chimæra rear'd, a pest to many mortals.

Ajax, Oileus' son, rush'd in, and captur'd Cleobulus 330
 Alive, entangled in the rout ; but quick with hilted weapon
 Smote on his neck, and warm'd the sword with ruddy-reeking slaughter.
 There crimson Death his eyen press'd, and Destiny resistless.

Then Lycon met Peneleos. With spears they miss'd each other,
 Darting in vain ; thereat with swords together ran : and Lycon, 336
 Smiting the horsehair helmet's crest, snapt at the hilt his sabre.

But deep the foeman's griding sword within his neck descended :
 His head by skin alone hung on, and there his limbs lay helpless. 340

But Merion, with active feet quick overhending, wounded
 In the right shoulder Acamas, when he would mount his horses :
 So fell he from the car, and mist lay heavy on his eyelids.

But prince Idomeneus drave on the ruthless brazen weapon 345
 Right through the mouth of Erymas : beneath the brain it enter'd,
 The white bones splintering : and out the teeth were dash'd : his eyen
 Were filled both with blood : but it out of his mouth and nostrils
 He spurted gasping : so did Death with dusky cloud enshroud him. 350
 Such leaders of the Danaï slew every man his fellow.

As noisome wolves on lambs or kids dart, from the flock selecting,
 Which by the keeper's witlessness along the fells is scatter'd ;
 The beasts, beholding, sudden snatch the feeble-hearted quarry : 355
 Thus upon Troians Danaï did pounce ; but those, surrender'd
 To shrieking flight, forgetful were of valorous resistance.

But mighty Ajax away long'd at brazenhelmed Hector
 To hurl his weapon : he in turn, in fierce encounter skilful,
 With breadth of shoulder alway screen'd beneath his shield of bullhide,
 Had shelter from the noisy darts and hurtle of the arrows. 361
 In sooth, the foe's recruited strength he saw, and tide of fortune ;
 Yet stood he, even so, awhile, and sav'd his dear companions.

But as when, after sky serene, from summit of Olympus

328. Homer names the sire, *Amisódarus*.

Cometh a cloud o'er heaven's face, if Jove a squall deviseth ; 365
 So shriek and terror, scowl and squall, o'erspread the Trojan army,
 Repell'd in not decorous flight. Then by his nimble horses
 Hector with heavy armour scap'd, and left his host of people,
 All whom the deep-entrenched moat behind him kept unwilling.
 And chariot-trailing nimble steeds, within the moat entangled. 370
 The pole short snapping, many left their lords' equipment crippled.
 Meanwhile Patroclus urgently pursued, the Argives cheering,
 Fierce-minded to the Troians. But they with scream and panic
 Fill'd all the paths, once that their bands were scatter'd : and to heaven
 High rose a dust-tornado, whilst the single-hoofed horses 375
 Back from the galleys and the tents did spank toward the city.
 But where Patroclus saw the folk in worst annoy bewilderd,
 Thither with cheering hurried he : and men beneath the axles
 Fell headlong from the chariots : and cars were rattled over.
 Then, onward hasting in career, the nimble-footed horses, 380
 Immortal, which, as brilliant gifts the gods bestow'd on Peleus,
 Outright did overleap the moat : for he on Hector cheer'd them,
 To overhend him bent ; but him the speedy coursers rescued.

And as beneath a tempest's weight all the dark earth is loaded
 Upon a day of autumn, when his greatest glut of water 385
 Jove poureth down, if he with men be wrathfully indignant,
 Who in assembly of the folk by force give crooked verdict,
 And Justice rudely drive away, the gods' observance slighting :
 Then all the flowing hollow brooks from the high clouds are filled,
 And many a steep outstanding cliff is rent by gush of waters, 390
 Which streaming to the purple sea right headlong from the mountains
 Resound with mighty moan, the while the works of men they ruin :
 So mightily the Trojan mares in fleet careering moaned.

Patroclus, when his course had cut the foremost bands asunder,
 Back to the galleys hemm'd them in, reversing ; so he thwarted 395
 Their aim, the city-walls to reach : but twixt the ships and river
 And lofty rampart slaughter'd them, and forfeit took for many.
 There Pronoüs with shining spear he wounded in the bosom
 Beside his buckler open left, and straight unstrung his sinews ;
 So, with a loud crash down he dropt. Next Thiestor, son of Enops, 401

By second sally. Close he sat, in chariot well polish'd
 Coop'd up, in panic, frenzy-struck. From out his hands the bridles
 Dropt to the ground. But close at hand, thro' his right cheek the foeman
 Urg'd-on the spear, betwixt his teeth; then o'er the car's rim drew him
 Haul'd by the weapon; as a man, who sits on rock outjutting, 406
 With line and dazzling brass may draw a sacred fish from ocean :
 So from the seat with shining spear he drew his gasping captive,
 And cast him full upon his face : so there his spirit left him. 410
 Thereafter, with a stone he struck the rushing Erylaüs
 Upon the head direct, and clave in twain the weighty helmet.
 Headlong to earth he fell, and him soul-crushing Death enshrouded.
 Then Erymas, Amphóterus, Tlepolemus, Epaltes, 415
 Ipheus, Euippus, Echius, Pyris and Polymelus ;
 All these successive cast he down on Earth the manyfeeder.

But when Sarpedon, son of Jove, saw his ungirdled comrades
 Beneath the Myrmidonian chief subdued in strife of Ares, 420
 He to the godlike Lycians with harsh invective shouted :

“Shame! whither flee ye, Lycians? in sooth, ye now are nimble.
 But I myself will meet this man; so shall I well inform me,
 Who is the chief, that swayeth wide with noyance to the Troians,
 And who of many a gallant soul hath cast the body helpless.” 425

He spake, and from his chariot leapt to the ground in armour.
 Patroclus on the other side leapt also, when he saw it,
 Out of the chariot: and they, as two hook-beaked vultures,
 Crook-talon'd, on a lofty rock with mighty screams may combat;
 So these with terrible upróar each upon other sallied. 430
 With pity seeing them, the child of crooked-witted Saturn,
 Did to his sister and his wife, Juno, address his sorrow :

“Alas for me! that Destiny by cruel sentence doometh
 Sarpedon, dearest of mankind, to perish by Patroclus.
 My heart by double thoughts is torn, and faltereth my purpose, 435
 Whether to snatch him still alive from out the tearful battle,
 And plant him safe on Lycia, in his fat soil of plenty,

408. *Sacred fish.* I cannot be pleased by the interpretation, *a fish of God*, i. e. *huge*. Whales and grampuses are not caught by line and hook, nor sharks by one man sitting on a rock. I think a special kind of fish must be intended.

Or unto death resign him, slain by prowess of Patroclus.”
 To him with word reciprocal spake large-ey’d queenly Juno :
 “ O son of Saturn, grim and dire, what saying hast thou blurted? 440
 A man, who mortal is of birth, long syne by doom predestin’d,
 Him from sadwailing Aides dost ponder to deliver?
 Do it: but we, the other gods, not all shall praise thy doing.
 This also will I say,—and thou within thy bosom cast it:
 If to his own abode and home alive thou send Sarpedon, 445
 Think, may not other eke of gods desire his own dear offspring
 Safe to deliver and alive, from out the hardy struggle?
 For many are embattled now round Priam’s mighty city,
 Born from immortal gods; in whom thou direful wrath wilt nourish.
 But if thy son is dear, and if thy heart with pity wailleth; 450
 His body now resign to death, slain in the hardy struggle,
 And glory to Patroclus give, Menoetius’ brave offspring.
 But, when his time of life is gone and breath hath left his body;
 Then balmy Slumber send and Death, as convoy to escort him,
 Till in widespreading Lycia they reach his proper country. 455
 His brothers and his kinsfolk there meet burial shall yield him,
 With flames, with pillar and with mound; which are the dead man’s honour.”

She spake, nor uncompliant found the sire of gods and mortals.
 He shed from heaven gory drops his loved son to honour, 460
 Who far from home, in loamy Troy, must perish by Patroclus.

When they to shorter distance came, advancing each on other,
 Patroclus struck in lowest lap the famous Thrasymelus,
 The prince Sarpedon’s bonny squire, and there unstrung his sinews. 465
 Sarpedon, second aiming, miss’d his foeman’s self, but wounded
 The mortal courser Pedasus,— on his right shoulder lighting
 With shining spear. He groan’d, and fell, and gasp’d, and breath’d no longer.
 The others swerv’d apart: the yoke creak’d loudly, and the bridles 470
 Were tangled, sith the outer horse in dust and death was prostrate.
 But spear-renown’d Automedon the troublous danger ended:
 For, drawing from his brawny thigh his longedg’d hanging cutlass,
 In sallied he, and slash’d away the out-horse, nor was foiled.
 The living steeds came clear and straight, and duly stretch’d the traces,
 But the two heroes met once more for soul-devouring quarrel. 476

Again Sarpedon vainly threw the long farshining weapon ;
 For harmlessly the noyance past over Patroclus' shoulder,
 Missing him on the left : then *he* not vainly flung his weapon, 480
 But hit, where round the ceaseless heart the membranes weave a curtain.
 Then toppled he, as may an oak or some white poplar topple,
 Or pine upon the mountain-side tall-shooting, which for timber
 Ship-carpenters have inly chopt with newly-whetted axes :
 So he, before his chariot and coursers, lay extended, 485
 Gnashing his teeth,—the gory dust with hand convulsive clutching.
 And as a lion, mid the herd of clumsy-footed oxen,
 Picking hath slain a flame-hued bull, high-fronted, mighty-hearted,
 And he beneath the lion's jaws with many a bellow dieth ;
 So slain beneath Patroclus then with many a moan Sarpedon, 490
 Lord of the shielded Lycians, call'd on his dear companion :

“ Glaucus, my friend ! thou warrior mid heroes ! now, if ever,
 A thorough spearman prove thyself, and warrior intrepid.
 Now, if thy heart be keen and true, let evil war delight thee.
 First, visit all the Lycians, throughout their wide battalions,
 And rouse their chiefest men to fight around Sarpedon's body. 496
 Next eke thyself, my friend ! for me well quit thyself in battle.
 For I in after-days to thee a contumely and scandal
 At every time continuous shall be, if yon Achaians
 Strip me, who fall before the fleet in view of either army. 500
 But hold to battle sturdily, and urge my host of people.”

Thus when he spake, all-ending Death his eyes and nostrils cover'd.
 The victor, tramping on his breast, drew out the spear, and with it
 Follow'd the membrane of his heart and all his breathing spirit. 505
 Meanwhile the crew of Myrmidons his puffing steeds arrested,
 Eager to flee, sithence the car was by their lords abandon'd.

But anguish grim on Glaucus came, to hear his friend adjure him.
 His heart was earnestly bestirr'd, in helplessness of vengeance.
 Grasping he pinch'd his arm, thereat, where Teucer's arrow gall'd him,
 Shot from the lofty wall, to ward disaster from his comrades. 511
 Then supplicating, he implor'd Apollo the far-darting :

“ Hear me, O prince ! who haply art in Lycia's fat country
 Now, or in Troas. Everywhere thou able art to listen, 515

When man in trouble is, as now am I by trouble harried.
 Me troubleth this sore-galling wound. My hand with piercing anguish
 Is wrung, nor may the blood be stanch'd; which doth my shoulder burden.
 Nor firmly can I hold my spear, nor fight against the foeman. 520
 Fallen, behold! a hero-chief, the son of Jove, Sarpedon,
 Whose Father standeth off, nor would his proper offspring rescue.
 But thou, O prince! heal *thou* my wound, and lull the fretting sorrow,
 And grant me puissance to exhort my Lycians to combat, 525
 While I, to save our chieftain's corpse, do manfully acquit me."

So he his prayer uttered, and bright Apollo heard him.
 Forthwith the fretting pangs he quell'd, and round the gash so troublous
 He stanch'd the dusky gore, and breath'd high prowess in his bosom.
 But Glaucus inwardly discern'd; and in his heart was joyful, 530
 That speedily the mighty god had to his prayer listen'd.
 First, visiting the Lycians, throughout their wide battalions,
 He rous'd their chiefest men to fight around Sarpedon's body.
 But after, to the Troïans with mighty strides he hied him,
 To Panthûs' son Polydamas and to divine Agenor; 535
 Also Æneas sought he out, and brazen-helmed Hector,
 And standing close in front of them harangu'd in winged accents:

"Now, Hector! thou of thy allies art utterly forgetful,
 Who far from friends and land of birth our very souls do lavish
 In sake of thee: but thou, methinks, not eager art to aid us. 540
 The lord of shielded Lycia, who erst, by rightful verdicts
 And prowess, Lycia upheld, —Sarpedon,—prostrate lieth.
 Him brazen Ares vanquish'd hath beneath Patroclus' weapon.
 But friends! stand nobly at his side, and be in hearts indignant,
 Lest that the crew of Myrmidons his armour strip, and outrage 545
 The person of the dead, enrag'd for loss of many comrades,
 The Danaï, whom we beside their galleys sharp have slaughter'd."

When thus he spake, the Troïans from head to foot were seized
 By sorrow irrepressible, unyielding; sith their city
 Held him a bulwark, tho' of soil foreign; for many peoples 550
 Came with him: in them he himself held primacy of valour.
 So straight against the Danaï they fiercely rush'd: for Hector
 Headed them, by Sarpedon's fall embitter'd. But the Achaians,

Them did Patroclus' shaggy heart encourage : first he turn'd him,
The two Ajaces to exhort, themselves already eager : 555

“ Ajaces ! take ye pleasure now, reciprocal to combat,
Such as mid heroes heretofore ye were, or even braver.
Prostrate the chieftain lies, who first did scale the Achaian rampart,—
Sarpedon. Oh ! if now we might for outrage seize his body,
And from his shoulders strip his arms, and eke of his companions 560
With ruthless weapon some lay low, who fight their lord to rescue.”

So charged he : but they themselves for battle-strife were eager.
After-that they on either side had strengthen'd the battalions,
Then Lycians and Myrmidons and Troians and Achaians
Around the carcase of the slain in shock of adverse combat 565
Hurried together, yelling fierce ; and direful clang'd their armour.
And Jove a deadly darkness spread over the bitter struggle
For strife of deathful hardiment around his son beloved.

Then first the Troians repell'd the curling-ey'd Achaians,
When of the Myrmidons was slain a hero not the weakest, 570
Offspring of godlike Agacles, the mighty-soul'd Epeigeus,
Who as a prince had oversway'd Budeium thickly peopled
In former day ; but having slain a kinsman bold, he hied him
As suppliant to Peleus' hearth and silverfooted Thetis :
Who with their hero-crushing son in train of battle sent him 575
To courser-famous Ilium for combat with the Troians.
Him gallant Hector with a stone hit, as he touch'd the carcase,
Upon the head direct, and clave in twain the weighty helmet.
Prone on the corpse he fell, and him soul-crushing Death enshrouded.
But anguish on Patroclus came, to see his comrade fallen. 581

Straight thro' the foremost ranks he dash'd, like to a gliding falcon,
Swift-sousing, fraught with sore dismay to noisy daws and starlings :
So thou upon the Lycians, Patroclus courser-guiding !
And on the Troians, diddest plunge, enrag'd for thy companion. 585
With a huge stone the hero hit the neck of Sthenelaüs
Ithaemenes' beloved son, and tare away the tendons.
Back then the foremost ranks withdrew, and gallant Hector with them.
Far as a lengthy javelin a man may fling on trial 590
In public game, or e'en in war against heartcrushing foemen,

So far withdrew the Troïans ; so far the Achaïans drave them.
 But Glaucus, rallying anew first of the Trojan army,
 Leading the shielded Lycians, slew Bathycles highhearted,
 Whose loving father Chalcon was ; a man who dwelt in Hellas, 595
 Signal among the Myrmidons for affluence of plenty.
 Him Glaucus wounded with the spear in middle of the bosom,
 Turning upon him sudden, when in fleet pursuit he caught him.
 So with a loud crash down he fell. Deep sorrow seiz'd the Achaïans,
 Sith fallen was a noble man ; but much rejoic'd the Troïans. 600
 So then, assembled round the corpse stood they : nor yet the Achaïans
 Prowess forgat, but on the foe onslaught straightforward carried.
 By Merion, Laogonus was hent, a full-arm'd Troïan,
 Onetor's hardy son ; whose sire to Jupiter Idæus
 A priest was made, and by the folk e'en as a god was honour'd. 605
 Him Merion betwixt the ear and jaw did strike, and quickly
 Out of his members life was flown, and hateful darkness hent him.
 Æneias next at Merion his brazen weapon darted,
 Hoping to hit him, as he march'd beneath his buckler's covert.
 He, seeing it, by scanty space the flying point avoided, 610
 Stooping him forward : far away, the lengthy spear behind him
 In earth alighted ; where its force made the shaft's end to quiver,
 Until rude-hurtling Ares gave remission of his fury.
 [Thus, far behind him in the earth Æneias' spear was planted,
 Strong quivering ; and fruitlessly his sturdy arm impell'd it.] 615
 Then anger seiz'd Æneias' heart, and at his foeman scoff'd he :
 " Meriones, thou dancest well ; yet haply to thy dancing
 My spear a thorough end had brought, had I attain'd to hit thee."
 Then spear-renown'd Meriones accosted him responsive :
 " Æneias, valiant tho' thou art, 'tis hard for thee to cripple 620
 The might of every man, who'er in battle may confront thee.
 Mortal are thou alsó : but if I might in turn be lucky
 With a full hit, then thou, so bold and trusting in thy prowess,
 To me shalt glory yield, and life to charioteering Pluto." 625
 He spake ; but brave Patroclus then rebuk'd him with rejoinder :
 " O Merion ! we know thee brave : yet why such words haranguest ?

614, 15. These two lines seem to be wrongly repeated from 13, 504.

Not for reproachful words, my friend! the Troïans will yield them
 From carcase of the slain; but first must earth hold many a hero.
 Issue of battle is from might; of wordy war, from counsel. 630
 Therefore no weight of words we need, but hardihood of combat."

He spake, and led the way; behind, the godlike hero follow'd.
 As when the woodman's steady axe in thickets of a mountain
 From many a hand drops ponderous, and far is heard its echo;
 So from the broad expanse of land their noise resounding echoed, 635
 While sabres and twohanded pikes clash'd against brass and bullhide.
 Hard was it for a thoughtful man to know divine Sarpedon,
 So was he wrapt from head to foot in dust and gore and weapons. 640
 And alway throng'd they round the dead, as flies round milkful buckets
 Swarm noisy thro' the stalls in spring, when pails with milk are wetted;
 Thus (say I) round the dead they throng'd. Nor from the hardy struggle
 Did Jove a moment turn away his ever-beaming eyen, 645
 But alway gaz'd unceasingly to watch it, and bethought him
 Much pondering with doubtful heart on slaughter of Patroclus;
 Whether already, there and then, amid the hardy struggle
 Should gallant Hector him alsó over divine Sarpedon
 Waste with the weapon, and despoil the armour from his shoulders;
 Or first to other combatants should the bluff toil be doubled.
 After such ponderings of thought he deemed it were wiser,
 Still further should the bonny squire of Peleus' son Achilles
 Harry the Troian arms away with brazenhelmed Hector,
 And hem them to the city-wall and doom more lives to carnage. 655
 So into Hector first of all he breath'd unwarlike panic;
 Who knew the sacred scales of Jove, and, on his car upleaping,
 To flight betook him, calling loud that all should flee beside him.
 Then not the valiant Lycians stood firm, but all were scatter'd
 In terror, sith their king they saw with deadly wound heartstricken,
 Prone in assembly of the dead: for many fell around him, 661
 When o'er his body Saturn's child outstretch'd the hardy combat.
 Then from his shoulders stript the foe the armour of Sarpedon,
 Brazen and all-resplendent: this, Menoetius' brave offspring
 To his companions gave, to bear unto the hollow galleys. 665
 Then cloud-collecting Jupiter address'd him to Apollo:

“Go now, dear Shining one! draw forth Sarpedon from the weapons:
 Cleanse off the cloudy gore, apart; in living waters bathe him;
 Anoint him with ambrosia, and wrap ambrosial raiment 670
 Around his sacred form; and send, as convoy to escort him,
 Slumber and Death, twin-bretheren; that speedily they place him
 Upon wide-spreading Lycia, within his own fat country.
 His brothers and his kinsfolk there meet burial shall yield him,
 With flames, with pillar and with mound, which are the dead man’s honour.”

So, spake he: nor Apollo then did disobey his father, 676
 And down from Ida’s tops he went to the grim cry of battle.

Straightway, uplifting, forth he drew Sarpedon from the weapons;
 Cleans’d off the cloudy gore, apart; in living waters bath’d him;
 Ointed him with ambrosia, and wrapt ambrosial raiment 680
 Around his sacred form; and sent, as convoy to escort him,
 Slumber and Death, twin-bretheren: who speedily replac’d him
 Upon wide-spreading Lycia, within his own fat country.

On Troïans and Lycians Patroclus follow’d, cheering
 His coursers and Automedon; and direful was his folly, 685
 Infatuate! for had he kept the bidding of Pelides,
 From evil doom of murky death he verily had scaped.
 But alway than the wit of man the wit of Jove is higher:
 Who doth the valorous affright, and victory despoileth
 Right easily; but otherwhile himself to battle stirreth; 690
 Who then into his bosom breath’d this surplusage of valour.
 Then *who* was first and *who* was last a sport of death and plunder,
 Patroclus! when the heav’nly fates invited thee to ruin?

Adrastus and Autonoüs, Epistor, Melanippus,
 Elas, Echeclus, Perimus, Mulius and Pylartes: 695

All these he slaughter’d; but the rest did each of flight bethink them.
 Then had Achaia’s children storm’d Troy’s lofty-gated city
 Beneath Patroclus’ hands:—for dire the fury of his weapon:—
 But bright Apollo stood aloft upon the well-built tower 700
 Bearing against him deadly wrath, and kindly to the Troians.
 For thrice upon the parapet which from the rampart juttet
 Patroclus climb’d on high; and thrice Apollo dash’d him backward,
 Repressing with immortal hands his all-resplendent buckler.

But when the fourth time on he sped, like to a mighty Spirit, 705
Then did Apollo Far-avert'er speak with direful menace :

“Beware, Patroclus! and retire; nor deem that fate alloweth
The walls of haughty Troïans by thy assault to totter:
Not even by Achilles' self, a man than thee far stronger.”

Aw'd by the immortal voice, the chief an ample space retir'd him, 710
And yielded; shunning to enrage Apollo the far-darting.

But Hector in the Skæans kept his singlehoofed horses;
Debating, whether back to drive and fight amid the tumult,
Or all his scatter'd folk exhort to coop them in the city.
While thus he ponder'd, lo! advanc'd beside him bright Apollo, 715
Like to his kinsman Asius, a warrior intrepid;—
Own brother he to Hecuba, who mother was to Hector,
Yet youthful was he still for war: but Dymas was his father,
Who on the banks of Sangarus in Phrygia did habit;—
Like unto him, the son of Jove Apollo spake to Hector: 720

“Hector, why pausest thou from fight? such pausing, *thee* misseemeth.
Oh that, as weaker I than thee, by so much I were stronger!
Not to thy joy then wouldest thou, mayhap, thus start from battle.
But come! against Patroclus urge the flinty-footed horses.
Him mayest thou o'ermaster, if Apollo give thee glory.” 725

This said, again the god was mix'd amid the toil of heroes.
To skilful-soul'd Kebriones thereat did gallant Hector
Give order, mid the war to lash his coursers. But Apollo
Hied him to enter mid the throng, and breathing in the Argives
Evil confusion, glory gave to Hector and the Troians. 730
All other Danaï the chief pass'd by, nor car'd to slay them;
But straight against Patroclus urg'd the flinty-footed horses:
Patroclus, *he* too on the earth from off the car alighted.
His left hand held the spear; his right, around a boulder curling, 735
Which rugged sparkled, heav'd it high: nor long aloof withheld him,
But hurl'd it fiercely: not in vain; but struck the squire of Hector,
Kebriones, a meaner son to high-renowned Priam, [not.
Full in the forehead: both the brows were crush'd; the skull withstood
Out of his face his eyes were torn: so plung'd he, like a diver,
Down from the wellwrought car; and there did life forsake his body.

Then thou, Patroclus charioteer! diddest with scoff address him :
 "Ye Spirits! what a nimble man! how easily he tumbleth! 745
 If somewhere on the fishful sea to dive for oysters lik'd him,
 He many a mouth might glut, from high in crabbed weather plunging :
 As now upon the plain so light he tumbleth from the horses.
 So eke the Troïans, I ween, have many a clever tumbler." 750

After such utterance, he hied against the fallen hero,
 With rush like to a lion's rush, who, ravaging the stables,
 Hath on the bosom felt a wound, and his own valour slays him;—
 So eager on Kebriones didst thou, Patroclus, cast thee :
 But Hector, he too on the earth from off the car alighted. 755
 The twain around Kebriones made contest, like two lions,
 Which, both with empty craving maw, and both with lordly spirits,
 Around a slaughter'd doe may fight upon a mountain-summit ;
 So then around Kebriones twain counsellors of onset,
 Patroclus son of Actor's son and motley-helmed Hector, 760
 Hanker'd with ruthless brass to gash the body, each of other.
 But Hector, when he once had seiz'd the head, no more would yield it ;
 Patroclus firmly grasp'd in turn the foot : meanwhile the others,
 Both Troïans and Danaï, commingled hardy struggle.

As blowing from the East and South within a mountain's hollows 765
 The winds hold controversy sore a close-grown copse to shatter,
 Of diverse timber,—beech and ash, and lanky-leafed cornel ;
 Which, each upon the other, grind their long-outreaching branches
 With rustling scratch; and when they snap, unearthly is the crackle :
 So Troians and Achaians then, each upon other springing, 770
 Made havoc, nor did either side disastrous fear remember.
 And round Kebriones were fix'd sharp-pointed lances many,
 And many winged arrow-shafts off leaping from the bowstring ;
 And many a sturdy boulderstone dash'd heavy on the bucklers,
 As round his corpse they fought: but he, amid a dust-tornado, 775
 Forgetful of his horsemanships, lay mightily and mightily.

Now when the lofty-climbing Sun had touch'd his noon of heaven,
 Thenceforth from either side the darts did fly, and people perish.
 But from what time the Sun declin'd, freeing from toil the oxen ;
 Then, overriding doom's decree, Achaian might was higher. 780

Out of the mell of darts they dragg'd Kebriones the hero,
 And from the Trojan din; and stripp'd the armour from his shoulders;
 And at the foes, with bitter soul, again Patroclus sallied.
 Upon them thrice he rush'd, in weight a match for eager Ares,
 With dreadful yell of battle: thrice, nine heroes fell beneath him. 785
 But when the fourth time on he sped, like to a mighty Spirit,
 Then unto thee the fates unveil'd thy end of life, Patroclus!
 For now the direful Shining one, advancing thro' the tumult
 Unseen, confronted thy career, amid the hardy struggle.
 Behind the hero stood the god, enwrap't in mist abundant, 790
 Who then with palm descending smote his back and breadth of shoulders.
 Dazzled and giddy were his eyes: the casque forsook his temples.
 The crested vizor rolling far beneath the feet of horses
 Rattled aloud: with dust and gore was the fair plume distained. 795
 (Not heretofore might dust distain that horsetail-crested helmet:
 But of a godlike man it screen'd the brows and graceful forehead,—
 Achilles' brows: but Jupiter the glory gave to Hector,
 To wear it round his proper head and nearer bring destruction.) 800
 Next, in Patroclus' hand was snapt the spear with lengthy shadow,
 Huge, weighty, stout, with iron point well-capt; and from his shoulders
 Down with its belt on earth was cast the anklereaching buckler.
 Lastly, the princely son of Jove, Apollo, loos'd his corslet.
 Stupor his heart possest: unstrung was every gallant sinew. 805
 So stood he all aghast. Behind, a Dardan chief approaching,
 Betwixt his shoulders fix'd the spear,—Euphorbus, son of Panthûs,
 Who, in swift feet and horsemanship and spear, outwent his fellows:
 (There, in his rudiments of war, full twenty chiefs he slaughter'd,
 Struck from their chariots; when he first of his car made trial:) 811
 Who first at thee, O charioteer Patroclus! cast his weapon,
 Nor did subdue thee. Back he ran, and mingled in the tumult,
 But from the wounded shoulder first the ashen weapon plucked,
 Listing not well in foemen's gripe to meet unarm'd Patroclus. 815
 But he, beneath the god's assault and by the spear o'ermaster'd,
 Unto his dear companion-troop retreated, Fate avoiding.
 But Hector, when from far he saw the mighty-soul'd Patroclus
 Retiring wounded, thro' the ranks dash'd quick to overhend him,

And stabb'd him in the lowest lap, and drave, right thro', the weapon.
 So dropt he with a crash, and sore the Achaian host afflicted. 821
 As when in fight a wiry boar is master'd by a lion,
 If on the mountain's top the twain with haughty spirit wrangle
 About a petty well, where each would slake his thirst of water ; 825
 At length the panting hog is taught how terrible the lion :
 So, when Menoetius' brave son had many lives bereaved,
 In turn did Hector with the spear in close encounter slay him.
 Then, vaunting o'er the fallen foe he winged accents utter'd :

“ Patroclus ! haply 'twas thy thought our goodly town to ravage, 830
 And in thy galleys lead away to thy dear native country
 A train of Troian women, reft from home and day of freedom ;
 O simpleton ! but, them to save, do Hector's nimble horses
 Spank forth in garniture of war : and with the spear am signal
 Mid the warloving Troïans, myself. Lo ! thus repel I 835
 That forceful misery : but thou, meanwhile, art food of vultures.
 Ha ! wretched man ! naught Achileus, albeit brave, avail'd thee ;
 Who, when to war thou camest, laid such charge as this upon thee :—
 ' Unto the smoothly hollow ships, Patroclus courser-guiding !
 Hither come not to me again, until about the bosom 840
 The gory harness thou hast rent of heroslaying Hector.'
 So (deem I) then he spake, and troth ! thy foolish heart persuaded.”

To him, with puny vigour, thou, horseman Patroclus ! speakest :
 “ Now, Hector ! greatly vauntest thou : for unto thee Apollo
 And Jove, the child of Saturn, give high glory. *They* subdued me 845
 Full easily ; for from my breast themselves stript off my armour.
 If twenty heroes like to *thee* I met in equal battle,
 They all should perish on the spot, beneath my spear o'ermaster'd.
 But me hath deadly Fate o'ermatch'd, and bright Latona's offspring,
 And, among men, Euphorbus : *thou* but third to slay me camest. 850
 This also will I say ; and thou within thy bosom cast it :—
 Eke not for *thee* abideth life long time : for lo ! already
 Standeth beside thee forceful Doom and Death, to overthrow thee
 By prowess of Æacides, the spotless son of Peleus.” 854

While thus he spake, the end of death his mouth and voice foreclosed.
 Out of his members flew his soul, and reach'd the house of Pluto,

Mourning its own sad destiny, from youth and manhood parting.
 Then gallant Hector to the corpse a word did further utter :
 “ Why now, Patroclus ! upon *me* bluff overthrow forebodest ?
 Who knoweth, whether Achileus, tho’ child of brighthair’d Thetis, 860
 May earlier, perchance, of life beneath my spear be rieved ? ”

With such address, he from the gash drew forth the brazen weapon,
 Tramping upon the dead man’s breast, who lay supine beneath him.
 Forthwith against Automedon a new assault design’d he,—
 Automedon, the godlike squire of courser-proud Achilles ;— 865
 And much to hit him long’d : but him the nimble horses rescued,
 Immortal, which, as brilliant gifts, the gods bestow’d on Peleus.



BOOK XVII.

NOR was it hid from Atreus’ son, warloving Menelaüs,
 That neath the feud of Troïans Patroclus fallen lieth.
 He thro’ the foremost ranks advanc’d, arm’d with the flashing metal,
 And round the hero’s body mov’d, as round her calf a heifer,
 New to maternal tenderness, plaintive to save her firstborn : 5
 So round Patroclus’ body then mov’d auburn Menelaüs,
 And forward held his spear, and shield, which equal was on all sides,
 Full resolute to slay the man, whoso might dare to front him.
 Nor inobservant was the son of ashen-speared Panthûs,—
 Euphorbus,—when Patroclus fell ; so stood he, near approaching 10
 To Menelas, by Ares lov’d, and sternly thus address’d him :
 “ Jove-nurtur’d Menelaus, son of Atreus ! prince of peoples !
 Retire ! withdraw thee from the dead, and leave my gory trophies.
 For none of all the allies renown’d, or Troïans, before me

Smote down Patroclus with the spear amid the hardy struggle. 15
 Therefore allow me noble fame to earn among the Troians,
 Lest also *thee* I hit, and rieve thy life as honey pleasant."

To him with indignation huge spake auburn Menelaüs :
 "Troth! Father Jove! not seemly 'tis for man to vaunt too proudly.
 No thought so arrogant, I trow, in panther or in lion 20
 Dwelleth, or in the savage boar, whose spirit in his bosom
 Doth inly nurture signally a grim delight of prowess ;
 As arrogant the children are of ashen-speared Panthûs.
 Yet not the courser-taming youth, their brother Hyperenor,
 Long vantage of his years enjoy'd, when, slighting, he defied me, 25
 Saying, of all the Danaï I was the poorest fighter.
 Nor deem I, he, on proper feet, to his own home did hie him,
 With pleasure to his consort dear, and to his canny parents.
 So will I *thy* pretension crush, in sooth ! if thou withstand me.
 But I in turn my counsel give, —within the crowd of fighters 30
 To hide thee in retreat, (and not stand forward to confront me,)
 Before thou some disaster meet. —Too late the fool is prudent."

He spake, but him persuaded not ; who answering address'd him :
 "Jove-nurtur'd Menelas ! in sooth, now shalt thou pay the forfeit,
 For that my kinsman thou hast slain, and vaunting thou harangued, 35
 And in her bower newly built didst make his bride a widow,
 And on our parents hast entail'd accursed wail and sorrow.
 To their affliction I in sooth some balm of grief might carry,
 If now I bear away thy head and eke thy arms, and place them
 Into the hands of Panthoüs and venerable Phrontis. 40
 Nor now much longer, I opine, untried our struggle tarries,
 But soon the riddle must be spelt, to conquer or be conquer'd."

He spake, and thrusting struck the shield, which equal was on all sides :
 Nor might the metal force its way, but first the point was broken,
 By the bluff shield resisted. Next, Atrides Menelaüs, 45
 With pray'r to father Jupiter, rose dreadful with his weapon.
 And, as the foe retreated, he, on his broad hand reliant,
 Planted and press'd the spear, where throat is fitted in the bosom,
 And thro' the tender neck its point outright behind him issued.

So with a loud crash down he dropt, and o'er him clang'd his armour. 50
 His hair, that with the Graces vied, was now with gore besprinkled,
 And ample tresses, which with gold and silver were embraided.
 As when in solitary dell, where rife spring-water bubbleth,
 A man may kindly rear a shoot of easy-sprouting olive,
 Dainty and all-luxuriant; and round it breezes rustle 55
 From diverse-blowing winds; and it with a white flower buddeth;
 But sudden cometh wind indeed, with plenteous weight of tempest,
 And from its own pit wrencheth it, and on the earth outlayeth:
 Such then the ashen-speared son of Panthoüs,—Euphorbus,—
 Beneath Atrides Menelas was slain and stript of armour. 60
 As when, reliant in his might, a mountain-nurtur'd lion
 Out of a grazing herd may snatch a cow, whiche'er is fattest;
 By his huge weight and stalwart teeth its neck at once is broken;
 He rends the victim, laps the blood, and heart and bowels gorgeth;
 And while he havoc spreadeth wide, around him dogs and herdsmen 65
 Hoot screeching fiercely from afar, incessant, nor endure they
 His close encounter; for, themselves pale terror greatly seizeth:
 So, to not one of *them*, the heart within his bosom dared
 The close encounter to confront of famous Menelaüs.
 Then had Atrides easily borne off the glorious armour 70
 Of Panthûs' son; but such a prize did bright Apollo grudge him,
 Who then, in semblance of a man, Mentès, Ciconian leader,
 Against him summon'd Hector's self, a match for eager Ares,
 And, earnestly accosting him, these winged accents utter'd:
 "Hector! now vainly runnest thou, to catch Achilles' horses.
 Hard are those steeds for mortal men to tame and guide in harness,
 To all but skilful Achileus, born of a deathless mother.
 Meanwhile hath Atreus' younger son, the martial Menelaüs,
 Around Patroclus' body, slain the bravest of the Troians, 80
 Euphorbus, son of Pauthoüs; and quell'd his daring prowess."

This said, again the god was mix'd amid the toil of heroes.
 Then, round his soul of black, with grief was Hector grimly clouded.
 Over the battle-field he gaz'd: there instantly descried he
 One, stripping off the glorious arms, but upon earth the other 85

80. *Troian*. Euphorbus was called a *Dardan*, 16, 806.

Prostrate; and from the open gash the dusky gore was streaming.
 He thro' the foremost ranks advanc'd, arm'd with the flashing metal,
 Shouting with menace terrible, and like a flame of Vulcan,
 Quenchless. To that redoubted cry the son of Atreus listen'd,
 And thus in indignation spake to his own haughty spirit : 90
 "Alas for me! if now in fear I quit the beauteous armour,
 Abandoning Patroclus, who in *my* revenge is fallen ;
 Indignant may he be, whoe'er of Danaï shall see me.
 But if, for shame and honour, I with Hector and the Troians
 Combat by single force,—to *one* an overmatch are *many* : 95
 And motley-helmed Hector now leads all his Troians hither.
 But, O fond heart, why holdest now within me such discourses ?
 Whoso, defying Fortune's odds, with hero-chief engageth,
 Whom God doth honour ;—haply will in mighty woe be whelmed.
 So, none of Danaï shall be indignant, should he see me 100
 Shrink from the might of Hector, who by aid of heaven fighteth.
 But if,—how Ajax, good at need, doth quit him in the battle,
 I knew, together haply we might hero-glee remember,
 And e'en defying Fortune's odds, might yet draw up the body
 For Peleus' son Achilles. This, of evils would be lightest." 105

While all his bosom and his soul with such debate did struggle,
 Meanwhile the Troian ranks were come, and at their head was Hector.
 Atrides, backward moving, left the carcase ; yet receded
 But step by step : not otherwise, a noble-bearded lion,
 Whom from the stable dogs and men pursue with spears and hurly, 110
 And freeze his valiant heart; then he the yard unwilling quitteth :
 Eke from Patroclus' body so pac'd auburn Meneläus,
 But quickly fronted round, when first he reach'd his troop of comrades.
 He gaz'd on every side to see great Telamonian Ajax, 115
 And speedily descried him, near the left of all the battle,
 Cheering the comrades at his side and stirring them to combat ;
 For bright Apollo in their hearts had shed unearthly panic.
 He hied to run, and, quick arriving, instantly address'd him :
 "O Ajax! hither, friend!—we now about Patroclus fallen 120
 Must busy us, perchance to bear his body to Achilles,
 All naked : for the arms are won by motley-helmed Hector."

So spake he, and bestirr'd the soul of skilful-hearted Ajax.
 Along the foremost ranks he mov'd with auburn Menelaüs, 124
 Where Hector held the glorious arms; and now Patroclus dragg'd he,
 Wishful with weapon sharp to cut his head from off the shoulders
 And toss the maimed trunk abroad unto the dogs of Troas.
 Then Ajax nearer came, his shield like to a tower bearing,
 And Hector, back withdrawing, mix'd within his crowd of comrades,
 And sprang upon his chariot, and gave the beauteous armour 130
 For carriage to the Troian town, to be his own great glory.
 But Ajax round Patroclus slain his ample buckler spreading,
 Stood forth, as round his proper brood may stand a parent lion,
 Who hath with hunter-men perchance in forest-glade encounter'd,
 Leading abroad his young; but he, in grim delight of prowess, 135
 Down draweth all his eyebrow-skin, and covereth his eye:
 Not other, Ajax stood around the fallen chief, Patroclus;
 And Atreus' son on other side, warloving Menelaüs,
 Stood also, heaving in his breast a growing load of sorrow.
 But Glaucus Hippolochides, the Lycian commander, 140
 On Hector turn'd a frowning glance and bitterly reproach'd him:
 "Hector! in beauty excellent, in battle much thou wantest.
 In vain, when runaway thou art, doth noble glory hold thee.
 Bethink thee,—mayest thou, upheld now singly by the peoples
 Who have in Ilium their birth, the town and city rescue? 145
 For not of Lycians, I trow, will any for thy city
 To combat with the Danaï henceforth be keen: for thankless
 The toil is found, unceasingly to fight with foemen alway.
 How, mid the riot, shouldest thou a worsen man deliver,
 O heartless! who abandonest thy friend and thy companion, 150
 Sarpedon, unto Argive men as sport and lucky booty?
 He, while alive, much service did to thee and to the city;
 But thou no courage hast from him, to scare the dogs and vultures.
 Wherefore, if now by my advice some Lycians shall guide them,
 Homeward to go, straightway for Troy bluff overthrow remaineth. 155
 For if within the Troians now did dwell much-daring vigour,
 Intrepid, such as filleth men, who for their native country
 Against a throng of stranger-foes have enter'd toilful contest;

Then quickly into Ilium off might we drag Patroclus.
 And *if* we to the mighty town of princely Priam carried 160
 That hero's corpse, when finally we won it from the battle :
 Gladly would then the Argives yield Sarpedon's beauteous armour,
 Yea, and himself to Ilium we quickly might recover.
 For of such hero squire was he, who is by far the noblest,—
 He and the squires who round him fight,—beside the Argive galleys. 165
 But thou, to look the foe in face canst not abide, in onset,
 Or stand against the buckler huge of mighty-hearted Ajax.
 Much less, his shock wilt thou endure : sith he than thee is stronger.”

To him with frowning glance replied great motley-helmed Hector :
 “ Glaucus! we know thee sage: and why so arrogant thy language? 170
 Ye Spirits! troth; my thought it was, that thou, of all the heroes
 Who dwell in loamy Lycia, hast primacy of wisdom.
 Now utterly disparage I thy judgment, how thou speakest,
 Who say, I dare not to abide the huge majestic Ajax.
 Not at the battle shudder I, nor at the tramp of horses: 175
 But alway than the wit of man the wit of Jove is higher;
 Who doth the valorous affright, and victory despoileth
 Right easily; but otherwhile himself to battle stirreth.
 But hither, friend! beside me stand, and look on my achievement.
 For ever will I claim to be coward, as thou pronouncest, 180
 Or some of Danaï will I, albeit keen his courage,
 Stop from his eagerness to fight around Patroclus fallen.”

Then Hector rais'd his voice aloft and charg'd the Trojan army :
 “ Dardans, who hand to hand contend, and Lycians and Troians,
 Be men, my friends! nor negligent of furious encounter; 185
 Whilst I of spotless Achileus put on the beauteous armour,
 Which (when the hero I had slain) I took from great Patroclus.”

After such exhortation, forth went motley-helmed Hector
 From out the feud of battle. Quick he ran and overhended
 His comrades, not yet far; whom he with rapid footstep follow'd; 190
 Who to the city bare away Pelides' noble armour.
 There standing, he the arms exchange'd, apart from tearful battle.
 His own from off his body, these he trusted to his Troians

To bear to sacred Ilium ; and took the immortal armour
 Of Peleus' son Achilles, which of yore the gods presented 195
 To his dear sire ; he to his son, when old he grew, bequeath'd them :
 Yet not the son, I wis, grew old, in armour of the father.

But him when cloud-collecting Jove beheld, apart from battle
 Busking him in the heav'nly arms of Peleus' godlike offspring,
 Thereat he shook his head, and spake within his secret bosom : 200

“Ha! wretched! eke to thee is death nowise a welcome comer,
 Who near approacheth thee : but thou the immortal armour donnest
 Of a surpassing chief, at whom all other heroes tremble.
 Of him thou hast the comrade slain, a kindly man and stalwart,
 And from his shoulders and his head hast ta'en, with no decorum, 205
 The armour : still will I to thee vouchsafe surpassing puissance,
 In payment for this sorrow, that Andromache shall never
 From thee on thy return receive Pelides' noble armour.”

After these words, Saturnius with raven eyebrow nodded. 209
 But Hector's body suited well the arms ; and Ares dress'd him,—
 Ares, dread Enyálius,— and, thro' his limbs, within him
 Pour'd strength & spirit. Thence he hied to catch the allies far-summon'd,
 And, as with mighty shout he came, to all he wore the semblance
 Of mighty-hearted Achileus, resplendent in the armour.
 Then singly visiting he urg'd each hero to the battle, 215
 From Mesthles first and Phorkys and Thersilochus and Medon,
 Asteropaeus, Chromius, Hippothoüs, Deisenor,
 To Glaucus Hippolochides and Ennomus the augur.
 To these he exhortation made and winged accents utter'd :

“Listen! allies who dwell around in tribes of number countless ! 220
 I sought not wider reach of sway, nor wanted train of peoples,
 When from your cities, one by one, your bands I hither gather'd ;
 But that, to rescue from the hands of the warloving Argives
 The Troian wives and infants small, ye zealously might combat.
 Holding such purposes, by claim of gifts and food I harass 225
 The Troian people, while of you I strengthen every bosom.
 Wherefore, straightforward, every one in firm resolve be minded
 To conquer, or to perish :—such the communings of warfare.
 Now whoso Ajax driveth back and seizeth on Patroclus,

Dragging his body to the ranks of courser-taming Troians; 230
 Half of the spoils to him I yield, and half myself will carry,
 And such as is my honour now, such eke shall be his honour."

He spake; and weightily did they with spears uplifted sally
 Straightforward at the Danaï; and greatly were they hopeful
 To tear the carcase from the hands of Telamonian Ajax; 235
 O simpletons! for over it they many lives did squander.
 To Menelaus, good at need, then Ajax spake entreaty:

"From battle-danger, O my friend! Jove-nurtur'd Menelaüs!
 A safe return for both of us I dare to hope no longer.
 Nay, nor so sorely tremble I about Patroclus' body, 240
 Which doubtless speedily will glut the Troian dogs and vultures,
 As for my proper head I fear, lest some disaster seize it,
 And thine: sith Hector round about wrappeth a cloud of battle,
 And at our feet the steep abyss of utter ruin yawneth.
 But come! the chieftain-Danaï call thou, if any hear thee." 245

Then Menelaüs, good at need, was to his word compliant;
 So to the Danaï abroad with piercing voice he shouted:

"O friends, who unto Argive folk are governours and leaders,
 Who at the board of Atreus' sons with public wine are feasted,
 As we ourselves, and with command each speaketh to the peoples, 250
 And by the gift of Jupiter honour and glory holdeth:
 For me 'tis toilsome, everywhere to spy out each commander
 Of Danaï: so great a strife around and thro' us blazeth.
 But, of himself, hie hither each, and be in soul indignant
 To leave Patroclus for a joy and sport to dogs of Troas." 255

As thus he cried, Oileus' son, swift Ajax, sharply heard him,
 Who, speeding thro' the battle-feud, was first to reach his presence;
 But next to him, Idomeneus, and his belov'd attendant
 Meriones, an equipoise to hero-slaying Ares.
 But, of the rest, what wit of man could all the names remember, 260
 How many afterwards renew'd the battle of Achaia.
 But forward rush'd the Troians in plump: and Hector led them.

As at the mouth, where shoals hem-in a Jove-descended river,
 Against the current rage and roar huge billows, and beside them
 The ridges of the circling beach with splashing surf rebellow; 265

With such alarum went, I wis, the Troians : but the Achaians
 Fenced with brazen bucklers stood, fill'd with a single spirit,
 To save Patroclus. Saturn's son around their sheeny helmets
 Pour'd mist in plenty. Troth ! of old ne'er hated he the chieftain, 270
 Not when, beside Æacides, he liv'd, as dear attendant ;
 Nor that Patroclus be a prize, to dogs of Trojan foemen,
 Endur'd he : therefore to his aid he greatly rous'd his comrades.

Yet first the Troians drave away the curling-ey'd Achaians
 Who, smit with panic, left the dead : but the high-hearted Troians, 275
 Tho' keen for slaughter, slew not one, but dragg'd to them the carcase.
 Nor long from rescue stood aloof the Achaians, quickly rallied
 By Ajax ; who in noble form and noble deeds was signal
 Of all the Danaï, except the spotless son of Peleus. 280
 Straight thro' the foremost ranks he hied, like to a boar in prowess,—
 Such savage male, who easily, in thickets on the mountain,
 Standing at bay, hath scattered the hounds and lusty callants :—
 So, moving thro' them easily, did then the gallant Ajax,
 Son of the lordly Telamon, the bands of Troas scatter, 285
 Who round Patroclus crowded thick, with hearts and hope highlifted,
 To drag him to their proper walls and earn excelling glory.

A gallant man, Hippothoüs, son of Pelasgic Lethus,
 In sooth, did tug him by the foot amid the hardy struggle,
 Around the ankle fastening a strap, in hope of favour 290
 From Hector and the Troians. But on himself came quickly
 Mischief, which none among them all, tho' eager, then averted.
 For, him the son of Telamon, thro' the thick tumult rushing,
 Close in the combat struck, across his brazen-cheeked vizor.
 Beneath the fury of the point the horsetail-crested helmet 295
 Yielded : for mighty was the spear, and broad the hand that urg'd it.
 Out of the open gash his brain ran thro' the vizor's hollow,
 All-gory, pouring forth his life ; and there unstrung his sinews.
 So from his hand he dropt to earth the foot of brave Patroclus
 Releas'd ; and headlong, side by side, fell prostrate to the carcase, 300
 Far from Larissa's loamy fields : nor to his loving parents
 Paid he the fitting nurture-price ; but soon his life was ended,
 Too early ravish'd by the spear of mighty-hearted Ajax.

Forthwith at Ajax Hector aim'd, with shining spear to hit him ;
 But Ajax saw it opposite, and stoop'd to shun its fury, 305
 By scanty space avoiding it : yet Schedius it wounded,
 Son of high-hearted Iphitus, of Phocians the bravest,
 Who dwelt in famous Panopeus and rul'd o'er many heroes :
 Him by the collarbone it hit, and low beneath the shoulder
 Thro' came the brazen javelin, from front to back traversing. 310
 So with a loud crash down he dropt, and o'er him clang'd his armour.
 Then Ajax thrust at Phaenops' son, the skilful-hearted Phorkys,
 Striding around Hippothois ; and rent his corslet's hollow.
 The brazen weapon pierc'd his lap and drain'd his inmost vitals :
 So in the dust he fell,—the earth with gripe convulsive clutching. 315
 With gallant Hector, yielded then their foremost ranks : the Argives
 With mighty whoops drew up the dead, —Hippothoüs and Phorkys,—
 And from their shoulders tranquilly stript off the curious armour.

Then surely would the Troïans beneath the Achaian heroes
 Again have enter'd Ilium, in martial strength defeated, 320
 And, overriding Jove's decree, by their own hardy spirit
 Had then the Argives glory won ; but that the prince Apollo,
 In figure like to Periphas, spake urgent to Æneias.
 (This man was son of Epytas, a friendly-minded herald,
 Friendly and sage, who aged grew beside an aged father.) 325
 Hid in such guise, the son of Jove, Apollo, now address'd him :

“ Son of Anchises, O that ye, despite the will of heaven,
 Would rescue lofty Ilium ! So have I seen, that others,—
 And eke with sorely scanty folk,— defy the doom of heaven,
 Trusting upon their own strong hand, and hardihood of spirit. 330
 Rather to you than Danaï doth Jove desire successes :
 But ye yourselves are dastardly, nor forward in the combat.”

So spake he : but Æneias knew Apollo the fardarting,
 Seeing him face to face ; and loud he unto Hector shouted :
 “ Hector ! and ye who leaders are, or of allies, or Troians ! 335
 Dishonour now is this,—beneath the Achaians dear to Ares
 Again to enter Ilium, in martial strength defeated.
 But, sith some heav'nly god, but now beside me standing, sayeth,
 The Trojan battle holpen is by Jove, supreme deviser ;

Go we against the Danaï, forward ! nor let them tranquil 340
 Unto their galleys bear away the corpse of dead Patroclus."

He spake, and from the van of men outleaping, foremost bare him.
 Then did they gather to a ball, and stood against the Argives.
 Thereat Æneias with the spear struck down Arisbas' offspring,
 Leiocritus, the comrade brave of warlike Lycomedes. 345
 But Lycomedes saw him fall, and pitied his companion.

Near him he took his stand, and pois'd, and hurl'd his shining weapon,
 And hit the son of Hippasus, a shepherd of the people,
 Beneath the liver, near the heart, and straight unstrung his sinews.

His name was Apisaon : he, after Asteropæus, 350
 In loamy-soil'd Pæonia held primacy of valour.

Warlike Asteropæus saw, and pitied him, in falling ;
 And *he* too on the Danaï sallied, for combat eager :

But nowhere could he reach the foe, who, fenc'd with spears uplifted
 And bucklers fitted as a wall, around Patroclus rallied. 355

For Ajax visited the ranks, and urgently exhorted,
 That none, withdrawing from the fight, behind the dead retire him,

Nor yet preëminent desire to fight before the Achæians,

But, round the dead, should circle them, and from short distance combat.

So huge majestic Ajax bade. Meanwhile the earth was wetted

With crimson torrents. Slaughter'd fell corpses alike of Troians 361

And of allies magnanimous, in thick confusion huddled,

And eke of Danaï : for these might not be bloodless wholly :

Yet slain were fewer far of *them* : for alway they remember'd,

Each to his fellow aid to bear amid the toilsome danger. 365

Thus battled they, like blazing fire : nor sure was it to any,

That Sun or Moon was safe ; for mist of welkin all enshrouded,

Where round Actorides' dead son the bravest stood in combat.

But all the other Troïans and dapper-greav'd Achæians 370

Warr'd tranquil under sky serene ; the Sun's keen rays lay open.

No cloud on heaven's eye appear'd, nor resting o'er the mountains.

These, respite had from battle's force ; and in clear light, avoided,

Standing afar, the direful bolts which each did aim at other.

367. *Welkin*, i. e. clouds. *Germ.* Wölken. The word is used by modern poets vaguely for the *Sky*, which also once meant Cloud.

But those by darkness and by war at once disaster suffer'd, 375
 And chief the chieftains, wasted sore by ruthless dint of battle.
 Two famous men, Antilochus and Thrasymedes, only
 As yet the tidings had not heard, that slain is good Patroclus:
 But still deem'd they, that he alive did press the Troian riot. 380
 And they, foreboding mournful doom and flight of their companions,
 Apart their battle held: for so gave Nestor strait commandment,
 Urging to lead the fight aloof far from the dusky galleys.—
 But, all the day, the others bare great strife of noisome quarrel. 384
 From toil and sweat incessantly knees, shanks, and feet beneath them,
 And hands and eyes, bespatter'd were; while still they press'd the battle,
 Where lay their kindly champion, the squire of swift Achilles.

As when a man, for currying, may give unto the people,
 Bedrench'd with fat, the ample hide, which once a huge bull cover'd;
 They, from his hands receiving it, do stand apart and tug it 391
 In circle; and sith many tug, the moisture quickly parteth,
 The oil deep entereth; and it, throughout, is stretch'd and curried:
 So they in narrow space did tug the carcase, hither, thither,
 Both fill'd with hope;—the Troians, to Ilium to drag it;— 395
 The Achaians, to the hollow ships. Around him rose a turmoil
 All savage. Not Athene's self, nor Ares people-stirrer
 Would lightly that encounter blame, altho' in testy humour.
 Such evil toil of men and steeds did Jove around Patroclus 400
 Upon that day prolong. Nor yet the death of his Patroclus
 Divine Achilles knew at all; for all that stubborn battle
 Far from the Argive galleys rag'd, beneath the Troian city.
 Therefore, not dead, but strong in life, (within his soul he trusted,)
 Patroclus from the gates of Troy should back return in safety. 405
 Sith not at all did Achilleus hope, that without his presence,
 His friend high Ilium might storm; nor even with his succour.
 For from his mother often this he heard, apart inquiring;
 Who clearly all the purposes of mighty Jove reported.
 His mother verily not then reveal'd the dire disaster, 410
 Accomplish'd, unreversable,—that his belov'd is perish'd.

But they around the hero's corpse their pointed weapons holding,
 Incessant grappled in the fight, and man by man was slaughter'd.

And thus did one to other say of brazen-clad Achaians :
 “Inglorious to us it were, hence to return defeated 415
 Unto the galleys : rather may the murky earth’s abysses
 Yawn on us all ! the which for us were instantly far better,
 Than to give up our hero’s corpse to courser-taming Troians
 Unto their own abodes to drag and earn excelling glory.”

But thus did one to other talk of mighty-hearted Troians : 420
 “O friend, if even doom demand, that we beside this hero
 Be slaughter’d one and all, let none withhold him from the battle.”—

They by such mutual address, each rous’d his fellow’s spirit.
 Still went the stubborn tustle on ; its iron-hearted riot

Thro’ æther’s vasty emptiness to brazen heaven sounded. 425

The coursers of Æacides, meanwhile, apart from battle,

Wept, soon as e’er that tidings bad into their breast had enter’d,

How that their charioteer was slain by hero-crushing Hector.

And verily Automedon, Diores’ valiant offspring,

Much by keen lashes of the scourge to move the steeds attempted, 430

Much by address of honey’d words, and much by threats and curses.

But they the car would neither draw returning to the galleys

Back unto Helle’s brackish flood, nor to the Achaian battle.

But as upon a monument, where sleepeth man or woman

Under their barrow, motionless a lofty pillar standeth ; 435

So, with the car all-gorgeous, stood motionless the coursers,

Drooping toward the ground their heads ; and down their plaintive eyelids

Did warm tears trickle to the ground, their charioteer bewailing.

Defiled were their dainty manes, over the yoke-strap dropping. 440

Their tears beholding, Saturn’s child the deathless coursers pitied ;

Thereafter shook his head, and spake within his secret bosom :

“Ha ! why on Peleus, mortal prince, bestow’d we *you* ? unhappy !

You,—who are born celestial, from Eld and Death exempted.

Was it, that ye, with wretched men, should learn the taste of sorrow ? 445

For, of all things that move on earth and breathe the air of heaven,

Methinketh, none are wretcheder than man’s disastrous offspring.

Yet never, verily, on you and on your car resplendent

Shall Hector son of Priam mount : for not will I endure it.

Enough, that he the armour hath, and fruitlessly doth vaunt it. 450

But I will vigour breathe to you within your knees and bosom,
 That ye may eke Automedon out of the battle rescue
 Unto the smoothly hollow ships. For, glory still to Hector
 Grant I, to slay the foe, until he reach the welldock'd galleys,
 When in the west the Sun shall sink and yield to sacred darkness." 455

Thus speaking, in the heav'nly steeds a graceful vigour breath'd he.
 Then they, from off their manes, to earth shook down the dust, and quickly
 Bare the swift chariot among Achaïans and Troïans.
 And from the seat Automedon, tho' grieving for his comrade,
 Cheering the coursers, chas'd the foe, as after geese a vulture. 460
 For easy was escape to him from out the Troïan riot,
 And easy, chasing to return and sally in the turmoil.
 Yet slaughter never might he make of whom he overhended;
 Nor, in a sacred chariot sitting alone, avail'd he
 At once to combat with the spear and hold the nimble coursers. 465
 At length Alkimedon, his friend and comrade, right beknew it;—
 A man, whose sire Laërkes was, but Haemon was his grandsire.
 So to Automedon he spake, behind the car approaching:

"Who of the gods, Automedon! out of thy heart hath taken
 Sound wit, and this ungainful thought within thy bosom planted, 470
 That thou against the Troïans in foremost line dost combat,
 Alone? Thy partner of the fight is slain: and Hector joyeth,
 The armour of Æacides upon his shoulders bearing."

But him in turn Diore's son, Automedon, accosted:
 "Alkimedon, *who* unto thee is equal of Achaïans, 475
 Except Patroclus, peer to gods in skilfulness of prudence,
 While yet he liv'd; but him in turn have death and doom o'ertaken,—
 To curb the spirit and career of these immortal horses?
 But thou within thy hands receive the scourge and glossy bridles,
 Then from the chariot will I dismount, to meet the foeman." 480

Hereat, Alkimedon behind the coursers swift for succour
 Mounted, and quickly in his hands caught up the scourge and bridles.
 In turn Automedon leapt off: and gallant Hector saw it.
 Then to Æeneias, standing near, an utterance address'd he:

"Anchises' son! high Counsellor of brazen-coated Troïans! 485
 Lo! with their foolish charioteers the coursers of Achilles

Amid the battle show themselves. These may I hope to capture,
 If thou with me like-minded art: sith, hardly will they venture,
 Against the sally of us both to try the shock of Ares." 490

He spake, nor uncompliant found Anchises' bonny offspring.
 Forward they went,—their shoulders screen'd by bullhide dry and sturdy,
 Strengthen'd with brass. But Chromius and eke divine Aretus
 Went in their company; and troth! their heart within was hopeful 495
 To slay the heroes both, and catch the lofty-crested horses;
 O simpletons! sith for themselves no bloodless journey waited,
 Back from Automedon: but he, to Jove the Father praying,
 Was fill'd in all his gloomy soul with hardihood and spirit.
 Forthwith unto Alkimedon, his trusty comrade, spake he: 500

"Hearken, Alkimedon! From me hold not afar the coursers,
 But breathing even on my back: for verily I deem not
 That Hector, Priam's son, will stay the keenness of his fury,
 Till, *either*, both of us be slain, and loftily he mount him
 Behind the glossy-coated steeds of Achileus, dismaying 505
 The Argive ranks; *or*, e'en himself among the first be hended."

Thus saying, he, to Menelas and either Ajax, shouted:
 "Ajaces, who the Argives lead; ye twain, and Menelaüs!
 The carcase, and the foe's repulse, to able chiefs entrust ye; 510
 And from us two,—men yet alive,—ward off the ruthless moment.
 For here with fearful weight press on, amid the tearful battle,
 Both Hector and Æneias,—men, of Troïans the bravest.
 But in the lap of destiny, I trow, our lot abideth:
 I too my dart shall fling; and Jove will care to guide the issue." 515

He spake, and poising, forward threw the spear with lengthy shadow,
 And struck upon Aretus' shield, which equal was on all sides.
 Nor might the hide resist it, but thro' all the folds it hurried,
 And underneath the girdle's breadth deep in the vitals pierc'd him.
 And as, behind an ox's horns, who from the pastures cometh, 520
 A churl with newly-whetted axe may chop, if young and sturdy,
 And cleave the gristle through: the ox, then, forward leaping, droppeth:
 So, with a forward leap, fell he, supine; for in his entrails
 Quiver'd the deep-implanted spear, and there unstrung his sinews.

Then Hector at Automedon with shining weapon darted. 525

He, seeing it, by scanty space the flying point avoided,
 Stooping him forward : far away the lengthy spear behind him
 In earth alighted ; where its force made the shaft's end to quiver,
 Until rude-hurling Ares gave remission of his fury.
 Then in close combat of the sword had each the other wounded, 530
 Had not the two Ajaces come, at summons of their comrade
 Eager ; and pressing thro' the crowd, soon did they part the combat.
 For, shrinking from the gather'd force of chiefs, Æneas, Hector
 And godlike Chromius, withdrew, and left Aretus fallen, 535
 Heart-pierced. But Automedon, a peer to eager Ares,
 The armour tranquilly despoil'd, and spake a word of boasting :
 " A little solace find I now for slaughter of Patroclus
 To ease this loaded heart,—that I a meaner life have taken."
 Thus speaking, on the chariot he plac'd the gory trophies, 540
 And mounted on the seat himself, with hands, and feet beneath him,
 All-bloody, as may lion be, who hath an ox devoured.
 Around Patroclus' corpse again was held the hardy struggle,
 Noisome and tearful ; sith herself Athene rous'd the quarrel,
 From heav'n descending, forward sent by Jupiter widesighted, 545
 To wake the Danaï to war : for now his mind was turned.
 As when to mortals Jupiter may stretch a purple rainbow
 From heaven,—whether sign of war, or of untemper'd winter,
 Which all the labours of the field doth stop, and and vexeth cattle: 550
 So she, in circling purple cloud her heav'nly form enwrapping,
 Amid the Achaian people pass'd and one by one arous'd them.
 But first approaching Atreus' son, the valiant Menelaüs,
 Whom at short distance she beheld ; the goddess, like to Phœnix
 In shape and voice unwearied, did earnestly address him : 555
 " To thee, O Menelaüs, this will contumely and scandal
 Become, if nimble dogs devour beneath the Trojan rampart
 Him, who to lordly Achileus was comrade best beloved.
 But hold to battle sturdily, and rouse the other people."
 But Menelaüs, good at need, accosted her responsive : 560
 " Aged and patriarchal friend ! Phœnix ! if now Athene
 Would ward the flying darts from me, and give me mighty vigour,

546. The sentiment does not agree with what follows, 594, 627, &c.

Gladly would I with hand and foot bring rescue to Patroclus,
 Whose death untimely deep hath sunk into my secret bosom.
 But grim-devouring force of fire hath Hector, nor relenteth 565
 His brazen ravage; sith on him Jove still bestoweth glory."

So spake he, and rejoic'd in heart Athene, grey-ey'd goddess,
 That unto her, of all the gods, he prayer first had offer'd:
 So she surpassing vigour breath'd into his knees and shoulders.
 Such hardihood as hath a fly, which still to bite persisteth, 570
 Tho' from the skin full oft repell'd; (but blood of man it loveth;—
 Such hardihood in him she pour'd thro' all his gloomy spirit,
 And on Patroclus hasting, he with shining weapon darted.

Among the Troians Podes was, a man both good and wealthy, 575
 Offspring of prince Eëtion, whom Hector of the people
 Most honour'd; for to him he was a comrade dear and messmate.
 Him, seeking to escape by flight, did auburn Menelaüs
 Strike in the girdle: thro' and thro' the brazen weapon hurried:
 So with a crash he fell. Thereat Atrides Menelaüs 580
 Drew from the Troïans the corpse unto his troop of comrades.

But, standing close to Hector's side, Apollo like to Phænops,
 Offspring of Asius,—a man, by princely-hearted Hector,
 Of strangers, chiefly lov'd, who held his dwelling at Abydus;
 In such resemblance, spake to him Apollo Far-averter: 585

"Who other of Achaïans now will ever dread thee, Hector?
 This Menelaüs, who of yore was but a tender spearman,
 From *his* encounter shrinkest thou. Now by his single prowess,
 He in the foremost ranks hath slain thy trusty comrade Podes,
 Brave offspring of Eëtion, and carried off his body." 590

So spake he, but a gloomy cloud of grief enwrapt the hero,
 And thro' the foremost ranks he rush'd, arm'd with the flashing metal.

Thereon the son of Saturn took his many-fringed ægis
 All-sparkling, and in misty cloud hid Ida, and with lightning
 Sent forth terrific thunder-claps, and shook the mighty mountain,
 And puissance to the Troians gave, but sore affray'd the Achaïans. 596

Bœotian Penéleos did first to flight betake him:
 For while he forward alway mov'd, a spear had struck his shoulder
 With grazing wound:—Polydamas had from short distance hurl'd it.

Next, Hector wounded on the wrist, and quell'd the battle-vigour 601
 Of Leïtus, whose father was Alectryon highhearted.
 Gazing around, he skulk'd to flee; for that no longer hop'd he
 To grasp a javelin in hand against the Troian riot.
 While Hector dash'd at Leïtus,— Idomeneus, assailing, 605
 Goaded with pointed javelin the bosom of his corslet :
 But in the shaft the long spear snapt : thereat the Troians shouted ;
 And while the son of Deucalus high on his car was standing,
 At him did Hector fling the dart in turn, and barely miss'd him.
 It lighted upon Coeranus, who, charioteer-attendant 610
 Of Merion, had follow'd him from nobly-built Lyctus.
 His leader, when he quitted first the easy-steering galleys,
 On foot proceeding, to the foe had mighty vantage granted ;
 But quickly Coeranus drove up the nimble-footed horses,
 And came, unto his lord a light, the ruthless moment warding, 615
 But his own life the forfeit paid to hero-slaying Hector.
 Him struck the javelin betwixt the ear and jaw : it shatter'd
 His furthest teeth, and thro' mid tongue drave on in forceful passage.
 So from the chariot he dropt, and shed on earth the bridles.
 But in his own good hands full soon Meriones regain'd them, 620
 Low stooping to the ground ; and thus Idomeneus accosted :
 "Ply now the scourge, till that thou reach the swiftcareering galleys ;
 For, well thou knowest, victory no longer waits on Argos."
 Upon the word, his captain lash'd the glossy-coated horses
 Back to the hollow ships : for, troth ! dread on his soul had fallen. 625
 Nor hidden was from Menelas and mighty-hearted Ajax,
 That on the Troians Jove bestowed conquest's recruited prowess.
 Great Telamonian Ajax then began discourse before them :
 "Ye Spirits ! open is the truth : a simpleton may see it,
 And know, the Troians holpen are by Jove himself the Father. 630
 For from the foeman every dart doth hit, whoever aimeth,
 Good or bad fighter : any gait doth Jupiter address them :
 But darts from *our* battalions fall vain unto earth and fruitless.
 But come, and ponder we ourselves, what counsel may be wisest,—
 Both to the galleys how to draw the corpse ; and how, in safety 635
 Ourselves returning, joy to give unto our loving comrades,

Who, hither looking, wounded are with grief; nor deem that longer
 The might and hands untractable of hero-slaying Hector
 May be withholden, but will rush and gain the dusky galleys.
 Now, might we some bold comrade find, who speedily would carry 640
 True message unto Peleus' son! sith he as yet (I reckon)
 Hath not the mournful tidings heard, that his dear friend is perish'd.
 Yet nowhere may I such a one descry among the Achaians,
 For in the welkin are enwrapt themselves alike and horses.
 Jove, Father! from the welkin-mist Achaia's sons deliver! 645
 Make open sky, and cheery sight bestow upon our eyes:
 And sith thy pleasure is to slay, slay us in light of heaven."

So spake he; and the Father griev'd to view him tear-beflooded.
 Forthwith the welkin he dispers'd and chas'd the mist of darkness,
 And on them cheery shone the Sun, unveiling all the battle. 650
 To Menelaüs, good at need, then Ajax spake entreaty:

"Jove-nurtur'd Menelas! look out, if, yet alive, thou haply
 Antilochus discover, son of mighty-hearted Nestor.
 Urge him in speed to wend his way and bear the mournful errand
 To skilful-hearted Achileus, that his belov'd is perish'd." 655

Nor Menelaüs, good at need, his bidding heard reluctant.
 He hied upon his path, as hies from the midyard a lion,
 To pick the fattest of the kine by dogs and men forbidden,
 Who, all night watching, weary him, tho' ravenous for booty. 660
 Vain are his sallies: darts thick flung from sturdy hands repel him,
 And burning brands, which harry him, howe'er his greed be whetted;
 And in the morning, sorely griev'd and empty, off he passeth:
 So Menelaüs, good at need, departed sore unwilling 665
 From dead Patroclus. Dire his dread, lest in the noisome panic
 The Achaians leave him on the field, a booty to the foeman.

And many a charge on Merion and on the Ajaces laid he:
 "Ajaces! ye, and Merion, who leaders are to Argos!
 Let all remember now how kind and gentle was Patroclus, 670
 Unhappy hero! Well he knew, gracious to be to all men,
 While yet alive: but now, alas! do Death and Fate o'erhend him."

So auburn Menelaüs spake, and with the word departed,
 Gazing around on all sides, like an eagle, who, of all things

That under heaven fly, they say, to scan the earth is keenest; 675
 Whose eye, when loftiest he hangs, not the swift hare escapeth,
 Lurking amid a leafclad bush; but straight at it he souseth,
 Unerring, and with crooked gripe doth quickly rieve its spirit.
 So then, Jove-nurtur'd Menelas! of thee the glancing eyen
 On every side did wander, mid the troops of many comrades; 680
 If haply might he yet alive espy the son of Nestor.
 Him speedily descried he, near the left of all the battle,
 Cheering the comrades at his side and stirring them to combat.
 Then standing near before his face, spake auburn Menelaüs :

“ Hither, Antilochus ! I pray,—Jove-nurtur'd ! ah, I carry 685
 To thee a mournful tiding, which—I would had no fulfilment !
 Yet troth ! I fancy thou thyself on-looking dost already
 Know, that the god on Danaï anew disaster rolleth,
 And Troians hold the puissance : slain Achaia's bravest lieth,—
 Patroclus ; and to Danaï bequeath'd is mighty sorrow. 690
 But, speeding to the Achaian ships, say shortly to Achilles,
 If, sallying, he haply save the corpse unto his galley,
 All-naked ; for the arms are won by motley-helmed Hector.”

So spake he ; but Antilochus the tiding heard and shudder'd.
 Awhile dumb consternation stopt his words, and drain'd the juices
 Of his young throat : with bitter tears brimful were both his eyen. 696
 Nor, even so, neglected he the charge of Menelaüs,
 But hied to run, and gave his arms unto a blameless comrade,
 Laodocus, who alway wheel'd his single-hoofed horses
 Near to his side : but him in tears his feet bare out of battle, 700
 This evil tiding to announce to Peleus' son Achilles.

Nor was thy spirit willing then, Jove-nurtur'd Menelaüs !
 Thy succour to the fainting bands to give, from whom departed
 Antilochus, a mighty loss on Pylians entailing.
 To them, for succour, left he none but godlike Thrasymedes, 705
 And to Patroclus, hero-chief, himself again betook him,
 Where, speeding to the Ajaces' side, he instantly address'd them :

“ Him have I forward sent, to reach the swift-careering galleys,
 And to Achilles fleet of foot reveal it. Yet, I reckon,
 Sally he will not yet, howe'er enrag'd with godlike Hector : 710

For nowise may he, bare of arms, do battle with the Troians.
 We for ourselves must ponder well, what counsel may be wisest ;
 Both, to the galleys how to draw the corpse,—and how in safety
 Ourselves to baffle Death and Doom, the din of Troy escaping.”

To him responsive spake thereon great Telamonian Ajax : 715

“ All this discreetly spoken is, high-honour'd Menelaüs !
 But quickly, thou and Merion, beneath our hero stooping,
 Lift up and from the broil bear off his corpse ; and we thereafter
 Will, twain against the Troïans and godlike Hector, combat,—
 We, of a single name, who bear a common heart, and, standing 720
 Buckler by buckler heretofore, endure the brunt of Ares.”

So spake he : they obedient, in arms the dead man clasping
 Heav'd him aloft full mightily. The Troïan folk behind them
 Yell'd fiercely, when they saw the dead uplifted by the Achaians.
 Then on they dash'd ahead ; as hounds, which on a boar that's wounded
 Sally with eagerness awhile, in front of youthful hunters ; 726
 But when, reliant on his might, he turns to bay and standeth,
 Sudden arrested, off they slink, in diverse path retreating :
 So too the Troïans, awhile in troops did alway follow, 730
 With swords and with twohanded pikes against the foeman stabbing ;
 But often as the Ajaces twain stood rallying across them,
 So often chang'd their skin its hue, and shiver'd ; nor did any
 Dare further to rush on, and try new quarrel for the carcase.

So carried then the eager pair the corpse from out the battle 735
 Unto the smoothly hollow ships. Behind them, savage contest
 Flam'd ever broader ; like to fire, which, in a peopled city
 Sudden arising, flareth high. In its vast blaze the houses
 Lessen and disappear ; and it, the force of wind enrageth :
 So upon them, as on they march'd, a roaring blaze of riot 740

Rush'd, alway swallowing their rear, from steeds and spearmen heroes.
 But they, as when a team of mules, with stalwart effort plying,
 Along a craggy-clifted path may drag, adown a mountain,
 Whether a beam or mighty mast for galley-use ; and toiling
 Too much, their heart is worn away at once by sweat and labour : 745
 So, earnest, bare the twain away the carcase : but behind them
 The two Ajaces check'd the rush, as may a mountain-buttress

The water check, if, wooded well, across the plain it jutteth,
 And bridleth merciless outgush even of haughty rivers,
 Balking their current of its will, and on the plain assigning 750
 Fit channel; nor may all their force and all their flood o'erthrow it:
 So alway did the Ajaces twain hold off the Trojan onset
 Behind them. These did yet press on; and two among them chiefly,
 Æneas, Aphrodite's child, and motley-helmed Hector.
 Meanwhile the Achaians, as in plump a cloud of daws or starlings 755
 With ghastly skirling shoot aloft, when they espy before them
 The hawk, who with the little birds blood-controversy holdeth:
 So then the Achaian youth, pursued by Hector and Æneas,
 With ghastly skirling troop'd away, of hero-glee forgetful.
 And many beauteous arms were lost within the moat or round it, 760
 While as the Danaï withdrew: yet was no pause of battle.

BOOK XVIII.

So then in guise of blazing fire the combatants were fighting.
 Nestor's swift-footed son meanwhile bare message to Achilles,
 And found him forward, out beyond his lofty-crested galleys,
 Foreboding in his heart the thing, which verily was accomplish'd:
 So he with indignation spake to his own haughty spirit: 5
 "Alas! and wherefore doth the rout of streaming-hair'd Achaians
 Flounder anew across the plain, toward the galleys driven?
 Mayhap the immortals to my heart disastrous evil accomplish,
 As once my mother spake of yore, and spelt the doom of heaven,
 How that, while I in life abide, beneath the hands of Troians 10
 The noblest of the Myrmidons shall leave this sunny splendour.

Surely, alas ! my cruel friend, Menoetius' brave offspring,
Is perish'd. Troth ! my charge it was, the foeman's fire to parry,
Then to the galleys back to come, nor stoutly fight with Hector."

While all his bosom and his soul with such debate did struggle, 15
Meanwhile, with burning tears bestream'd, the son of lordly Nestor
Arriving, stood before his face, and spake a bitter message :

"Woe on my errand ! thou, oh son of skilful-hearted Peleus,
Must hear a mournful tiding, which—I would had no fulfilment !
Fallen Patroclus lies : around, his naked corpse to rescue 20
We combat ; but his arms are won by motley-helmed Hector."

Upon such words, a gloomy cloud of woe Achilles shrouded.
Then scooping in his joined hands the copious dust of ashes,
Down on his head he poured them, and marr'd his graceful visage,
And round his nectar-breathing robe the murky soot was spatter'd. 25
Then lay he huge, of huge aspect, amid the dust extended,
And, with his own hands rending it, his princely hair disfigur'd.
Eke the domestic women, whom Achilles and Patroclus
Led off as booty of the spear, scream'd loudly, smit with anguish,
And hurried from the tent, around Achilles skilful-hearted, 30
And beat the bosom ceaselessly, till all would swoon exhausted.
On other side Antilochus with stealthy tear was mourning,
Holding Achilles' hand ; and fear his noble heart distracted,
Lest, impotent of grief, his throat he sever with the iron.
His groans resounded direfully, and reach'd his queenly mother, 35
Who sat within the briny depths beside her aged father.
Thereat she cried aloud with grief, and, thronging quick around her,
Came all the goddess-Nereïds from ocean's deep recesses.
Among them was Kymódoke and Glauke and Thaleia,
Nesaea, large-ey'd Halia, Kymóthoë and Speio, 40
Maera and Jaera, Mélite, Actaea, Limnoreia,
Doto and Proto, Pánope, Amphithoë, Agáue,
Dexámene, Amphínome, Dynámene, Pherousa.
Callianeira with them was, with them Callianassa, 45
Nemertes and Apseudes, with Janeira and Janassa ;
Thoë and Clymene were there, Doris and Oreithuia,
And Amatheia bright of locks and famous Galateia ;

And other Nereïds, who dwell in ocean's deep recesses.
 With these the brilliant grot was fill'd, and all did beat the bosom 50
 Ceaseless: but Thetis spake to them, and led the dirge of sorrow:

"Listen, ye sister Nereïds! so, when ye all have heard me,
 Full truly may ye know, what griefs within my heart I carry.
 Ah woe upon my bridal bed! woe on my famous childbirth!
 Who to a mortal father gave a spotless son and stalwart, 55
 A chief of warriors: and he grew tall like to a sapling.
 And him, as in the orchard's lap a plant, I fondly nurtur'd,
 And sent him forth to Ilium upon his crested galleys,
 Against the Troïans to fight; yet in the halls of Peleus
 Ne'er shall my child returning meet the welcome of his mother. 60
 And while he liveth still for me and sees the light of heaven,
 Anguish he suffereth; nor I approaching may relieve him.
 Yet go will I, my offspring dear to look upon,—and hearken,
 What sorrow hath his bosom reach'd, while he from war refraineth."

She with such utterance forsook the grotto; they together 65
 In tears attended: round their forms was cleft the watery billow.
 But when to loamy Troas' beach they came, in train they mounted,
 Where thick the ships of Myrmidons were drawn round swift Achilles.
 Then by his side, while deep he moan'd, appear'd his queenly mother,
 Who on her son's head cast her hand, and with a wail sharp-piercing,
 Token of heart compassionate, did winged accents utter: [eth?

"My child, why weepest thou? and what the grief, thy heart that wound-
 Lock not thy breast, but speak it out. From Jupiter is compass'd
 All, whatsoe'er thou diddest ask afore with hands uplifted. 75
 For he to galley-poop hath hemm'd the children of Achaia,
 Where they, abandon'd of thy aid, unseemly deeds encounter."

To her Achilles, fleet of foot, with heavy moan responded:
 "In sooth, my mother! compass'd hath the Olympian my curses.
 Yet bringeth it no pleasure, sith my comrade dear is perish'd,— 80
 Patroclus,—whom of all my friends above the rest I honour'd,
 As my own peer. Him have I lost: and Hector holds as booty
 My splendid armour stript from him, a spectacle majestic,
 Right wondrous; which, as brilliant gifts, the gods bestow'd on Peleus,
 Upon that day, when thee they gave in bride-bed to a mortal. 85

Oh hadst thou liefer neath the waves with other deathless seanympths
 There alway dwelt, and mortal wife had been to Peleus wedded !
 But now, that eke thyself may know the heart's uncounted sorrow,
 Thy child will shortly fall in death, nor shall receive thy welcome
 Returning to his father's halls ; for neither doth my spirit 90
 Bid me to live, or among men to dwell, unless-that Hector,
 Smitten beneath my javelin, shall first of life be rieved,—
 A forfeit for Patroclus dead unto Patroclus' father.”
 But him, responsive, Thetis then with dropping tear accosted :
 “ Ah ! speedy-fated wilt thou be, dear child ! as now thou talkest ; 95
 Sith eke for thee an instant doom is, after Hector, ready.”

To her Achilles, fleet of foot, responded, sore disdainful :
 “ O might I instant die, sith as to save my friend from slaughter
 Was not to me assign'd : but he far from his native country
 Perish'd ; and direly needed me, avenger of his troubles. 100

But now, sith never wend I home to my dear native country,
 Nor brought a ray of light to *him*, nor to my other comrades,
 By godlike Hector slain in heaps ; but here beside my galleys
 I sit, a useless load on earth ; whose prowess none may equal 105

Of all the Achaians brazen-clad ; (in council some surpass me ;)—
 O might from mortals and from gods Quarrel for ever perish,
 And Rancour, which to rage doth goad even the rich in wisdom,
 And eke, far sweeter than the comb with honey dripping, swelleth 110
 Fuming within the breast ; as me did Agamemnon madden.

But leave we these things, past and gone, albeit keen our sorrow,
 And the fond fancies of our heart by stern constraint subdue we.
 Now must I sally, to o'ertake my dearest friend's destroyer,
 Hector ; but *then* shall I to Doom submit me, whensoever 115
 Such is the will of Jupiter and other gods immortal.

For not the might of Héracles his fatal day avoided,
 Who dearest was to Jupiter the princely child of Saturn ;
 But him too Destiny subdued and Juno's noisome rancour.
 In guise no other, (if on me like Destiny o'erhangeth,) 120
 Fall shall I also. Now must I earn me some noble glory.

So some of Troian dames thro' me, and of deep-bosom'd Dardans,
 May wipe from tender cheeks the tear and utter moan incessant,

And learn that I did heretofore withhold me long from battle. 125
Do thou, tho' loving, stay me not : nor mayest thou persuade me."

Thereat, to him responsive, spake the silver-footed goddess :
"All this is truly right, my child ! nor aught amiss I find it,
From steep disaster's overthrow to save thy fainting comrades ;
But now thy armour beauteous, all brass-belaid and sparkling, 130
Among the Troïans is held : for motley-helmed Hector
Across his shoulders bearing it plumeth himself ; nor deem I
Long shall he vaunt it ; sith also on *him* o'erhangeth slaughter.
But thou, refrain thyself, nor yet the broil of Ares enter,
Ere me returning thou behold : for at the rise of morrow 135
Neither from princely Vulcan I will beauteous armour bring thee."

This saying, from her bonny child she turn'd herself departing,
And to her sisters of the sea betaking her, address'd them :
"Do ye, my sisters ! enter now the ocean's ample bosom, 140
The aged lord of waves to see and mansions of our father.
To him rehearse ye every thing ; but I on long Olympus
To Vulcan, fam'd artificer, betake me ; if that haply
It list him, to my son to give arms noble and resplendent."

She spake, and instantly they plung'd beneath the wave of ocean. 145
But Thetis of the silver foot unto Olympus hied her,
To carry to her hero-child new armour for the battle.
Her to Olympus did her feet bear swiftly ; but the Achaians,
With an unearthly clamour chas'd by hero-slaying Hector,
Unto their galleys stretch'd the flight, and to the sea of Helle. 150
Nor might the Achaians dapper-greav'd then from the darts have rescued
The carcase of Patroclus dead, swift Achileus' attendant ;
For after him in new pursuit came chariots and footmen
With Hector, son of Priamus, like to a flame in fury.
Thrice by the gristle of the heel did gallant Hector catch him, 155
Eager to drag him back ; and loud made menace to the Troians :
Thrice from the corpse the Ajaces twain, clad in impetuous valour,
Dash'd him away : but ever he, on his own might reliant,
At one time into riot thick would sally ; at another
Stood firm with mighty shouts ; but back he not an inch withdrew him.
As shepherds, watching in the field, from some slain beast avail not 161

A fiery lion to repel, whom mighty hunger urgeth;
 So, clad in complete panoply, the Ajaces twain avail'd not
 From the slain hero to repel Priamidéan Hector.
 Then surely had he dragg'd him off and earn'd uncounted glory, 165
 But Iris, swift with feet of wind, came speeding from Olympus,
 With errand unto Peleus' son, (for Juno sent her forward,
 Secret from Jove and other gods,) to corslet him for battle.
 So, close in front of him she stood, and winged accents utter'd :
 "Rouse thee, Pelides, marvellous among the ranks of heroes ! 170
 Rescue Patroclus, whom to win, the deadly shout of tribesmen
 Before the galleys riseth. They do each the other slaughter,
 These to hold fast his dead remains, the Troïans to drag them
 To windy Ilium : and most doth gallant Hector hanker 175
 To sever from the tender neck the head, and high impale it.
 But up ! and lie no longer here. Let shame and honour touch thee.
 If aught of insult *him* befall, to *thee* it were an outrage." 180
 To her thereon divine Achilles foot-reliant answer'd :
 "Who, goddess Iris ! of the gods to me on errand sent thee ?"
 To him reciprocally spake swift stormy-footed Iris :
 "By stealth hath Juno, Jupiter's majestic consort, sent me.
 Not lofty-bench'd Saturnius nor other of the immortals 185
 Knows it, of all who dwell around o'er snowy-capt Olympus."
 Then her Achilles, fleet of foot, address'd in words responsive :
 "How may I hie me to the fray ? my arms the foeman holdeth,
 Nor doth my mother dear permit to corslet me for battle,
 Ere her returning I behold ; for at the rise of morrow 190
 From princely Vulcan hath she gag'd to bring me beauteous armour.
 Nor know I other man, of whom the noble arms would suit me,
 Unless I haply take the shield of Telamonian Ajax.
 But eke himself (I trow) with it doth bargain in the foremost,
 Dire ravage dealing with the spear around Patroclus fallen." 195
 Then Iris swift with feet of wind accosted him responsive :
 "Well also know we, that the foe the noble arms possesseth ;
 But, as thou art, hie to the moat, and show thee to the armies,
 If-that perchance the Troïans, appall'd at thy appearing,
 Stand off from battle, and hereby Achaia's warlike children 200

Gain respite of their toil :—and short the respite is of warfare.”

So utter'd Iris fleet of foot and with the word departed.
 Thereat Achilles, dear to Jove, arous'd him ; and Athene
 Around his stalwart shoulders slung her many-fringed ægis.
 Also, divine of goddesses, above his head a chaplet 205
 Of golden cloud she set, and thence flame all-resplendent kindled.
 As from an island riseth smoke, when foemen fight around it,
 Which from the city stretcheth far, aspiring unto heaven ;
 If for their homes the livelong day with Ares stern they bargain,
 But kindle at the setting sun a mazy web of beacons ; 210
 Then shooteth high aloft the blaze, to dwellers-round a token,
 In hope, they will with galleys come, as champions in trouble :
 So from Achilles' head the blaze then shot aloft to heaven.
 He on the margin of the moat stood forth ; nor with the Achaians
 Mingled : for alway he rever'd his mother's canny counsel. 216
 There standing, shouted he : the voice did maid Athene shouting
 Double, and shook the Troïans with fathomless disorder.
 As when heart-crushing foemen stand a city to beleaguer,
 And to far-piercing notes attune the blaring of the trumpet ; 220
 So from the throat of Achileus was then the voice far-piercing.
 But they, when from Æacides was heard that brazen war-cry,
 Were all in heart confounded : yea, their glossy-coated horses
 Did wheel the chariots awry, foreboding dire disaster.
 Affrayed were the charioteers, who saw the fire unweary 225
 Dart radiant from off the head of mighty-soul'd Pelides,
 Direful : for, it Athene's self, the grey-ey'd goddess, kindled.
 Thrice from the margin of the moat divine Achilles shouted,
 Thrice were the glorious allies and Troïans disorder'd,
 And on the spot twelve hero-chiefs fell then in death, entangled 230
 With their own chariots and spears. But gladly did the Achaians
 Rescue Patroclus from the darts and place him on a pallet.
 Around, his comrades weeping stood ; beside them swift Achilles
 Did follow, shedding burning tears, when he his trusty comrade 235
 Beheld upon the bier laid out, and by sharp weapons mangled ;
 Whom verily to war he sent with chariots and horses,
 But never welcom'd him again unto his tent returning.

Then large-ey'd queenly Juno sent the orb of Sun unwearied,
 To plunge, unwilling, in his course beneath the streams of Ocean. 240
 So he from mortals hid his light: but the divine Achæians
 Rested from war all-levelling and sturdy cry of tribesmen.
 On other side the Troïans, out of the hardy struggle
 Withdrawing, from the chariots their nimble steeds unharness'd,
 And, ere for supper heed they took, in public mote were gather'd. 245
 All stood upright in mote, nor dar'd to sit; sithence Achilles,
 Long absent from distressful fight, appall'd them by his coming.
 Thereat discreet Polydamas to them began discourses,
 The son of Panthoüs;—alone who forward saw and backward. 250
 One night gave him and Hector birth; so was he Hector's comrade:
 But one did in discourse excel, in fight by far the other.

Who thus with kindly soul harangu'd, and spake his word among them:
 "My friends! weigh either scale aright. Full urgently I counsel
 Unto the city now to haste, nor wait for heav'nly Morning 255
 Beside the galleys on the plain. Far from our ramparts are we.
 Now while this hero wrathful was with godlike Agamemnon,
 So long far easier to us was war against the Achæians.
 For truly joyful were the nights, which by their fleet we tarried,
 To me; while hope I had, to hend the easy-steering galleys. 260
 But now from Peleus' mighty son grim terror o'er me creepeth.
 Not on the plain his haughty soul will list to wait, where Ares
 To Troians and Achæians hath battle-prize awarded;
 But he our city and our wives will make his prize of battle. 265
 But to the city hie we now: obey my word: for truly
 Thus will it be:—ambrosial night awhile from combat holdeth
 Pelides fleet of foot; but if, to-morrow, girt in armour
 He sally and o'erhend us here, too well we all shall learn him.
 For, each to sacred Ilium right gladly will betake him, 270
 Whoso may scape:—far from my ear be such events! but many
 Of Troians in the dust shall lie, a joy to dogs and vultures.
 But if my words compliance find, then, tho' chagrin annoy us,
 Our elders nightly strength shall give in council; next, our towers
 And lofty portals,—and on these the ample panels fitted, 275
 Fine-polish'd, double-join'd with bolts,—shall well the city rescue.

But with the morning's early dawn complete in arms accoutred,
 Stand we along the towers : then, if, coming from the galleys,
 It list him for our wall to fight, for *him* will it be worser.
 Back to the galleys wend will he, when, neath the city roaming, 280
 He to his lofty-crested steeds hath given glut of courses.
 Troth ! will his spirit him forbid to sally in against us,
 Nor shall he storm the wall ; but first the sprightly dogs shall eat him."

To him with frowning glance replied great motley-helmed Hector :
 " Polydamas ! thy word to me no longer friendly soundeth, 285
 Who biddest us again to go and in the city coop us.
 Had ye not long ago your fill, hemm'd fast within the towers ?
 For, troth ! a tale it was of yore with voice-dividing mortals,
 What stores of copper and of gold lay hid in Priam's city :
 But those fair treasures now, ye see, are from our chambers vanish'd. 290
 Many to lovely Mæonis or Phrygia are carried,
 To merchant-stranger sold, sithence great Jove with us was angry.
 But, now as unto me the son of crooked-witted Saturn
 Glory hath granted, fast to hem the Achaians by their galleys ;
 O simpleton, no longer show such notions to the people : 295
 For none of Troians will obey ; nor troth ! would I allow it.
 But come ! as I the word shall speak, let all compliant follow.
 Along the host, by rank and rank, take each man now his supper,
 And hold remembrance of the watch, and every one be wakeful.
 And if a Troian for his gear with sorrow overbrimmeth, 300
 Then, lest the Achaians swallow it, ' tis better that he gather
 And yield his riches to the folk for bountiful enjoyment.
 But we, with morning's early dawn complete in arms accoutred,
 Will at the smoothly-hollow ships awaken eager Ares.
 Also, if godlike Achileus in very truth is risen 305
 (An so it list him,) by the ships, for *him* will it be worser.
 Not I will flee him : stand will I in harshly-roaring battle
 Confronting ; whether I or he bear off the meed of prowess.
 Common is Ares, who alsó the vanquisher hath vanquish'd."

So Hector counsell'd : to his word the Troians whoop'd applauding,
 Silly : for maid Athene reft all wisdom from their bosoms. 311
 For they to Hector gave assent, who ill devices purpos'd,

But none Polydamas approv'd, tho' prudent was his counsel.
 Thereat, along the host, took they their supper: but the Achaians
 Watching throughout the livelong night bewail'd and mourn'd Patroclus.
 To them did Peleus' son lead off the dirge of ceaseless sorrow, 316
 Casting his hero-slaying hands around his comrade's bosom,
 With thick-drawn moanings; as may moan a noble-bearded lion,
 Whose cubs a hunter of the deer from out the bushy forest
 Hath ravish'd; and the parent-beast, too late arriving, mourneth. 320
 Thro' many a glen then courseth he, to track that hunter's footstep
 And overhend him: ay, for sharp the fierceness of his rancour.
 So he with deep-resounding moan the Myrmidons accosted:

“Ye Spirits! troth! an empty word I on that day did utter,
 Cheering the old Menoetius within his princely chambers; 325
 And said, I safely back should bring his famous son to Opus,
 After the storm of Ilium, with booty's due allotment.
 Truly not all their purposes doth Jove to mortals accomplish.
 For here, in Troas both of us alike the soil to crimson 330
 Are doom'd; for never in his halls old charioteering Peleus,
 Nor Thetis, my return shall greet; but here the earth shall hold me.
 Yet sith, Patroclus! after thee beneath the earth I journey,
 Ere that thy funeral I make, first hither must I carry
 The arms and head of Priam's son, thy mighty-hearted slayer. 335
 And eke before thy pile will I, by loss of thee embitter'd,
 Sever twelve heads of living men, bright children of the Troians.
 Meanwhile thou here shalt lie,—just so,—beside my crested galleys;
 And round thy body Troian dames and ample-bosom'd Dardans
 Shall night and day bewail; whom we by lengthy spear and prowess
 Did earn, fat cities pillaging of voice-dividing mortals.” 341

This spoken, godlike Achileus unto his comrades beckon'd,
 An ample tripod on the fire to set, whereby they quickly
 Might wash the gory clots away from skin of dead Patroclus. 345
 So on the wasting fire they set an ample-bellied tripod:
 Water for bathings in they pour'd and kindled wood beneath it:
 Around the bottom play'd the fire, and soon the water heated.
 But when within the shining brass the water 'gan to bubble,
 Then wash'd they all the clots away, and with rich oil did oint him, 350

And fill'd with unguent nine years old the gashes of the carcase.
 Then on a pallet stretching him, in gauzy linen wrapt him
 From head to foot, and over all a robe of white extended.

Thus round Achilles fleet of foot the Myrmidons were watching
 The livelong night with tear and groan to mourn for dead Patroclus.
 But Jove to Juno made address, his sister and his consort : 356

“So then ! accomplish'd is thy will, O large-ey'd queenly Juno !
 For lo ! Achilles fleet of foot arousd thou hast. Methinketh,
 From thy own body erst were born the streaming-hair'd Achaians.”

To him thereat reciprocal spake large-ey'd queenly Juno : 360
 “O son of Saturn, grim and dire, what saying hast thou blurted ?
 Man verily, I trow, for man, who mortal is of fabric
 Nor kenneth counsel like to me, is wont his will to accomplish.
 How then should I, who claim to be of goddesses the chiefest,
 (Eldest by birth, and rank alsó ; for that I hold the title 365
 Thy wedded queen to be ; and thou mid all the immortals reignest ;)
 Not against Troians in my wrath weave meshes of disaster ?”

Thus they reciprocally held betwixt themselves discourses.
 But silver-footed Thetis reach'd meanwhile the house of Vulcan,
 Brazen and starry, mid the abodes of all immortals signal, 370
 Free from decay ; which for himself the limping god had framed.
 Him sweating at his work she found, around the bellows moving,
 Earnest : for he just then would make tripods in number twenty,
 To stand in order round the wall of a right stately chamber,
 And unto every one beneath he golden wheels did fashion, 375
 That mid the company of gods they might self-moving enter,
 And to their mansion hie them back ;—a spectacle to marvel.
 So far completeness had they found ; but ears not yet were added,
 All-curious ; these would he frame, and couple-bands was hewing.
 While he, with soul of artifice, upon such work was busy, 380
 The goddess of the silver foot, Thetis, meanwhile approach'd him,
 And by the dainty-tired Grace was seen, who forward hurried,
 Fair partner of the greatly-fam'd and doubly-dextrous Vulcan.
 Then closely did she press her hand, and spake, her name pronouncing :

351. *Nine years old.* This is interpreted, “brought with him from home nine years ago.”

“But wherefore, Thetis trailing-rob’d! unto our mansion comest, 385
 Beloved and rever’d? of old thou dost not much frequent us.
 But follow further; then will I with stranger’s welcome greet thee.”

She then, divine of goddesses, this spoken, led her further.
 Upon a golded-studded chair all-curious and dainty
 She seated her, where for the feet a stool below was fashion’d, 390
 And call’d to Vulcan, fam’d in art, and winged accents utter’d:

“O Vulcan, hither hie thee forth: some need of thee hath Thetis.”
 To her the doubly-dextrous god, right famous, thus responded:

“Troth! then a goddess is within, to me rever’d and awful,
 Who rescued me, when far I fell, and trouble sore distress’d me, 395
 For-that my mother vixen-fac’d did wreak her will against me,
 Disdainful of my lameness: then dire sorrow had I suffer’d;
 But Thetis and Eurynome receiv’d me in their bosom,—
 Eurynome, who daughter is of self-rejoining Ocean.
 Beside them, I for nine years forg’d full many an artful trinket, 400
 Bell-cups and wreathing screwy rings and necklaces and brooches,
 Within a smoothly-hollow grot. But there, the stream of Ocean
 Around flow’d gurgling fathomless with foam: nor any other,
 Neither of gods nor mortal men, had knowledge of my secret,
 But Thetis and Eurynome, these twain, who sav’d me, knew it.
 She to our mansion now is come: me therefore much behoveth, 406
 To pay the salvage of my life to dainty-braided Thetis.
 Do thou fair gifts before her place, meet for a stranger’s welcome,
 While I my bellows put away and all my tools of workshop.”

He spake, and from the stithy rose, a spectacle to wonder, 410
 Limping and huge: yet under him his slender shanks mov’d nimbly.
 The bellows from the fire apart he plac’d; and all the weapons,
 Tools of his art, he gather’d up into a silver coffer.
 Then with a sponge his face around and both his hands he wiped
 And sturdy neck and shaggy chest, and donn’d a fitting tunic; 415
 Took in his hand a sceptre stout, and on his feet proceeded,
 Lame as he was, abroad. Beside and round their lord, mov’d nimbly
 Pages in fine-wrought gold, in form like unto living maidens;
 Which have within their heart a mind, a voice within their bosom,
 And strength; and canny service know by gift of gods immortal. 420

These did their tasks fulfil, and watch'd their lord's command; who,
 Sat him upon a shining chair, near to the seat of Thetis. [limping,
 Then closely did he press her hand, and spake, her name pronouncing :

“ But wherefore, Thetis trailing-rob'd ! unto our mansion comest,
 Beloved and rever'd ? of old thou dost not much frequent us. 425
 Speak forth thy meaning : me my heart to accomplishment exhorteth,
 If I can, and if such purpose I could have been.”

To him then Thetis tear-bestream'd did words responsive utter :

“ O Vulcan, say,—of goddesses who dwell upon Olympus,
 Knowest thou one, who in her heart hath borne so bitter sorrow, 430
 As Jove the son of Saturn hath on *me* especial fasten'd ?
Me from my sisters of the sea he to a man subjected,—
 To Peleus, son of Ææcus : —a man's embrace I suffer'd,
 Sorely against my will, in sooth. Now he within his chambers
 Lieth, by noisome eld outworn ; and lo ! new sorrows overwhelm me.
 For that, whereas he gave to me to bear and rear an offspring,— 436
 A chief of warriors ;—and he grew tall, like to a sapling ;
 And him, as in the orchard's lap a plant, I fondly nurtur'd,
 And sent him forth to Ilium, upon his crested galleys,
 Against the Trojans to fight ;— yet in the halls of Peleus 440
 Ne'er shall my child returning meet the welcome of his mother.
 And while he liveth still for me and sees the light of heaven,
 Anguish he suffereth ; nor I approaching may relieve him.
 The damsel, whom Achaia's sons for *him* as prize selected,
 Her from his arms with contumely king Agamemnon rieved. 445
 Grieving for her, his spirit pin'd distemper'd : but the Achæians
 Were by the Trojans to their poops hemm'd up, nor dar'd to sally
 Abroad beyond them. Him the chiefs and counsellors of Argos
 Besought, and many gifts to him right glorious behighted.
 Thereon refus'd he at the first himself to ward the mischief, 450
 Yet, after, in his proper arms he girt his friend Patroclus,
 And unto battle sent him forth and many folk behind him.
 Then they around the Skæan gates the livelong day did combat,
 And in the selfsame day would storm the city ; but Apollo,
 When valiant Menœtiades had many woes inflicted, 455
 Slew him amid the foremost ranks and glory gave to Hector.

Therefore before thy knees I come, if haply thou be willing
 To give my speedy-fated son a triple-crested helmet
 And buckler and resplendent greaves, with anklets duly fitted,
 And corslet; sith, the arms he had, his comrade dear hath lost them, 460
 A prize to Troy: so on the ground my child in anguish lieth."

To her the doubly-dextrous god, right famous, thus responded:
 "Cheer thee; nor let such things as these be burden on thy spirit.
 For, oh that I so easily, when deadly fate approach'd him,
 Avail'd, from dismal-wailing death to hide away thy offspring; 465
 As now shall beauteous arms to him be furnish'd, such as mortals
 Shall, one and all, count marvellous, whoever may behold them."

This said, he left her on the spot, and to the bellows hied him:
 Against the fire he pointed them, and bade them to be active.
 In twenty censers coals were laid, and twenty bellows blew them, 470
 Sending their sprightly blast abroad in every guise of puffing,
 One while assisting earnest work, another while more languid,
 As might to Vulcan pleasant be, and aid the work's fulfilment.
 Into the fire stiff brass and tin, and costly gold, and silver, 475
 He cast; but on the stithy next he plac'd a mighty anvil;
 In one hand grasp'd a hammer stout, a firetong in the other.

First did he take in hand to frame a vast and stubborn buckler,
 Of curious achievement: round he cast a rim resplendent,
 Three-plated, sparkling: from it hung a strap of twisted silver. 480
 The buckler's proper substance held five folds; but on the surface
 He fram'd with soul of artifice full many a fair resemblance.
 On it the Earth and on it Sea he plac'd, and on it Heaven,
 The Sun unweary, Moon at full; and on it all the marvels,
 The Pleiades, the Rainy stars, and glorious Orion, 485
 Wherewith the sky is crown'd; and Bear, which Wain is call'd by others;
 Which turneth alway on his field, and lurketh for Orion,
 And sole exemption hath aloft from bathings of the ocean.

On it did he two cities place of voice-dividing mortals, 490
 Splendid. In one of them were held weddings and festive banquets,
 And thro' the city brides were led, escorted from their chambers
 With flashing torches: loud arose redoubled hymenæal.
 Dancers were reeling: flutes and harps to them made tuneful concert,

And from the threshold every wife stept out to gaze and wonder. 495
 The people in the public square stood crowded: there a contest
 For forfeit on a homicide betwixt two men was risen.
 One vow'd, he had the whole discharg'd,—expounding to the people;
 The other stout denial made, —no gear had yet been paid him:
 So both an umpire from the folk would get, to end the quarrel. 501
 To each in turn acclaim was made, as each might find supporters,
 But heralds did the people check; and canny-hearted elders
 Were seated upon polish'd stones within a sacred circle,
 And in their hands the sceptres held of lofty-shouting heralds, 505
 Wherewith in turn each sallied forth, when he for judge was chosen.
 Full in the midst,—award of law,—were laid two golden talents,
 To yield to him, whose argument more rightful might be proven.
 Around the other city sat two hosts of foemen people,
 Flashing in armour. Diverse thoughts their counsel were dividing.
 The one would ravage and destroy, the other would distribute, 511
 The gear, whatever might be coop'd within that lovely fortress.
 The townsmen no surrender yet would make, but arm'd for ambush.
 Their helpless children, consorts dear, and men whom eld enfeebled, 515
 Should man the rampart for defence; themselves in arms would sally,
 By Ares and Athene led. Both these were gold, accoutred
 In golden raiment; fair and tall, as is for gods becoming,
 And mark'd asunder to the eye: the folk were small beside them.
 But when they at the place arriv'd, whereat it yielded ambush, 520
 Beside a river, where a ford gave watering for cattle,
 Near it began they low to crouch, in flashing brass accoutred.
 But for the townsmen, separate from these, two scouts were sitting,
 Watching to tell, if flocks be near, or crumple-horned oxen.
 Soon did the cattle forward come: with them two herdsmen follow'd,
 Sporting upon the rustic pipe, of hidden wile unthoughtful. 526
 The men in ambush notice gat, and sallied; quick thereafter
 From flocks of snowy-coated sheep and noble herds of cattle
 Did each his portion intercept, and eke the herdsmen slaughter'd.
 The foemen, at their parliaments still seated, heard the hubbub 530
 Around the cattle: instantly on sprightly-footed horses
 Upspringing, forth they hied in chase, and reach'd the ground of combat,

And forming on the river-banks, to standing fight betook them :
 So with long lances copper-tipt did each assail the other.
 Amid them Riot, mid them Strife, held bargain ; yea, amid them 535
 Dragg'd deadly Fate one man alive fresh-wounded, one unwounded ;
 Another dead man by the feet she tugg'd from out the turmoil,
 And on her shoulders wore a cloak with blood of heroes scarlet.
 Such was their dealing, such their war, they might be living mortals :
 And they on either side drew up the carcases of foemen. 540

On it he plac'd a soft new field, fat soil, thrice-plough'd and ample,
 Where many ploughmen teams did drive reversing, hither, thither.
 When to the limit of the field they reach'd, and turn'd the cattle,
 Then did a man, with cup in hand of luscious wine, advancing 545
 Give them to drink : those in the rows turn'd round to look, and hanker'd
 To reach the limit : black it was, albeit all was golden,
 And seem'd as newly plough'd : such work was verily a marvel.

On it he plac'd a cornfield deep, where hireling workmen labour'd
 Reaping, and wielded each in hand a newly-sharpen'd sickle. 551
 The bundles,—some, behind the row to earth did fall successive ;
 Others, the binders of the sheaves were knotting into trusses.
 Three were the binders of the sheaves, right urgent ; but behind them
 Children the bundles gathering and in their arms enclasping, 555
 With heart of effort, dealt supply : but, resting on his sceptre,
 The king in silence near the row stood forth, in soul delighted.
 Heralds, apart, beneath an oak a banquet were preparing,
 And o'er a mighty bull, new slain, were busied ; and women
 White flour in plenty o'er it shed, as dinner for the hirelings. 560

On it an orchard next he plac'd, all beautiful and golden,
 Laden with luscious crop of grapes : dark were the clusters on it.
 Across the vineyard every row was propt on poles of silver.
 On either side, a dark blue ditch ; around, a fence he carried
 Of tin : a single narrow path led thro' the field to reach it, 565
 By which the pickers came and went, when they would crop the vineyard.
 And tender maids, and striplings slim, with gentle heart of childhood,
 Did in well-woven baskets bear the fruit as honey pleasant.
 And in the midst of them a boy on shrilly lute was harping
 Delightsome, and with tiny voice replied in dainty ditty. 570
 The others to the tune beat time, and humm'd & skirl'd & bounded.

On it he further plac'd a herd of lofty-crested cattle.
 Of gold and tin the kine were made: beside a rippling river 574
 With loving came they from their yard, thro' waving reeds, to pasture.
 Four golden herdsmen with the kine were rang'd: dogs with them follow'd,
 Nine, spry of foot: but in the front two lions grim were mauling [them.
 A bull, that bellow'd loud, to whom the hounds and youths would speed
 The twain had rent the bull's vast side, gorging dark blood and entrails,
 And vainly came the swains in chase, the nimble dogs exhorting. 584
 These from the lions kept aloof, nor dar'd to bite; but round them
 Stood at safe distance, barking fierce, and slunk from their encounter.

The famous doubly-dextrous god next a great pasture fashion'd,
 In a fair copse, of snowy sheep, with pens and huts and stables.
 Next he achiev'd a reel complex, like that in ample Cnossus, 590
 Which Dædalus of yore compos'd for bright-hair'd Ariadne.
 Maidens, who dower earn of kine, and bachelours beside them,
 Therein were dancing, each the hand on wrist of other holding.
 The maidens gauzy muslin wore, the youths were clad in tunics 595
 Of tissue featly spun, with oil fresh glistening and glossy:
 Each maiden bare upon her head a fair leaf-shaking garland,
 Each youth a golden cutlass wore by silver strap suspended.
 And these with canny feet one while did scud in easy running,
 As when a potter tries his lathe, whether the wheel will circle: 600
 At other while they both in ranks, one by the other, coursed.
 And round that lovely company a troop of many people
 Stood gazing with delight: from them came forth a pair of tumblers,
 Who, leading off a melody, went whirling in the middle. 605

Last, in it, he the mighty strength of river Ocean fashion'd,
 Along the outmost-circling rim of the close-welded buckler.

When thus he had achiev'd to make the buckler vast and sturdy,
 The corslet after it he wrought, than blaze of fire more shining;
 And eke the solid weighty casque, unto the temples fitted, 610
 All radiant and full of art, with golden crest upon it;
 And greaves of flimsy-shining tin. Therewith his work was ended.

But when the glorious artizan had all the armour finish'd,
 Before Achilles' mother's feet he brought and laid his present.
 She from Olympus' snowy height came sousing as a falcon, 615
 Bearing from Vulcan to her son the sparkling arms she promis'd.

BOOK XIX.

JUST then the saffron-vested Dawn rose from the streams of Ocean,
 To carry unto mortals light and eke to gods immortal,
 When Thetis to the galleys came, bearing her heav'nly present,
 And found her own beloved son around Patroclus lying,
 Wailing aloud; and at his side a troop of gather'd comrades 5
 Were weeping. Then amidst them stood the goddess, pride of heaven;
 And closely did she press his hand, and spake, his name pronouncing:

“My child! *him* let us now endure, albeit keen our sorrow,
 So as he is, to lie; sith he by will of God is fallen.
 But thou, out of my hands receive these noble arms from Vulcan, 10
 Right beauteous: such never yet man on his shoulders carried.”

After such word, before her son the goddess laid the armour.
 Aloud the crafty fabric clang'd: the Myrmidons in terror
 Shrank from its dazzling radiance, nor dar'd to eye the goddess.
 But Achileus, the more he look'd, the more did rage possess him, 15
 And, neath his eyelids, direful shot, like flame, his glance of eyen:
 Yet joy'd he in his hands to hold the brilliant gifts of heaven.
 But when the wondrous handicraft his eyes with joy had sated,
 He to his mother instantly did winged accents utter: 20

“My mother! arms, the god hath sent, such as from work immortal
 Befitteth: vainly mortal man would vie in such achievement.
 Gird me for fight forthwith will I, in sooth: yet direly dread I,
 Lest flies, the meanwhile, entering the brass-imprinted gashes, 25
 Breed worms within my valiant friend, and do his corpse dishonour:
 (For all the life is gone from it:) so would his flesh be rotted.”

Then Thetis of the silver foot reciprocal address'd him:
 “My child! let not such things as this be burden on thy spirit.
 The flies, these savage tribes, that eat heroes in battle fallen, 30
 My care it be, aloof to keep. If, the full year, Patroclus
 Here lie, his flesh shall alway be still firm, or even better.
 But unto public mote do thou the Achaian heroes summon,

And there to Atreus' royal son renounce thy mood of anger: 35
Then instant for emprise of war accoutred, don thy valour."

Thus having spoken, thro' his frame she breath'd intrepid vigour;
Then to Patroclus, stooping low, distill'd she thro' the nostrils
Ambrosia and nectar red, to keep his flesh in firmness.

Meanwhile along the shingly strand divine Achilles hied him, 40
With shout of horrible upróar, and rous'd the Achaian heroes.
Yea, those who formerly would stay within the naval precinct,
Who pilots only were, and kept the rudders of the galleys,
Or held the public bread in store,—distributors and stewards;
Now even these to mote came forth, enhearten'd; sith Achilles, 45
Long absent from distressful fight, did now appear among them.

Amid the Achaians, limping came two ministers of Ares,
The war-abiding Tydeus' son and lofty-soul'd Ulysses,
Leaning upon the spear; for still the bitter wounds distress'd them:
These mid the foremost of the mote did hie, and soon were seated. 50
But Agamemnon, prince of men, was latest of arriving,
He too disabled by a wound; for in the hardy struggle
Koön, Antenor's son, his arm with brazen spear had pierced.
When therefore in full gathering the Achaians were assembled,
Thus did Achilles, fleet of foot, uprising, speak among them: 55

"Atrides! troth, for thee and me far earlier was better
This present work to do; when we, with grief of bosom pierced,
Did for a damsel's sake flame out in soul-devouring quarrel.
Would that the shaft of Artemis had slain her in the galleys,
Upon the selfsame day, when I Lyrnessus took and ravag'd. 60
Then of Achaians fewer far beneath the hands of foemen
Had strown the immeasurable field thro' my relentless anger.
To Hector and the Troians that was gainful; but the Achaians
Will long remembrance hold, I deem, of mine and thy contention.
But leave we these things,—past and gone,—albeit keen our sorrow, 65
And the fond fancies of the heart by stern constraint subdue we.
Here then an end I make of wrath: nor verily behov'd it
Me alway obstinate in heart to boil; but come! and quickly
Enhearten to emprise of war the streaming-hair'd Achaians;
So I, with Troians once again confronted, shall assure me, 70

Whether beside the ships to sleep delight them : but I reckon
 That of their army more than one his limbs will rest full gladly,
 If safely from our spear he scape in shock of foes' encounter."

So spake he, and with gladness fill'd the dappergreav'd Achaians,
 That mighty-hearted Peleus' son renounc'd his mood of anger. 75
 Then Agamemnon, prince of men, responsive to Achilles,
 Address'd them, seated as he was, not rising in the middle :

" Friends, heroes of the Danaï, and ministers of Ares,
 When any riseth for harangue, to him 'tis well to listen,
 Nor interrupt ;—which worrieth even a skilful speaker. 80
 For in the hurly of a crowd what ears avail for hearing ?
 What voice for speaking? fluent tongues and ready hearts are crippled.
 Now I to Peleus' son reply straight open : but the others,—
 Ye Argives! ponder well my word, and each of you discern it.
 Oft time the Achaians spake to me advice, and oft revil'd me, 85
 Who am not guilty. Jove, and Fate, and the dusk-roaming Fury,—
 'Tis these, who in assembly fir'd my breast with savage frenzy,
 Upon the selfsame day, when I Achilles' prize invaded.
 What else to do avail'd I? God doth thoroughly all accomplish. 90
 Jove's eldest child is Frenesy, who all men doth enfrenzy,
 Accurs'd. Tender are her feet, nor toucheth she the pavement,
 But trampeth heads of men, with bale ; and one or other tangleth.
 Yea, once she frenzied Jupiter, whom amid gods and mortals 95
 Chiefest they call ; yet him with guile Juno, a female, cheated ;
 What time Alcmena's hour was ripe in turret-fretted Thebe
 For birth of Héracles : then he before all heaven vaunted : 100
 ' Oh all ye gods and goddesses ! to my announcement hearken,
 That I the counsel may declare which in my bosom swayeth.
 A hero from my breed and blood outsprung,—him Eileithuia,
 Who painful travail softeneth, shall show to light of heaven
 This day, for lordship far and wide o'er all surrounding peoples.' 105
 Then guileful-heartedly to him spake venerable Juno :
 ' Thou wilt the liar play, nor crown thy saying with fulfilment.
 Or else,—come now, Olympian ! a hardy oath I tender.
 Swear thou, that *he* shall lordship hold o'er all surrounding peoples,
 Who, from thy breed and blood, this day shall drop of woman's travail.'

When thus she challeng'd, Jupiter her guilefulness discern'd not,
 But sware the dreadful oath : therefrom a mighty mischief reap'd he :
 But Juno, hasting on her path, Olympus' margin quitted
 And to Achaian Argos reach'd right quickly, where did habit 115
 The valiant wife of Sthenelus, son unto Joveborn Perseus,
 Who counted seven months (she knew) in hope of tender offspring.
 Her did the goddess forward bring, tho' in her months untoward,
 And stopt Alcmena's travailing, and held the Eileithuias.
 Then she, on errand self-despatch'd, Saturnius accosted : 120

'Sire of the shining thunderbolt! a word, O Jove! I bring thee.
 Now is a noble hero born, for lordship o'er the Argives,
 Eurystheus, child of Sthenelus, son unto Joveborn Perseus,
 Thy issue : not unfitly he will o'er the Argives lord it.'

So spake she; but his soul profound was smit with piercing anguish.
 Quick by her dainty-braided head on Frenesy he seized, 126
 And raging sware a hardy oath, that never to Olympus
 And starry heaven back should wend she, who doth all enfrenzy.

He, after such avowal stern, from starry heav'n toss'd her, 130
 Whirling her with his hand; and quick she reach'd the works of mortals.
 And her he alway curs'd, whene'er he saw his own dear offspring
 By contumely of toil distraught beneath Eurystheus' taskings.

Nor yet the more was *I*,—what time great motley-helmed Hector
 Dire ravage of the Argives made beside their outmost galleys,— 135
 Able from Frenesy to part, who once had wrought me mischief.
 But tho' enfrenzied I have been, and Jove my wits hath emptied,
 Again to win thee fain am I, and pay thee countless ransom.
 But up! for enterprize of war, and rouse the other peoples.
 And pledg'd I hold myself to pay, whate'er divine Ulysses 140
 Before thy presence yester-eve, as gifts from me, behighted.
 Or come! an so will please thee, stay, albeit press'd to battle;
 And hither shall forthwith my squires, out of my galley taking,
 Bring thee the gifts; so mayest thou *see* my heart-soothing presents."

But him Achilles, fleet of foot, reciprocal accosted : 145
 "O Agamemnon, prince of men, most glorious Atrides!
 The gifts (an so thou wilt,) to give, as seemly is,—or keep them,—

With *thee* it resteth. Instant now let battle-glee concern us,
 Nor toy, nor shuffle: still is left a mighty work to compass. 150
 As each may Peleus' son behold again among the foremost
 Wide wasting with the brazen spear the Troïan battalions,
 So eke let every man give heed to quit himself in combat."

Thereat responsive spake to him Ulysses much-devising:
 "Achilles! image of the gods! do not, howe'er intrepid, 155
 Hurry to drive on Ilium Achaia's children fasting,

For combat with the Troians; sith no short-enduring wary
 Shall greet us, when for bargain once the companies encounter
 Of armed heroes, both alive with heaven-breathed fierceness.
 But bid the Achaians food to taste, at the sharp-pointed galleys, 160
 Of pleasant bread and wine: for this to weary men is vigour.

For, man may nowise all the day until the shades of sunset
 From gifts of Ceres abstinent confront the work of Ares.
 For tho' his spirit eager be for enterprize of battle,
 Yet heaviness by stealth his limbs doth enter; thirst and hunger 165
 O'erhend him, and his knees beneath are palsied in his goings.

But whoso with the foe may fight, with wine and eating sated,
 Even the livelong day,—his soul is hearty in his bosom,
 Nor faint his limbs, ere every man retireth him from battle. 170

But come! disperse the people; bid, that they to dinner gird them;
 And Agamemnon, prince of men, shall bring his gifts before us:
 So with their eyes the Achaians all shall see, and thou be gladden'd.
 And let him swear the mighty oath, among the Argives rising, 175

That never did he touch her bed with tenderness and passion,
 As is the ordinance, O prince! to man and woman sacred:
 So be thy spirit satisfied and sooth'd within thy bosom!

Thereafter shall the prince of men within his tents delight thee
 By a rich banquet, leaving naught unfinish'd of thy honour. 180

Thou, son of Atreus! wilt also hereafter be more rightful
 In other men's esteem: for none can blame it, that a monarch,
 Who did in anger take the lead, again beseecheth friendship."

Him Agamemnon, prince of men, reciprocal accosted:
 "Son of Laërtes! much I joy to hear the word thou sayest; 185
 For duly hast thou every thing distinguish'd and recounted.

The oath thou namest, this I wish to swear by mighty power ;
 Nor shall I perjur'd be : my soul doth urge me : but Achilles
 Must here that little while await, albeit press'd to battle ;
 And stay, assembled, ye the rest, until the presents hither 190
 May from my tent arrive, and I by faithful oaths may bind me.
 But to thyself this deed in charge entrust I :—youths selecting,
 Chieftains of Panachaia, bear the gifts from out my galley,
 Whate'er we yester-eve behote ; and lead with them the women. 195
 And, for the Sun and Jove, amid Achaia's ample army,
 Talthybius a boar shall bring to consecrate our treaties."
 But him Achilles, fleet of foot, address'd in words responsive :
 " O Agamemnon, prince of men, most glorious Atrides !
 Rather at otherwhile on this be busy, if the battle 200
 Shall after flag, when in my breast the fire may burn less fiercely.
 But now our comrades prostrate lie and mangled, who were vanquish'd
 By Hector, son of Priamus, when Jove to glory rais'd him.
 But ye to feeding urge us. Troth ! all abstinent and fasting 205
 Achaia's children spur would I to war, and *then* with sunset
 To meet in solemn supper, *when* we had the outrage punish'd.
 But neither food nor drink to me may earlier be pleasant
 Adown my tender throat to pass, now as my friend is perish'd, 210
 Who prostrate lieth in my tent, by the sharp weapon mangled,
 Turn'd to the threshold. Round him weep my comrades. Hence I ponder
 Not food, but carnage now and gore and noisome groans of heroes."
 To him then spake reciprocal Ulysses much devising : 215
 " Mighty Achilles ! Peleus' son ! exalted of the Achaians !
 Thou with the spear (I wis) than me art better, not a little,
 And stronger ; yet in intellect might I in turn surpass thee
 By far ; sith I am elderborn, and wider is my knowledge.
 Therefore command thy heart to bear the pressure of my counsel. 220
 Satiety of battle-cry to mortals speedy cometh,
 Wherein the sickle reapeth crop too small, but straw in plenty,
 When Jove, high arbiter of war, the scale of prowess tilteth.
 But nowise may the Achaians mourn the dead man with their belly ; 225
 For, every day, successive fall too many. When may respite
 Of sorrow be ? Whoso is slain, him ever must we bury

Steeling our hearts, but weeping still; and whoso yet surviveth
 From hateful warfare, him the care of drink and food behoveth: 230
 So may we more incessant fight against the foeman alway,
 In brass unweariable clad. Let none among the peoples
 Stop, waiting fresh commandment; (thence would evil come;) while any
 Be at the Argive galleys left. But, sallying together 235
 Against the courser-taming Troians rouse we eager Ares."

So spake he, and beside him took the sons of famous Nestor,
 And Thoas and Meriones and Meges son of Phyleus,
 And Lycomedes, Creion's son, and lastly Melanippus; 240
 Who hied to speed them to the tent of royal Agamemnon.
 There, scarcely spoken was the word, and lo! the deed was ended.
 They from the tent the tripods brought,—the seven which he promis'd,—
 The coursers twelve for racing fam'd, and twenty shining cauldrons.
 Then women quickly led they forth, with blameless work acquainted, 245
 Seven; but after them the eighth, —the dainty-cheek'd Briseïs.
 Thereat Ulysses, weighing-out of gold ten perfect talents,
 Led forward: other youths behind in train the presents bearing
 In mid assembly ranged them: and up rose Agamemnon.
 Then by the people's shepherd stood Talthybius the herald,— 250
 Whose shout with shout of god might vie,—and brought the boar before
 But Atreus' son with ready hand his hunting-knife unfasten'd, [them.
 Which by his sword's great scabbard hung, companion never absent,—
 Clipt the first bristles of the boar,—his hands to Jove uplifted,
 And prayed. All the Argives sat in silence at their places, 255
 Duly to reverence compos'd, attentive to the monarch.
 So he invoking spake his pray'r, to vasty heaven looking:
 "Of this let Jove be witness first, of gods the Best and Highest,
 And Earth, and Sun, and Furies all, who in the world beneath us
 Do punish men deceas'd—whoe'er a perjurd oath has utter'd;— 260
 That never did I lay my hand upon the maid Briseïs,
 Neither with purpose of the couch, nor otherwise accosting,
 But in my tents she aye abode inviolate, unsullied.
 If aught hereof be falsely sworn, then may the gods bestray me 264
 With whatsoe'er of woe they send, when man in oath offendeth." [pon.

He spake, and thro' the victim's throat deep drave the heartless wea-

The corpse, as fodder to the fish, Talthybius flung whirling
 Into the vasty hoary sheet of ocean. But Achilles
 Uprising spake his word among the battle-loving Argives :
 "O Father Jove! great frenesies to men thou truly sendest. 270
 Never in sooth would Atreus' son so thoroughly have bestirred
 The spirit in my bosom, nor have ta'en away the damsel
 Despite my will, intractable; but Jupiter, methinketh,
 Was minded, bale and death to send to many of Achaia.
 But now to dinner hasten ye; so may we mingle battle." 275
 Such words he utter'd, and at once brake up the hasty meeting.
 Thereat asunder wended they, each to his proper galley;
 But the high-hearted Myrmidons were with the presents busied,
 And hied to set them on the ship of Achileus their leader :
 Meanwhile, some in the tents they plac'd, and seated there the women ;
 The racers, these his stately squires into the herd had driven. 281
 Thereat Briseïs, like in mien to golden Aphrodite,
 When she Patroclus' corpse beheld by the sharp weapon mangled,
 Pouring herself around him, wail'd right shrill, and rent with gashes
 Her bosom and her tender neck and eke her dainty visage. 285
 Then, brilliant as the goddesses, forth spake the woman wailing :
 "Alas, Patroclus, thou who wast to wretched me most pleasing !
 Thee verily alive I left, when from the tent they led me :
 But now, returning, here I find, O captain of the peoples !
 Thy corpse unburied. How doth aye woe after woe receive me! 290
 The man, into whose arms my sire and queenly mother gave me,
 Before our city him I saw by the sharp weapon mangled.
 And eke three warriours belov'd, own children of my mother,
 My tender kinsmen, all of them their deadly day encounter'd.
 And when swift Achileus had slain my husband, and had ravag'd 295
 The town of godlike Mynes, thou forbiddest me to sorrow,
 Trusting to make me wife of youth to Achileus, and bear me
 To Phthia, and with all the folk to celebrate my wedding.
 Then measureless thy death I wail, O thou who aye wast gentle!" 300
 So spake she weeping; after her with moans the women answer'd :
 Patroclus gave them but pretext to mourn their proper sorrows.
 But round Achilles gather'd now the councillors of Argos

Imploring, that he dinner taste; but he with moans refus'd them :
 " If any of my comrades dear will listen, I implore him,— 305
 With food and drinking bid me not my inner heart to surfeit :
 Grim sorrows pierce me : any gait I stay and dure till sunset."

When he refusal spake outright, the other kings departed ;
 But still the two Atridæ stay'd,— old charioteering Phœnix, 310
 And Nestor and Idomeneus and the divine Ulysses,
 Sagely beguiling him from grief. Yet nowise would his spirit
 Beguiled be, ere that he face the jaws of gory battle.
 But he incessant heav'd, and spake, in piteous remembrance : 314

" Dearest ill-fated friend! of old how quick and earnest wast thou
 A dainty dinner in my tent to range, whene'er the Achaïans
 Hurried to tearful war, against the courser-taming Troians !
 Now, thus thou liest mangled ; but, albeit here be plenty,
 In emptiness of thee, my heart from food and drink abstaineth. 320
 Naught can I suffer worse ; not if my father's death afflict me,
 Who, as I ween, in Phthia now a tender tear distilleth,
 Widow'd of such a son ; (who here for horror-striking Helen,
 Upon a soil of foreigners against the Troians warreth ;) 325
 Or, if I heard the death of *him*, my offspring, rear'd in Skyros,—
 If haply Neoptolemus the godlike yet be living.
 For formerly my heart this hope did cherish in my bosom,
 That only *I* should perish, far from courser-feeding Argos,
 Here on the spot, in Troy ; but thou shouldst to Phthia wend thee, 330
 That thou from Skyros mightest lead on the sharp dusky galley
 My child unto his father's home, and shouldst all things show him,
 My servants and my wide estate and lofty-roofed palace.
 For, as to Peleus, he, I bode, outright is either perish'd,
 Or, with a little life mayhap, by hateful Eld is worried, 335
 Aye waiting for my mournful tale, —the tiding of my slaughter."

Wailing he spake, and to his moans the councillors responded,
 Each one remembering all, that he in his own chambers quitted.
 But lofty-thron'd Saturnius with pity saw their weeping, 340
 And instantly with winged words address'd him to Athene :

" My child! but hast thou utterly thy bonny hero jilted ?
 No longer hath Achilles then a share within thy bosom ?

Lo! there he sitteth, fixt before his lofty crested galleys,
 Beweeping his companion dear. The others are departed 345
 For care of dinner: he alone is abstinent, untasting.
 But come! lest famine him distress, distil thou thro' his bosom
 The sweetness of ambrosia and drops of ruddy nectar."

He by such charge Athene spurr'd, herself already eager;
 Who plung'd in semblance of a bird, the lengthy-feather'd osprey, 350
 Shrill-screaming, down from upper sky, thro' heaven: but the Achaians
 Forthwith were arming in the host. The goddess to Achilles
 Dropt sweetness of ambrosia and nectar thro' his bosom,
 Lest-that unlovely famine loose the toughness of his sinews;
 Then she herself departing sought the tightly-built mansion 355
 Of her much-mighty sire: but they far from the ships were pouring.
 Thick as from Jupiter may fly the drops of sleety shower,
 Chill'd by the gust of Boreas, whom sky serene doth gender;
 So from the galleys thickly pour'd the helmets brightly joyous,
 With bossy bucklers, ashen spears, and stoutly-jointed corslets. 360
 The blaze to heaven reach'd; the earth by brazen flashes stricken
 Laugh'd all around, and underneath from feet of men was rising
 Dire rumble; and in midst of them divine Achilles arm'd him.
 His teeth did gnash; his eyen shone, as though with fiery sparkle: 365
 His heart in grief unbearable was clad; but he, enfrenzied
 Against the Troians, donn'd the gifts, which toilsome Vulcan fashion'd.
 First on his shins the dapper greaves, with silver anklets clever,
 He fasten'd; then, to guard his chest, enwrapt him in the corslet: 370
 About his shoulders next he slung the sword with silver studded,
 Brazen; but after it he took the buckler great and stubborn,
 From which a moony radiance shot forth to far beholders.
 As when to sailors out at sea a burning fire appeareth 375
 Flaring afar; and it aloft on solitary station
 Is kindled by the mountaineer; but them tornadoes carry
 Far from their friends, despite their will, over the fishful ocean:
 So, from Achilles' buckler, then, all gorgeous and artful,

356. *Much-mighty*. An Englishman expects Almighty; but Jupiter was not
 almighty in Homer's conception. 360. Compare 15, 530, on the corslet.

The flare to heaven shot : and he, his triplecrested helmet 380
 Upraising, plac'd upon his head its load. With starry splendour
 From the thick horsetail shone the casque ; for, hairs of gold around it
 Wav'd plenteous along the ridge by handicraft of Vulcan.
 Divine Achilles thereupon would prove him in the armour,
 Whether his glossy limbs had ease for movement sharp and nimble ;
 But it, as wings, did lift from earth the shepherd of the people. 386
 Then from the flutings in his tent his father's spear he plucked,
 Huge, weighty, sturdy ; which not one of all Achaian chieftains
 Beside might brandish : he alone, Achilles, knew to wield it :
 An ash of Pelion the shaft, which, from the mountain's summit,
 For his dear father Cheiron cut, to be the death of heroes. 391
 Around the steeds Automedon and Alkimus were busy :
 Already round their breasts was plac'd the harness ; then, the bridles
 Thro' their compliant jaws they pass'd, and strung the reins behind them
 Unto the well-glued chariot. Automedon, assuming 395
 The shining hand-adapted scourge, above the horses mounted,
 And, full accoutred, Achileus came leaping up behind him,
 All-radiant in panoply, like to the amber day-god.
 Terrific then he shouted loud to his own father's horses :

“ *Chesnut and Spotted*, noble pair ! far-famous brood of *Spry-foot* ! 400
 In other guise now ponder ye your charioteer to rescue
 Back to the troop of Danaï, when we have done with battle :
 Nor leave him dead upon the field, as late ye left Patroclus.”

But him the dapplefooted steed under the yoke accosted, 404
 And droop'd his auburn head aside straightway ; and thro' the yoke-strap
 His full mane falling by the yoke unto the ground was streaming :
 (Him Juno, whitearm'd goddess, now with voice of man endowed :)

“ Now and again we verily will save, and more than save thee,
 Dreadful Achilles ! yet on thee the deadly day o'erhangeth.
 Not ours the guilt ; but mighty God and stubborn Fate are guilty. 410
 Not by the slowness of our feet or dulness of our spirit
 The Troians did thy armour strip from shoulders of Patroclus ;
 But the exalted god, for whom bright-hair'd Latona travail'd,
 Slew him amid the foremost ranks, and glory gave to Hector.

Now we, in scudding, pace would keep even with breeze of Zephyr, 415
Which speediest they say to be : but for thyself 'tis fated
By hand of hero and of god in mighty strife to perish."

So much he said : thereon, his voice was by the Furies stopped.
To him Achilles fleet of foot, responded, sore disdainful :

" *Chesnut!* why bodest death to me? from thee this was not needed.
Myself right surely know alsó, that 'tis my doom to perish, 421
From mother and from father dear apart, in Troy ; but never
Pause will I make of war, until the Troïans be glutted."

He spake, and yelling, held afront the singlehoofed horses.



BOOK XX.

THUS at thy side, O Peleus' son, insatiate of battle !
The Achaians did accoutre them beside their crested galleys :
Along a swelling of the plain, on other side, the Troians.
But Jove commanded, from the head of many-dell'd Olympus,
That Themis should to council call the gods : then she, proceeding, 5
From all sides bade them in the halls of Jupiter to gather.
None of the Rivers absent were, except the stream of Ocean ;
None of the Nymphs, who make their haunts along the river-sources,
And in the pleasant mountain-glades, and in the grassy prairies.
But all, attentive to the word, assembled at the mansion 10
Of cloudcollecting Jupiter ; and sat in polish'd porches,
Which Vulcan's soul of artifice for father Jove constructed.
So in the courts of Jupiter they gather'd ; nor did Neptune
Disdain the goddess' word, but came from the deep brine to join them.
He in the middle took his seat, and ask'd what Jove was planning :

“Lord of the shining thunderbolt! and wherefore now to council 16
 The gods dost summon? doubttest aught of Troians and Achaïans?
 For in sore nearness now to them uproar and battle flameth.”

Him cloudcollecting Jupiter reciprocal accosted:

“Earthshaker! thou ere now hast learnt the counsel in my bosom,
 Wherefore I call you. Perishing, these mortals still concern me. 21
 Now in a dell myself will here withhold me, on Olympus,
 Forth gazing as may please my soul, apart; but ye, the others,
 Go ye, until ye reach the field mid Troians and Achaïans,
 And succour either side, howe’er the heart of any listeth. 25
 For if with none but human foes Achilles enter battle,
 No moment will the Troïans arrest his speedy onset.
 Alway, I trow, of former days they trembled to behold him;
 But now, when for his comrade’s loss his soul is grimly wrathful,
 I dread, lest, in despite of Fate, he storm and spoil the fortress.” 30

So spake Saturnius, and rous’d an unremitting battle;
 And into war forth went the gods, with bent of diverse purpose.
 Unto the galleys’ precinct hied Juno and maid Athene,—
 Earthgirding Neptune,—Hermeas, in crafty soul excelling, 35
 Gainful,—and with them Vulcan too, in grim delight of vigour,
 Lame tho’ he was; yet under him his slender shanks mov’d nimbly.
 But to the aid of Troïans went motley-helmed Ares,
 And the Bright prince of locks unshorn, and Artemis the archer,
 And Aphrodite, queen of smiles, and Xanthus and Latona. 40
 Now ere that with the troop of men the heav’nly gods were mingled,
 So long the Achaïans vaunted high in glory, that Achilles,
 Long absent from distressful fight, did now appear among them;
 But over every Troian limb crept grimly-boding terror,
 Smitten with trembling, when they saw the mighty son of Peleus 45
 All-radiant in arms, a match to Ares pest of mortals.
 But when amid the crowd of men the Olympians were enter’d,
 Then people-stirring hardy Strife uprose: Athene shouted,
 Standing beside the delved moat one while, without the rampart;
 Elsewhile along the sounding shores her cry of battle echoed: 50
 But Ares on the other side, like to a gloomy tempest,
 Urging the Troians, fiercely yell’d from down the city’s summit,

Elsewhile on banks of Simois by Fair Colone scudding.

Thus blessed gods, on either side the combatants exhorting, 54
Mingled the fight, and caus'd the burst of grievous strife betwixt them.

Aloft, the Sire of men and gods scar'd Heaven with his thunder;
Neptune beneath shook boundless Earth and the steep heads of mountains.

Then all a-quaking were the feet of rill-bestreamed Ida,
And the hill-tops, and Priam's walls, and galleys of Achaia. 60

Yea, in his underworld-recess lord Aïdes was frighten'd,
And leapt in terror from his throne, and shriek'd aloud, lest haply

Neptune land-shaking burst for him the upper earth asunder,
And to the eyes of gods and men lay open all his mansions

Horrific, pestilent; at which even the blessed shudder: 65
So dire the hurly of the shock, when gods were match'd in quarrel.

They fronted one to one; against lord Neptune bright Apollo,
With winged arrows; Ares met Athene grey-ey'd goddess;

Juno was match'd by Artemis, of Hecatus the sister, 70
The whooping arrow-pouring queen, the golden-shafted huntress:

Staunch lucre-giving Hermeas against Latona fronted:
But, Vulcan to resist, stood forth the great deepwhirling river,

Whom Xanthus the immortals call, but men Scamander name him.

Thus, for the battle, god to god came adverse: but Achilles 75
In throng of heroes chiefly long'd with Hector, son of Priam,

To close in combat: *his* the life, wherefrom his spirit hanker'd
To glut with gore the warriour unweariable Ares.

But upon Peleus' son forthwith Apollo people-stirrer
Arous'd Æneias, limbs and heart with noble vigour filling; 80

But by his voice he seem'd to be Lycaon, son of Priam.
Apollo, son of Jove, I say, in such disguise address'd him:

"High Councillor of Troïans, Æneias! whither vanish
The threats, which o'er the winecup oft to Trojan kings thou spakest,
Against Achilles, Peleus' son, the shock of war to venture?" 85

Then him Æneias answering reciprocal accosted:

"O son of Priam, wherefore thus, despite my heart, exhortest
In adverse struggle *me* to clash with lofty-soul'd Pelides?

Afront Achilles fleet of foot not now for erst I find me:

For, coming on our kine of yore, he frayed me from Ida 90
 With the same spear, which Pegasus then ravag'd, and Lyrnessus.
 But Jove for rescue granted me swift knees and nimble vigour;
 Else on that day I verily had fallen by Achilles
 And by Athene; who in front held forth a light before him, 95
 Bidding with brazen spear to slay the Leleges and Troians.
 Wherefore no mortal man, I trow, may fight against Achilles;
 For alway at his side some god doth stand, who wardeth evil.
 Yea, and without the god his dart straight flieth, nor desisteth,
 Ere through the skin of man it pass: but if the god would yield us 100
 Fair play of single-handed war,— not easily, I reckon,
 Me would he conquer *then*; not if all-brass to be he vaunteth."

To him the prince, the son of Jove, Apollo thus responded:
 "Come, hero! eke do thou then pray to gods of birth eternal.
 Ay! for in truth to *thee*, they say, Jove's daughter Aphrodite 105
 Gave birth: Achilles, tho' divine, of parentage is worsen.
This mother is from Jupiter, *that* from the aged sea-god.
 But right against this hero bear the sturdy brass, nor wholly
 From manly battle turned be by gramsome words and curses."

Thus saying, vigour great he breath'd into the people's shepherd, 110
 Who thro' the foremost ranks advanc'd, arm'd with the flashing metal.
 Nor was Anchises' son unseen by Juno white-arm'd goddess,
 When he amid the troop of men mov'd on to meet Pelides:
 Then she together call'd the gods, and spake a word before them:

"You twain in chief concerned are, O Neptune and Athene, 115
 To ponder in your bosom, how may these affairs be ended.
 Onward Æneas lo! is gone, arm'd with the flashing metal,
 To meet Pelides: for, behind, Apollo bright doth urge him.
 On us it resteth, either back this god to turn from combat,
 Or by Achilles stand ourselves, nor let him fail in spirit, 120
 But mighty prowess grant to him: to teach him that the noblest
 Among the immortals foster him, and empty are the others,
 Who heretofore for Troians repel the feudful battle.
 Down from Olympus, to partake this combat, hither come we, 125
 Lest that this day Achilles aught among the Troians suffer:
 But he in after day, I wis, shall suffer *that*, whatever

Upon his thread of birth the Fate span, when his mother bare him.
 But if Achilles shall not hear from voice divine our purpose,
 Then, when some god in ranks of war with adverse force may front him,
 Terror will strike him : terrible are gods in sight and presence." 131
 To her thereon reciprocal spake the land-shaker Neptune :
 "Juno ! let not thy anger stray too far : nor is it needful.
 For me ; troth, never could I wish in soul-devouring quarrel
 To mingle us the other gods ; sith greatly are we stronger. 135
 But from the path departing now here sit we for observance,
 On lofty station, separate, and men shall care for battle.
 And if the combat be begun by Ares or Apollo,
 Or should they hold Achilles back, or scare him from the struggle,
 Quarrel and wary thereupon will instantly be raised 140
 Even by us : but they, I ween, with quick-decided contest
 Will to Olympus hie them back, and join the gods' assembly,
 Unto our higher mightiness constrain'd submission yielding."
 So spake the Purple-hair'd, and straight unto the rampart led them
 Of godlike Héracles,—a mound high-heaped, which the Troians 145
 And maid Athene rais'd for him, to give the hero shelter,
 When the sea-monster from the shore unto the plain would chase him.
 Thereon did Neptune sit him down and other gods immortal,
 And cloud impenetrable wrapt as garment on their shoulders ; 150
 Others on other side across, on brow of Fair Colone,
 Sat around *thee*, bright Eïan ! and Ares city-rieving.
 Thus sat they plotting both apart, but both commencement dreaded
 Of anxious war ; tho' Jupiter, sitting aloft, did urge it. 155
 Meanwhile, the brazen-gleaming plain was fill'd with men and horses,
 And by the general rush of feet the earth beneath was jarred.
 But in the midst two champions in front of both the armies,
 Chieftains of prowess eminent, met eager for the combat,
 Æneas, Aphrodite's child and Achileus the godlike. 160
 With weighty helmet nodding, mov'd Æneas,—on his bosom
 Held the fierce buckler, and with threats his brazen weapon brandish'd.
 Thereat Pelides opposite rose, as a baleful lion,
 Whom all the country long to slay and gather force against him. 165
 He first despiseth them ; but when from callant keen in battle

Some dart may pierce him, then his heart against his bosom swelleth,
 Valiant; then gathers he his limbs, and yawneth; foam doth trickle
 Over his tusks; with mighty tail on either side he lasheth 170
 His flank and buttock, spurring on his proper self to battle:
 With grey eye glaring on his mark he springeth, bearing slaughter
 Unto some man, unless himself before the troop be slaughter'd.
 So was Achilles urged on by haughty mind and spirit
 Forthwith the battle to confront of mighty-soul'd Æneas. 175
 When they to shorter distance came, advancing each on other,
 Then foot-reliant Achileus did first accost his foeman:
 "Æneas! why, so far in front advancing from thy people,
 Standest? art eager me to meet in shock of battle; hoping,
 By Priam's favour, lord to be o'er courser-taming Troians? 180
 Yet, if thou strip me, not therefore will Priam pay thee honour;
 For he hath sons, and sound of mind is he, not airy-witted.
 Shall then the Troians in sooth apportion thee a portion,
 Select for thy enrichment, fair with orchards and with tillage, 185
 An if thou slay me? That emprise is hard, I deem, to compass.
 Already heretofore, I wis, my javelin hath fray'd thee.
 Or haply dost forget the day, when down the fells of Ida
 Thee, left alone amid the kine, I chas'd in headlong courses?
 Nor didst thou look behind in flight, but gladly in Lyrnessus 190
 Diddest thy knees repose: but I, by aid of Jove the Father
 And of Athene, turn'd on it my city-rieving onset.
 Thence led I many a dame away, reft of her day of freedom,
 Spoil of my spear; but thee did Jove and other gods deliver.
 But not again, I reckon, they, as in thy mind thou castest, 195
 Will save thee. I my counsel give,—within the crowd of fighters
 To hide thee in retreat, (and not stand forward to confront me,)
 Before thou some disaster meet. —Too late the fool is prudent."

To him in words responsive spake Æneas, Trojan leader:
 "Pelides! hope not by thy talk as silly child to fright me. 200
 Banter is easy to myself, as eke are fierce reproaches.

203. To omit 203—255 would be an improvement to modern taste: yet
 Homer wanted to introduce the pedigree of Æneas, which excuses 203—245.
 The last passage, 246—255, seems to have no excuse.

To each the other's breed is known, to each the other's father,
 Hearing the tales of old renown, which sing of mortal heroes :
 But, face to face, nor thou nor I have seen the other's parents. 205
 Thou, as the rumour telleth, art offspring of spotless Peleus,
 And a seanymp thy mother was, —the dainty-braided Thetis.
 I likewise from a noble sire the mighty-soul'd Anchises
 Vaunt to be sprung: my mother is the heav'nly Aphrodite.
 Of these shall one or other weep this day a pleasant offspring 210
 By Ares torn away; for not, I deem, by silly talking
 Shall we this controversy part and so return from combat.
 But if it please thee this to learn, then straightway will I tell thee
 Our higher parentage; the which is known to many mortals.
 First, cloud-collecting Jupiter had Dardanus for offspring, 215
 Who o'er Dardania built:—not yet upon the plain was founded
 Our sacred fortress Ilium for voice-dividing mortals,
 But still along the slopes they dwelt of rill-bestreamed Ida.
 King Erichthonius in turn to Dardanus was offspring,
 And he of mortals richest was: of whom three thousand coursers
 Were pastur'd on a marsh, all mares, in tender foals exulting. 221
 Eke Boreas, who saw them graze, enamour'd of their beauty,
 Became a purple-maned steed: thereby twelve foals they bare him.
 This progeny, when bound it would o'er Earth's lifegiving bosom, 226
 Scudded across the stalks of corn at top, and did not break them:
 Over the sea's broad-swelling backs when it in turn would gallop,
 It scudded in the hoary brine along the breakers' summit.
 But Erichthonius begat Tros, ruler of the Troians. 230
 Also from Tros begotten were three bretheren unblemish'd,
 Ilus and eke Assaracus and godlike Ganymedes,
 Fairest of mortals: him the gods on score of beauty crowned,
 To bear the cup for Jupiter and dwell among immortals. 235
 Ilus in turn Laomedon begat,—a spotless offspring;
 Laomedon, he father was to Priam and Tithonus
 And Hiketaon, branch of Ares, Clytius and Lampus.
 Also Assaracus had son Capys, Anchises' father:
 I from Anchises offspring am, from Priam godlike Hector. 240
 Such is the parentage, and such the blood in which I glory.

But human valour Jupiter	now raiseth, now abateth,	
As listeth him; for he mid all	is mightiest of power.	
But come, no longer let us stand	such argument to reckon,	
Prating like childish simpletons	in midst of foeman's struggle.	245
Both may, to surfeit, jibes retort:	no hundred-benched galley	
Would hold the cargo: pliable	and rich the tongue of mortals,	
Which hither thither dealeth out	rife crops of tales and stories.	
Words, as it list thee, utter thou;	like repartee shall greet thee.	250
But wherefore should we twain with strife and wrangling, one at other,		
Like women, bargain? who, enrag'd with soul-devouring quarrel,		
Full in the street advancing, rail	with true and false reproaches	
Redoubled mutual: and wrath	both this and that suggesteth.	255
But not by railing mayest thou	turn off my eager valour,	
Ere that, confronting thee, I try	hard brass: but come, and quickly	
Each shall with pointed weapon taste the prowess of the other."		

Thus speaking, in the mighty shield his weighty spear he planted,
 Terrific, and around its point the buckler hoarsely bellow'd. 260
 Pelides, he with brawny arm in terror held the buckler
 Far from his body; deeming sure that mighty-soul'd Æneas
 Would hurtle thro' its folds with ease the spear with lengthy shadow;
 Oh simpleton! who ponder'd not within his heart and bosom,
 That hard it is for mortal men by dint of will to vanquish 265
 Gods' workmanship all-glorious, which yieldeth not to effort.
 So neither then the weighty spear of skilful-soul'd Æneas
 Might pierce the buckler; for, the gold, gift of the god, repell'd it.
 Yet thro' two brazen outer plates it pass'd: three still resisted: 270
 For in the central plate of gold was stay'd the ashen weapon,
 And yet two plates of tin remain'd, by Vulcan forg'd behind it.
 Next then Achilles forward threw the spear with lengthy shadow,
 And struck upon Æneas' shield, which equal was on all sides, 274
 Into the outmost rim, whereon the brass was hammer'd thinnest,
 And thinnest lay the hide of ox: there, thro' the folds careering,
 Pierced the ash of Pelion, with clank and crash of leather.
 Æneas crouch'd, and far from him in terror held the buckler.
 Over his back the spear to earth sped eager, and asunder 280
 Divided that man-hiding orb: but he, so near to danger,

Shudder'd, and o'er his eyen swam thick cloudiness of horror.
 But Peleus' son his sharp sword drew, and eager leapt upon him
 With terror-striking yell. Meanwhile Æneas seiz'd and brandish'd 285
 A rock, a vast creation, which not two men might carry,
 (Men such as now are seen,) but he alone with ease did swing it.
 Then had Æneas with the stone struck his onrushing foeman
 On helmet or on buckler, which would deadly bale have warded,
 And with the sword in closing fight Pelides quick had slain him : 290
 But that the shaker of the Earth, Neptune, did keenly watch them,
 And instant to the immortal gods address'd a word of warning :
 " Ye Spirits ! verily I grieve for mighty-soul'd Æneas,
 Who soon by Peleus' son subdued would seek the house of Pluto,
 Deluded by the empty words of Hecatus Apollo, 295
 Silly : for nowise will the god from deadly mischief shield him.
 But wherefore should a guiltless man endure disastrous noyance,
 Vainly, for woes of other men, tho' to the gods, who habit
 The vasty heaven, always he doth gifts delightful offer ?
 But come ye ! from the approaching death let *us* the hero rescue. 300
 For eke will Saturn's child be wroth hereafter, if Achilles
 Slay him : for heav'nly Destiny escape for him decreeth,
 Lest that the breed of Dardanus be lost, and branchless perish ;—
 Of Dardanus, whom Jupiter lov'd most of all the children,
 Who of his body gotten were, and born of mortal mothers : 305
 But Saturn's child hath long ago the line of Priam hated.
 Therefore Æneas' self shall hold the lordship of the Troians,
 And children's children after him in later age begotten."
 To him with word reciprocal spake large-eyed queenly Juno :
 " Landshaking god ! do thou thyself within thy bosom ponder, 310
 Whether thou wilt Æneas save, or leave him to be vanquish'd,
 Noble and pious tho' he be, by Peleus' son Achilles.
 But unto all the immortal gods, myself, and maid Athene,—
 We twain,—in many oaths have sworn, that never from the Troians 315
 Will we the evil day avert ; not when all Troy shall smoulder
 In wasting flames, which (soon or late) Achaia's sons shall kindle."
 But when landshaking Neptune heard such answer from the goddess,
 He sped to hie him thro' the fight and thro' the mell of weapons,

And came, where with Æneias stood right-glorious Achilles. 320
 Over the eyes of Peleus' son a sudden mist he poured,
 And pluck'd the brazen-headed ash from great Æneias' buckler;
 So to Achilles back again before his feet he cast it,
 And rais'd Æneias from the earth, and far behind convey'd him. 325
 Then many ranks of men and steeds, Æneias, high uplifted
 By heav'nly power, overleapt, and reach'd the outmost margin
 Of war much-sallying; whereat for battle the Cauçônes
 Were arming them: then to his side came tower-shaking Neptune,
 Who with admonitory word did winged accents utter: 331
 "What god, Æneias! biddeth thee infatuate to combat
 Against the overmatching force of haughty-soul'd Pelides?
 Who both is mightier than thee, and dearer to the immortals.
 But alway henceforth draw thee back, if haply thou confront him, 335
 Lest to the house of Aïdes, despite of Fate, he send thee.
 But when by death and destiny shall Achileus be hended,
 Thenceforward with a cheery heart fight thou among the foremost,
 Nor ever dread to be a spoil to other of Achaiians."

He spake, and left him on the spot, sith he had all expounded, 340
 And quickly from Achilles' eyes dispers'd the mist unearthly.
 He saw; and sore indignant spake to his own haughty spirit:
 "Ye Spirits! now these eyen see in truth a mighty marvel.
 Here lieth on the ground my spear, nor do I find the foeman, 345
 At whom I hurl'd it, hankering to rieve his tender spirit.
 Then verily Æneias was dear to the gods immortal,
 I wis: albeit I esteem'd his prayers vain and fruitless.
 Away with him. Never again will he to try my prowess
 Have courage; who hath even now from death escaped gladly. 350
 But come, and let me stir to fight the Danaï warloving,
 And of the other Troïans seek some one to confront me."

He spake, and leapt among the ranks, the men exhorting singly:
 "No longer now from Troïans stand aloof, divine Achaiians!
 But come, let man with man confront, and eager be for battle. 355
 For me, whate'er my bravery, the task is overmatching,
 To deal with such a troop of men and meet their force collected.
 Not Ares, tho' a deathless god, would dare, nor yet Athene,

To bandy hardiment, and face such open jaws of battle.
 But whatsoever I, by hands and feet and strength, may compass,
 No want of enterprize, I say, shall stay me, e'en a moment: 361
 Nay, but across their rank will I go throughly; nor, I reckon,
 Will any Trojan joyful be, who near my spear may venture."

So spake he urging them: meanwhile, brave Hector to the Troians
 With loud upbraiment call'd, and vow'd himself to meet Achilles: 365

"High-hearted Troians? tremble not to hear the son of Peleus.
 I too in battle of the tongue would fight against immortals;
 But, with the spear, that harder were; for greatly are they stronger.
 Not all his sayings Achileus shall carry to fulfilment:
 If one he complish, yet will he halfway lop off another. 370
 And tho' to fire his hands be like, I will this man encounter;
 Tho' unto fire his hands were like, his heart to glowing iron."

So spake he urging them, and they their adverse spears uplifted,
 And closely mingled their array, and rais'd the shout together.
 Then bright Apollo standing near address'd a word to Hector: 375

"Hector! no longer forward stand, alone Achilles fronting,
 But mix'd in tumult of the war and in the crowd await him,
 Lest with the sword or flying dart he reach thee in encounter."

So spake he: Hector then again the crowd of fighters enter'd,
 In tremor, when the heav'nly voice he heard, his pride restraining. 380
 But mid the Troians Achileus, ensheath'd in valour, bounded
 With horror-striking yell: and first Iphition he hended,
 Otrynteus' noble-hearted son, leader of many peoples;
 Whom to his city-rieving sire a Naïd nymph presented
 Amidst of Hyda's foodful loam, beneath the snowy Tmolus. 385
 Him, as he eager onward rush'd, the spear of great Achilles
 Struck, full in middle of the head; which straight was cleft asunder.
 So with a crash he dropt. Thereat divine Achilles vaunted:

"Son of Otrynteus, marvellous among the ranks of heroes!
 Here dying, here thou long shalt lie: yet upon lake Gygæa 390
 Haddest thou life's beginning; where thy sire's domain is counted
 Near upon Hyllus' fishful stream, and near to whirling Hermus."

So spake the victor: but the slain in darkness clos'd his eyes.
 His corpse, the Achaian horses tare amid the foremost struggle

With wheels o'erpassing: after him, brave champion of battle, 395
 Antenor's son, Demoleon, met Achileus; who smote him
 With spear upon the temple, thro' the brazen-plated helmet.
 Nor might the helmet's brass resist the ashen weight; but thro' it
 Mid bone and brain the weapon splash'd, and quell'd his eager hurry.
 Then in the back, Hippodamas, who from the car dismounted 401
 And sped in front of him to flee, with the same spear was wounded.
 He gasp'd and bellow'd, as the bull, by callants dragg'd, doth bellow
 Around the lord of Helicon; wherein great Neptune joyeth: 405
 So him, as there he bellowed, his haughty soul abandon'd.

Then went Achilles with the spear to close with Polydorus,
 The godlike son of Priam: him his sire forbade to combat,
 For-that in tale of years he was of all his sons the youngest, 409
 And dearest to the father was, and none could match his fleetness.
 Then in his folly, to display how swift his feet could bear him,
 He thro' the foremost rag'd, until his tender life was forfeit.
 Him with the dart divine Achilles footreliant wounded
 Full in the back, as past he rush'd; just in the girdle's centre,
 Where golden buckles join'd, and where the corslet met it double. 415
 Unto the other side the point came thro', beside the navel:
 So, groaning, on his knees he dropt; a murky cloud around him
 Gather'd: and bent aside in death, his hand his bowels grappled.

But Hector, when he thus espied his brother Polydorus
 Clutching his bowels in his hand, and on the earth cast sideways, 420
 Thick mist around his eyes was shed, nor did his heart allow him
 Longer aloof to stay; but he came fronting to Achilles,
 Like to a flame; and brandish'd fierce his weapon: but Achilles
 Saw him, and instant sprang on high, and spake a word of vaunting:
 "Behold the man at hand, who most my heart hath deeply printed,
 Who slew my dearly-valued friend: but now, I ween, no longer 426
 Will each from other skulk away along the battle's causeys."

He spake; then this with scowling glance to godlike Hector added:
 "Come nearer; so thou earlier destruction's goal shalt compass."

But, naught dismay'd, to him replied Hector the motley-helmed: 430
 "Pelides! hope not by thy talk as silly child to fright me.

405. It is agreed that "the lord of Helicon" means Neptune.

Banter is easy to myself, as eke are fierce reproaches.
 I know, that doughty is thy force, and that my own is weaker ;
 But in the lap of destiny, I trow, our lot abideth, 435
 Whether, tho' weaker far than thee, I yet may haply slay thee,
 Casting my dart ; for, heretofore, some men have found it pointed."

He spake, and poising, forward threw the spear ; but it Athene,
 Blowing with gentle breath, turn'd off from Achileus the famous,
 And back before the feet again of godlike Hector cast it. 440
 But Achileus, with frenzied zeal to slay his foeman, sallied
 With horror-striking yell : in vain : for, him did prince Apollo
 Rescue, as gods do, easily, and wrapt in mist abundant.
 Thrice rush'd Achilles with thespear, thrice wounded empty darkness ;
 But when the fourth time on he sped, like to a mighty Spirit, 446
 In vain,—he then with menace dire did winged accents utter :

"Hound! thou again hast death escap'd: yet verily the mischief
 Came near to thee: but now anew hath bright Apollo sav'd thee ; 450
 To whom, I ween, in din of darts adventuring, thou prayest.
 But when, next time, on thee I light, I soothly will despatch thee,
 If eke to me among the gods is found some able backer.
 But now on others, whomsoe'er I hend, shall be my onset."

Thus speaking, with the dart he pierc'd the midmost neck of Dryops,
 Who fell before him: him he left, and next assail'd Demuchus, 456
 Philetor's tall and comely son. His knee the spear had crippled ;
 The mighty sword then smote him down, and reft away his spirit.
 Next from their chariot to earth he struck two sons of Bias, 460
 Laogonus and Dardanus, with javelin and swordcut.
 Then Tros, Alastor's son, came up, and clasp'd his knees imploring,
 If, pitying their equal youth, he might alive release him : 465
 O simpleton! who knew not this, that nothing *him* could soften.
 For troth! no tender-hearted man, nor sweet of temper was he ;
 But fierce and earnest. While with hand the suppliant would soothe him
 Touching his knees, he plung'd the sword and stabb'd him in the liver.
 Forth gush'd the liver: dusky blood thick following behind it 470
 His lap with dire pollution fill'd: so darkness veil'd his eyesn,
 As fail'd the living force. But next, thro' Mulius the victor
 Pierced from ear to ear: then he Agenor's son Echéclus

Smote on the head with hilted sword, and warm'd with blood the weapon :
 There crimson Death his eyen press'd and Destiny resistless. 476
 Next, where the elbow-sinews meet, Deucalion he wounded,
 Piercing the tender wrist : but he stood firm before him, crippled, 480
 And viewing death in front ; until Achilles' sword descending
 Lopt off the head and cast afar the helmet : but the marrow
 Shot from the spine on high : so hé lay on the ground extended.
 Then after Peireus' spotless son Pelides hied to speed him,—
 Rhigmus, who came from loamy Thrace. The dart his navel pierced, 485
 And dash'd him from the chariot. His charioteer-attendant,
 Areithoüs, the horses wheel'd ; but the same spear subdued him,
 Fix'd in his back : thereat the steeds were in their harness tangled.

As in a parched mountain-glen the fire's unearthly splendour 490
 Rageth aloft and spreadeth wide, and the thick forest kindleth,
 When huffling wind the flames doth roll and whisk their wreaths on all
 So with the spear on every side, like to a mighty Spirit, [sides :
 He rag'd in merciless pursuit ; and dark earth reek'd with carnage.
 As when one yokes broad-fronted steers to trample the white barley 495
 On a hard floor, the lowing brutes quick with their feet do crush it ;
 So with great-hearted Achileus the single-hoofed horses
 Trampled on shields and carcases. Beneath the car the axle,
 And the broad rims orbicular, with gore of men were pelted, 500
 Splash'd from the tires and horses' hoofs : but he, for glory eager,
 Scour'd ; and his hands intractable with carnage were polluted.

BOOK XXI.

BUT when unto the ford they reach'd of the fairstreaming river,
 Xanthus much-eddying, to whom immortal Jove was father,
 Then werethe Troians split in twain: and some toward the city
 Fled in disorder, scatter'd o'er the plain, whereat the Achaians
 Were on the yester scar'd to flight, when gallant Hector raged : 5
 And in their faces Juno pour'd thick mist, to stay their hurry.
 Others the silver-eddying, deepflowing river thwarted.
 Then in, with mighty dash, they plung'd; & the dread streams resounded;
 The banks beside it echoed high; and they, with countless hurly, 10
 Hither and thither swam about, borne by the whirling water.
 As when, the force of flame to shun, the locusts, high in heaven
 Flitting, toward a river speed, if fire unwearied blazeth
 Uprisen suddenly; and they, fall frighted on the water :
 So then, beneath Achilles' force, with mingled men and horses 15
 The noisy stream deep-eddying of Xanthus was confounded.
 The Joveborn hero then his spear beside the bank abandon'd,
 On tamarisks supported : he, like to a mighty Spirit,
 Leapt in, with sword alone in hand, and dire achievement plotted,
 Slashing them right and left : but they, struck by the sword, responded 20
 With groan distressful : all around, with blood the stream was redden'd.
 As other fishes flee away before some grampus-dolphin,
 And round a harbour's mooring-ground fill all the snug recesses,
 In terror; for he verily, whome'er he catcheth, eateth :
 So on the dreadful river's flood beneath the banks o'erhanging 25
 The Troians shelter'd them. But he, when weariness of carnage
 Seiz'd him, from out the river pick'd twelve living sons of Troians,
 A forfeit for Patroclus dead unto Patroclus' father.
 These from the water led he forth, aghast and panic-stricken 29
 Like fawns, and with the wellcut thongs, which they themselves did carry
 Upon their twisted vests,—with these he bound their hands behind them
 And bade his comrades them conduct unto the hollow galleys.

Then to the river back he sped, in frantic rage of slaughter.

And there did he Lycaon meet, son of Dardanid Priam,
From out the river fleeing ; whom once from his father's orchard 35
Himself by nightly ambuscade had captur'd sore unwilling :
Who from a figtree wild would hew with the sharp axe new branches
For chariot-rim ; but on him came a mischief all-unlooked-for,
Divine Achilles ; who thereon at wellbuilt Lemnos sold him 40
Carried on shipboard ; but the son of Jason made the purchase.

Thence by a vast redemption-price Eëtion of Imbros,
A stranger, ransom'd him, and sent unto divine Arisba ;
Whence he by stealthy journeys came and reach'd his father's mansion.
There for eleven days alone he with his proper kinsmen 45
Rejoic'd, from Lemnos safe return'd ; but on the twelfth did Fortune
Cast him within Achilles' reach again ; who now was destin'd
To send him on unwilling feet dark Aïdes to visit.

Nor helm nor buckler guarded him : he on the ground had cast them, 50
As eke his spear : for-that the toil to struggle from the river
Distress'd him, and his knees subdued. Thereat divine Achilles
Saw him, and sore indignant spake to his own haughty spirit :

“Ye Spirits! now these eyes see in truth a mighty marvel.
The mighty-hearted Troïans, methinketh, whom I slaughter'd, 55
Will surely rise again to life from under murky darkness
As this man now return'd I see, his cruel day escaping,
Whom I at heav'nly Lemnos sold ; nor that which many holdeth
Unwilling, him avail'd to keep,— the breadth of hoary ocean.
Come! of our spear then shall he taste the point : whereby my bosom 60
May learn, if back he still will come even from thence ; or whether
Lifegiving Earth, who holdeth fast the stalwart, safe shall keep him.”

So, as he waited, boil'd his heart ; but nearer drew Lycaon,
Aghast, and shuddering to meet black fate and sad destruction. 65
So when divine Achilles rais'd the lengthy spear to pierce him,
He stoop'd and eager ran beneath, and clasp'd his knees imploring.
Over his back the spear was fix'd, athirst for glut of carnage. 70
Then he with one hand caught the spear, and held it ; with the other
Touching his knees as suppliant, did winged accents utter :

41. Son of Jason : see 7, 468 : also 23, 741—7.

"Achilles! lo! thy knees I touch: show reverence and pity:
 In rank of sacred suppliant * am I with thee, Jove-nurtur'd! 75
 For I beside thee, days ago, the flour of Ceres tasted,
 When, in the wellwall'd orchard caught, apart from friends and father,
 And unto heav'nly Lemnos sent,— a hundred beeves I fetch'd thee.
 Three times as much my ransom cost; and now twelve times the morning
 Hath dawn'd, sithence to Ilium I came, from much disaster. 81
 But to thy hands hath deadly Doom restor'd me: Jove the Father,
 I ween, must hate me: soon to die, alas! my mother bare me.
 My mother is Laothoë, daughter of aged Altes; 85
 Altes, who, o'er the Leleges warloving, holdeth lordship,
 Dwelling in lofty Pedaſus, on Satnious fairstreaming.
 His daughter, her did Priam wed, as also many others
 From her we twain were born; and thou wilt both her children slaughter.
 Among the foremost infantry hast thou but lately vanquish'd 90
 The godlike Polydorus, whom with pointed spear thou slewest.
 On me now cometh woe likewise; for scarcely may I reckon
 Again to scape thy hands, to which some heav'nly Fate hath brought me.
 But one thing will I say; and thou within thy bosom cast it:
 Spare me, sith as I was not born of the same womb as Hector, 95
 The man who slew thy comrade dear, so gentle and so stalwart."

So then did Priam's gallant son address divine Achilles
 With words of rueful suppliciance: but ruthlessly he answer'd:

"No ransom now to me set forth, thou simpleton! nor argue.
 For once,—ere that his day of doom Patroclus overhended,— 100
 So long, my heart more pleasure had to spare the lives of Troians,
 Nor lov'd their carnage: many then I took alive, and sold them.
 But now in front of Ilium whome'er the god entrusteth
 Into my hands, no longer one would I except from slaughter
 Of all the Troians; most of all, not one of Priam's children. 105
 But come, my friend! die also thou. Why thus to wailing yieldest?
 Dead also is Patroclus, who than thee was greatly better.
 Behold me, what a man am I, how comely and majestic!
 Me did a noble sire beget; a goddess mother bare me.
 Yet even upon *me* will Death and Destiny resistless 110
 Come in midday or afternoon or haply in the morning,

When some one shall from mé alsó in battle rieve my spirit,
Whether the spearthrow strike me down, or arrow from the bowstring."

By such address Lycaon's knees and tender heart were palsied.
Loosing the spear, he sat him down, and both his hands expanded: 115
Achilles, opposite, drew forth his two-edg'd sword, and plung'd it
Deep in the bottom of the neck: there the whole weapon enter'd:
So headlong dropt he, stretch'd on earth, which stream'd with gory dark-
Him by the foot Achilles seiz'd, and toss'd him to the current, [ness.
And vaunting o'er him in harangue, did winged accents utter:

"Thither amid the fishes lie: they shall from out thy gashes
Lick unconcern'd the blood: but ne'er thy mother shall compose thee
Upon the pallet, wailing thee; but eddying Scamander
Shall bear thee on his waters tost to ocean's vasty bosom. 125
The whiteness of Lycaon's fat some fish shall seize as fodder,
Who, fretted by the bristling gloom, amid the billow springeth.
Perish ye all, till,—ye in flight, and I behind you routing,—
We reach to sacred Ilium: nor shall your flood avail you, 130
Fairstreaming, silver-eddyng; tho' many bulls ye yield him,
Victims, and in his current drown live single-hoofed horses.
Deal as ye may, you evil fate awaiteth, till ye throughly
Pay forfeit for Patroclus dead and for Achaian carnage,
Which, in my absence, late ye made, beside our outmost galleys." 135

When thus he spake, the River-god was more in heart embitter'd,
And ponder'd in his boiling soul, how might he quell from effort
Divine Achilles, and from bale the Troians deliver.
Meanwhile Pelides, holding forth his spear with lengthy shadow,
Frantic for carnage, onward leapt against Asteropæus; 140
(Whose father Pélegon was son of that broadstreaming river,
Deep-whirling Axis;—to him had Periboia borne him,
Whose sire was Akesámenus, and she his eldest daughter.)
On him Achilles rush'd; but he confronting mid the river
Stood forth, with double spear in hand; for, Xanthus in his bosom 145
Put courage; sith he wrathful was for callants slain in combat,
Whom Achileus unpitying amid the stream did mangle.
When they to nearer distance came, advancing each on other,
Divine Achilles, fleet of foot, was earlier to greet him:

"Who art thou,-whence,-of mortals? thou, who darest to confront me?
And troth! unhappy are the sires, whose sons my force encounter."

The gallant son of Pelegon	to him then spake an answer:	
"Why askest thou my origin,	high-hearted son of Peleus?	
From loamy-soil'd Pæonia	I come,—a distant country,—	
Leading long-spear'd Pæonians;	and now the eleventh morning	155
Hath dawn'd, sithence to Ilium	we have the march completed.	
Myself, I claim my origin	from Axius broad-flowing;	
From Axius, whose stream of all	is daintiest to mortals.	
For, spear-renowned Pelegon,	his son, they call my father.	
So much of this: but now in turn,	gallant Achilles! fight we."	160

So spake he threatening: thereat great Achileus uplifted
The ashen shaft of Pelion; but both his spears the hero
Asteropæus flung at once; for doubly was he dextrous.
So with the *one* he frontwise hit the buckler of Achilles,
Nor thro' might pierce it: for, the gold, gift of the god, repell'd him: 165
By the right elbow, grazing pass'd the *other*: dark blood spouted
Out of the wound: but it in earth was fix'd, athirst for carnage.
Next, his straightflying ashen shaft Achilles, keen for slaughter,
Against his foeman hurl'd, but miss'd: the lofty bank receiv'd it: 170
Full half its length imbedded was. Then with the sword Achilles
Leapt eager on him: he meanwhile with might of sinew struggled
From the o'erhanging bank to tug Achilles' ashen weapon. 175
Thrice did he hurtle it in vain; the fourth time, sought to break it:
Too late: for first Achilles' sword had stabb'd him in the navel.
He gasp'd in carnage hideous, and darkness veil'd his eyen. 180
The foe then, tramping on his breast, with vaunting speech address'd him:

"Lie as thou art. 'Tis hard for thee to strive against the children	
Of overmatching Saturn's son,	tho' offspring of a River. 185
Thou boastest, that thy origin	is from a stream broad-flowing;
I boast, from mighty Jupiter	to trace my first beginning.
A man, who o'er the Myrmidons	holdeth wide rule, begat me,
Peleus; whose father Æacus	by Jupiter was gotten.
Rivers, that trickle to the sea,	than Jupiter are weaker; 190
So, than the progeny of Jove,	weaker a River's offspring.
Yea, if he aught avail'd to help,	behold! a mighty River

Beside thee here: but none can fight with Jove, the child of Saturn.
 Not royal Acheloïus with him may play the equal,
 Nor e'en the ample-bosom'd strength of deeply-flowing Ocean; 195
 Tho' from his fulness every Sea and every River welletth,
 And all the everbubbling springs, and eke their vasty sources.
 Yet at the lightning-bolt of Jove doth even Ocean shudder,
 And at the direful thunder-clap, when from the sky it crasheth."

He spake, and from the bank upright pluck'd forth the brazen weapon,
 And left the vanquish'd on the sands, by the dark water wetted; 201
 There eels and fishes busy were, his kidney-fat to nibble.
 The horsetail-crested Pæones, amid the whirling current, 205
 His comrades, shudder'd to behold, in shock of hardy struggle,
 By hands and sword of Peleus' son their leader stoutly slaughter'd.
 These next Achilles chas'd, and slew Thersilochus and Mydon,
 Astypylus and Thrasius, Mnesus and Ophelestes, 210
 And Ænius. Then more besides of Pæones had fallen
 By swift Achilles; but in wrath the deeply-whirling River,
 Like to a man, with human voice call'd out from his abysses:

"Achilles! signal is thy force, and horrible thy dealing,
 As man to men: for aye to thee the gods themselves are helpers. 215
 If Saturn's child hath granted thee all Troïans to slaughter,
 Out of my channels on the plain achieve thy work illomen'd.
 For lo! with carcases are chok'd my lovely streams already,
 Nor able am I, by their mass fill'd up, to pour my current
 Into the briny flood divine: too reckless is thy fury. 220
 Enough! in sooth aghast am I, O captain of the peoples."

But him Achilles, fleet of foot, address'd with words responsive:
 "Scamander! O Jove-nurtur'd! all shall be, as eke thou biddest.
 Only, I may not cease to slay these overweening Troians,
 Ere that I hem them in their walls, and force to force with Hector 225
 Try, whether of us twain shall be in deadly feud the stronger."

He spake, and on the Troians rush'd, like to a mighty Spirit.
 Thereat to prince Apollo spake the deeply-whirling River:

"Ye Spirits! oh thou child of Jove, lord of the silver arrows!
 Little hast thou the counsel kept of Saturn's son, who urgent 230
 Charg'd thee the Troïans to aid and rescue, till the evening,

Late spreading in the Western sky, the loamy Earth o'ershadow."

He spake: but, rushing from the brink, the spear-renown'd Achilles
 Leapt in the midst: and after him Xanthus with billow raving
 Pursued, and all his streams bestirr'd, and toss'd aside the corpses, 235
 Which in thick numbers round about lay, by Achilles slaughter'd;
 These cast he forth, hoarse bellowing, and in his dainty currents
 Rescued the living, hiding them within his vast abysses.
 Then round Achilles dreadfully uprose the curling billow, 240
 And, dashing on his shield, the stream assail'd him; nor avail'd he
 His feet to steady. He thereon an elm wellgrown and lofty
 Grasp'd, and upwrench'd it, stem and root, and all the bank around it.
 Across with branches thick it fell, and bridg'd the dainty waters. 245
 Then from the depth the hero rush'd, with nimble feet upspringing
 Over the plain to fly, in fear. Nor did the River's onset
 Yet cease; but rose with darkling crests against divine Achilles,
 To quell his effort, and from bale the Troïans to rescue. 250
 But he a spearthrow onward shot, like to the dusky eagle,
 That hunter, who of feather'd wights is doughtiest and fleetest:
 With such a rush Pelides sped, and horrid was the rattle
 Of brass upon his bosom. He, the billow's force evading, 255
 Fled; but the water-god behind pursued with mighty riot.
 As when a channel-delving man from some dark source of waters
 Doth with his spade a rill conduct amid the plants and gardens,
 Clearing the gutter of the clods; and, as it onward floweth, 260
 The pebbles noisily are dash'd; but it with rapid ripple
 Trickleth adown the slope, and e'en outstrippeth its conductor:
 So did the surges of the stream alway o'erhend Achilles,
 Albeit swift was he: but gods are mightier than mortals.
 Oft as, reliant on his feet, he turn'd for onset, trying 265
 If all immortals be his foes, who habit ample heaven;
 So oft above his shoulders dash'd the Jove-descended river
 With mighty billow. Vainly he, distraught in bosom, bounded
 With flying feet aloft; for still the river, greedy sweeping, 270
 Out-tir'd his knees, and from his feet lick'd up the dust beneath him.
 Then, gazing to the vasty sky, the son of Peleus groaned:
 "Oh father Jove! of all the gods doth none in pity save me

From river-outrage? afterward, let aught, that may, befall me.
 Of the celestials none else so much to me is guilty, 275
 Save my beloved mother, who with falsehood aye bewitch'd me,
 Saying (forsooth) before the wall of tight-accountred Troians
 I should beneath the gliding shafts of prince Apollo perish.
 Might Hector slay me, who of all is here the bravest nurtur'd!
 Then valorous the victor were, and valorous the vanquish'd. 280
 But now by gramsome overthrow doth Destiny o'erhend me,
 Caught by the river's might, as tho' some stripling of a swineherd,
 Whom, crossing in the winter-rain, a brook may sweep to ruin."

He spake: then quickly at his side stood Neptune and Athene 285
 In mortal semblance: hand to hand enclasp'd, their truth they plighted.
 And Neptune, shaker of the Earth, did first begin discourses:

"Pelides! be not sore dismay'd, nor yield too much to terror.
 Lo! what reserves of war we twain, both I and maid Athene,
 Come from Olympus to thy side, by Jupiter's approval. 290
 Nor, to be vanquish'd by a Stream, for thee was ever fated:
 But quickly will his power cease, and thou thyself shalt know it.
 And if to us thou listen, we will canny counsel give thee,
 Not earlier to stay thy hands from all-destroying battle,
 Till thou the Troian people coop, —whoe'er of them escape thee,—295
 To Ilium's renowned walls: then must thou vanquish Hector
 And to the ships return: ourselves, to earn this glory, grant thee."

After such word, departed they to join the gods immortal.
 But he, (for so the charge divine was urgent,) straight betook him
 On to the plain: and all of it was fill'd with outspread waters. 300
 Along it many beauteous arms of callants slain in battle
 And corpses floated. High in air his knees against the current
 Leapt rushing straightwise: nor avail'd the broadly-flowing river
 To stay him: for Athene's self with mighty vigour fill'd him.
 But eke Scamander ceas'd not yet from effort; but, with anger 305
 Against Pelides fiercer rous'd, his flowing surges crested,
 Aloft uprising, and aloud to Simois he shouted:

"Let us at least by joint attack restrain this mortal's fury,
 Dear brother! else o'erthrow will he lord Priam's mighty city
 Full soon; nor will the Troians abide him in the tumult. 310

But hie with succour speedily, and from thy springs of water
 Fill well thy streams, and stir for aid thy tributary currents,
 And lift a mighty billow high, and summon plenteous riot
 Of floating trunks and rocks upwrench'd, to stay this savage hero,
 Who swayeth now pre-eminent, and rageth high as heaven. 315
 But neither mighty force, I trow, nor beauty shall avail him,
 Nor yet his splendid armour : it, with swash of mud encrusted,
 Full deep within our pools shall lie : himself, with heaps of rubbish,
 Countless, will I enwrap in sand, and wilder the Achaians 320
 His bones to gather : such a slush will I encurdle round him.
 I will myself his barrow-mound achieve within my waters,
 Nor for Achaian burial shall hand of man be needed."

So spake he, and with raging might arose against Achilles,
 Curling his waves aloft, with foam and blood and corpses gurgling. 325
 But Juno trembled to behold the Jove-descended river
 With purple billow eddying to sweep away the hero ;
 And straight with shout of terror call'd her own dear offspring, Vulcan :
 "Up, Limper! dearest child! for, thee we deem to be in combat 331
 A match for swirling Xanthus: haste, full girt with flame, in succour.
 I to the briny deep will go, a testy squall to summon 335
 Of the West wind and sprightly South, whose deadly blasts shall instant
 Consume the Troians,—men and arms: but by the banks of Xanthus
 Burn thou the trees, and wrap in fire himself; nor let him stay thee
 By words of gentle blandishment, nor e'en by curse ill-omen'd.
 Nor sooner lay thy force aside, save when by skirl of notice 340
 I give the signal; then do thou withhold the fire unwearied."

When thus she charg'd him, Vulcan aim'd the fire's unearthly fury.
 First in the plain he kindled it, and quick consum'd the corpses,
 Which in thick numbers round about lay, by Achilles slaughter'd :
 So parched he the plain entire, and stay'd the brilliant water. 345
 As by autumnal Boreas a newly-water'd orchard
 Quickly is dried up; and he, who tendeth it, is gladden'd;
 So dried then was all the plain, and burn'd were all the corpses.
 Then he his all-resplendent flame against the river turned.
 The withies, elms, and tamarisks, the lotus, reed, and bulrush, 350
 Which by the river's dainty streams grew plenteous, were burned.

The eels and fishes were bestraught, and div'd within the abysses,
Hither and thither, from the blast of much-devising Vulcan. 355

The River felt his might burnt up, and spake, on Vulcan calling :

“O Vulcan ! none of all the gods to thee may play the equal ;
Nor I against thy flaming fire can venture me in battle.
Desist from quarrel : from their walls forthwith let great Achilles
Drive out the Troians : what am I for contest or alliance ? ” 360

So spake he, parching in the flame, and his gay currents bubbled.
And as, by fire abundant urg'd, a cauldron inly boileth,
When under it dry faggots lie, but in it fat of bacon
From tender-nurtur'd pig doth seethe, with bubbles swift uprising :
So then his dainty streams with fire were parch'd ; his water boiled, 365
And halted, nor would onward flow : for sore the blast distress'd it
From crafty-hearted Vulcan's force. The River then to Juno
With many a supplication spake and winged accents utter'd :

“O Juno, wherefore hath thy son my stream with bale invaded
Beyond the rest ? not unto me so much the blame belongeth, 370
As to all other gods, by whom the Troïans are holpen.
But I will verily desist, if so thy will commandeth,
And eke let *him* withhold : and I by oath alsó will bind me,
That never will I ward away the day of woe for Troians,
Not even when in wasting fire all Ilium shall smoulder, 375
If e'er Achaia's warlike sons the torch of ruin kindle.”

When Juno, white-arm'd goddess, heard these pleadings of the River
Again she instantly address'd her own dear offspring Vulcan :

“O Vulcan, child most glorious ! withhold thee : nor beseems it
In sake of mortals, with distress to crush a god immortal.” 380

She spake ; and quickly did he quench the fire divinely burning,
And back returning rush'd the waves adown their noble channel.
So both the combatants were stay'd ; for Juno, tho' indignant,
Set limit on her wrath, so soon as Xanthus' might was tamed.

But on the other heav'nly gods fell vehemence of quarrel, 385
Noisome ; and diverse ways the heart was in their bosom tossed.
With mighty turmoil on they came : broad Earth beneath them crackled
And vasty Heaven trumpeted aloft : Jove in Olympus
Sitting perceiv'd them ; and within, his heart was fill'd with laughter,

Rejoicing, when the gods he saw in shock of battle meeting. 390
 Thereat, no length of time stood they aloof; for Ares led them,
 Hide-piercer; he his onset first against Athene guided,
 Holding his brazen lance; and spake an overture of insult:

“Wherefore Fly-vixen! now again the gods to quarrel drivest,
 Fill’d with portentous confidence? proud insolence impels thee. 395
 Or haply dost forget the day when thou to wound me sentest
 Tydides Diomed, and didst in gaze of heaven brandish
 His spear outright against me: so my tender flesh was mangled.
 Now then I think to pay thee back for all thy deeds of evil.”

After such words, he stabb’d against her many-fringed ægis, 400
 Direful; which not the thunderbolt of Jupiter may vanquish:
 On this, with lengthy thrust of spear, did blood-stain’d Ares goad her.
 But she, retiring on the plain, in her broad hand uplifted
 A rock, which there behind her lay, mighty and black and rugged,
 Which for a stone of boundary by former men was destin’d. 405
 Herewith she struck upon the neck and cast impetuous Ares
 Helpless: o’er seven roods of land he fell: his arms resounded,
 And dust defil’d his hair. Thereat maiden Athene laughed,
 And taunting o’er the fallen god did winged accents utter:

“O simpleton! not even yet hast ponder’d, how much greater 410
 I claim to be than thee, whene’er my prowess thou confrontest?
 By such atonement mayest thou requite thy mother’s Furies,
 Who angry planneth ill to thee, for-that thou hast the Achaians
 Abandon’d, and dost glorify the overweening Troians.”

After such utterance, away she turn’d her beaming eyen. 415
 But him, as thick and deep he sobb’d, Jove’s daughter Aphrodite
 Led by the hand away, and scarce his spirit did recover.
 She, as she hurried, drew regards from Juno, white-arm’d goddess.
 Who to Athene instantly did winged accents utter:

“Ye gods! unweariable child of Jove the ægisholder! 420
 Lo! the Flyvixen in the mell doth Ares, pest of mortals,
 From out of foeman’s battle lead: —but instantly pursue her!”

She spake: then off Athene rush’d, and in her heart was joyful.
 Assailing with her brawny hand, she smote her on the bosom,
 And from her body beat the breath: so fell she there, aswooning. 425

Thus on the many-feeding Earth the twain were laid together ;
 And she, with vaunting over them, harangu'd in winged accents :
 " So may all others lie, whoe'er to Troïans are helpers,
 Often as they to battle march on tight-accoutred Argives ;
 O valorous and hardy ! such, as Aphrodite ventur'd, 430
 Coming my onset to confront, auxiliar to Ares !
 We, in that gait, had long ago from tearful war withheld us,
 Sated by sack of Ilium, that nobly builded fortress."

Athene spake, and drew a smile from Juno, whitearm'd goddess ;
 Meanwhile the great Earthshaking king address'd him to Apollo: 435

" Why, Shining one ! stand off we twain aloof ? nor is it seemly,
 When others have begun the war. Still worse were the dishonour,
 If without battle we return to brazen-floor'd Olympus,
 Palace of Jove. But feud to me belongs not : thou art younger :
 Begin : for I am elder-born, and wider is my knowledge. 440
 O simpleton, how thoughtless heart is thine ! nor in remembrance
 Holdest at all, how much of yore we twain endur'd of sorrow
 From haughty-soul'd Laomedon ; when, sent by Jove from heaven,
 Alone of gods, a year complete we serv'd, for wage behighted,
 We, to his beck obedient ; and he, as lord directing. 445
 Then round the Troian city I in sooth a rampart builded
 Broad and right noble ; so their town is made a breachless castle.

And thou, upon the woody slopes of dell-abounding Ida,
 Bright god ! didst tend the clumsyfooted crumplehorned cattle.
 But when the much-rejoicing Hours brought round the end of labour
 Behighted,—proud Laomedon with hardy threat dismiss'd us,
 Of our complete hardearned wage by violence defrauded.
 Troth ! threaten'd he with wellcut thongs both hand and foot to bind us,
 And ship us for the mart of slaves in some far-distant island ;
 And vow'd, the ears of both of us to crop with brazen weapon. 455
 So we, returning, on our path with soul indignant wended,
 Enraged for the hire, which he had gag'd, but accomplish'd never.
 Dost thou for this achievement bear much favour to his peoples,

449. *Clumsy-footed*. In deference to Lexicographers, I have everywhere thus rendered the rather obscure epithet *eilipous* : yet I cannot get rid of the suspicion that Homer meant " cloven-footed."

Nor on our side contendest, how the overweening Troians
With children and with decent wives may headlong perish vilely?" 460

To him the Far-averting prince Apollo spake responsive :
"Earthshaker! rightly mightest thou unsound of heart pronounce me,
If against thee I enter war for miserable mortals ;
Who like to leaves do onewhile bud, and thrive with fiery vigour, 465
Earth's bounty eating; otherwhile, they pine, bereft of spirit.
But leave their quarrel to themselves; and us, from fight withdraw we."

After such speech, away he turn'd; for with his father's brother
Much it abash'd him, hand to hand, to mingle in encounter.

At him his sister Artemis, who in the fields disporteth, 470
Queen of all venison, did scoff, and spake a word reproachful :

"O Far-avorter, fleest thus? hast thou to Neptune yielded
Full victory, and empty vaunt thereby to him perittest?
O simpleton, why uselessly that bow and arrows holdest?
Thy voice no longer let me hear within thy father's chambers 475
Boasting, as heretofore thy boast in presence of the immortals,
That thou in battle wouldest stand with Neptune's might confronted."

She spake; but no reply came back from the bright prince Apollo.
Then at her haughtiness enrag'd, did Jove's majestic consort
With words of contumely revile the arrowpouring goddess. 480

"But wherefore art thou eager now, bold vixen! to withstand me?
Hard is to thee my adverse force, albeit sheaves of arrows
Thou bearest; and tho' Jupiter a lion unto women
Hath made thee, and hath granted might to slay, whomso thou wilt.
Better in sooth it is, to kill wild beasts upon the mountains, 485
And rustic does, than valiantly do battle with the stronger.
But if thou wilt war to learn; then come, and let me teach thee,
How greatly I surpass thee, when thou wilt my might encounter."

She spake; and both the goddess' wrists with her left hand engrasping,
She with the right hand stripp'd away the quiver from her shoulder, 490
Laughing; and with it o'er the ears slapt her, as off she turned.
Out of the quiver fell the shafts: the goddess, tear-beflooded,
Fled the encounter, as a dove, which, chased by a falcon,
Into the cavern of a rock hath flown, and there is rescued. 495
So fled she tearful from the war, and left her darts behind her.—

Jove's minister, the Argicide, then turn'd him to Latona :

“With thee, Latona! fight I not: 'tis noisome, with the consorts
Of cloudcollecting Jupiter by cuff of hand to bargain.
But, pri'thee, with a forward zeal among the gods immortal 500
Vaunt, that by might and main thou hast my prowess overmaster'd.”

So spake he : she from off the ground the bending bow and arrows
Collected, fallen here and there amid the dust-tornado ;
And, soon as she recover'd had her daughter's shafts, departed.
That daughter hasted on her path to brazen-floor'd Olympus, 505
Palace of Jove ; there at the knees of her own father seated,
She wept, and her ambrosial veil trembled around. Her father
Drew her to him, and, laughing sweet, he spake, and made inquiry :

“Beloved child! what heav'nly hand such ill hath wrought upon thee,
All wantonly, as tho' thou wert in flagrant guilt arrested?” 510
To him replied the chapleted, the everwhooping huntress :
“Thy consort, Sire ! hath huffed me, the whitearm'd goddess Juno,
Who on immortals fasteneth the jar of evil quarrel.”

Thus they reciprocally held betwixt themselves discourses
But into sacred Ilium did bright Apollo enter ; 515
For, the wellbuilt city's wall he cherish'd, lest the Argives
Upon that day, despite of fate, haply avail to storm it.
The other everliving gods unto Olympus wended :
One part embitter'd by the fray, others with glory haughty,
Nigh to blackclouded Jupiter were seated. But Achilles 520
Did ravage men of Troy alike and single-hoofed horses.

And as when high-aspiring smoke to vasty heaven reacheth
From out a burning city ; it the wrath of gods hath kindled,
And toil on many hath it laid and sorrow sent to many :
So on the Troians Achileus laid many a toil and sorrow. 525

But aged Priam stood aloft upon a sacred tower,
And thence descried Achilles' form majestic. Where he turn'd him,
At once the Troians in alarm were routed, nor of courage
Aught they retain'd. Then groaning he descended from the tower,
And, passing by the wall, bestirr'd the illustrious gate-keepers : 530

“Hold in your hands the leaved gates wide-open, till the peoples
Reach to the city, scar'd in flight : for verily Achilles

Here hieth routing them : and hence, I ween, will come disaster.
 But when they respite again at length, coop'd up within the fortress,
 Quickly behind them shut again the panels tightly fitted. 535
 I tremble, lest this ghastly man into our rampart force him."

So spake he: they the bolts push'd back, and spread abroad the panels,
 Which, open, to the fugitives gave comfort. But Apollo
 Leapt out in front, from baleful doom the Troïans to rescue.
 Straight for the town and lofty wall, parch'd up with thirst and dusty, 540
 Out of the plain they fled : but he keen with the spear pursued them.
 Dire fury did his soul possess, all hankering for glory.
 Then had Achaia's children storm'd Troy's lofty-gated city;
 But bright Apollo to emprize bestir'd divine Agenor, 545
 Antenor's spotless stalwart son; and in his heart put courage.
 Leaning himself upon a beech, in copious mist enshrouded
 He stood by him, to ward away the noisome stroke of Carnage.
 Agenor, when he near descried Achilles city-rieving, 550
 Stood still; and much his heart within, as there he waited, curdled.
 Then he with indignation spake to his own haughty spirit :

"Woe to my fortunes ! if I flee from valorous Achilles,
 Whither the rest are scar'd in rout, he even so will catch me, 555
 And butcher me all helpless : but, if these I leave behind me
 Routed by him, and on my feet make for the plain of Ilus,
 Until to Ida's slopes I reach and in the bushes hide me,
 But in the evening afterward I bathe me in the river, 560
 And, cool'd from sweat, to Ilium I take my backward journey :—
 But, O fond heart ! why holdest thou within me such discourses ?
 For if, as to the plain I swerve, he notice me, and chasing
 With rapid foot outstrip my speed; from Death and Fate no longer 565
 Escape remaineth ; for his force all mortals far surpasseth.
 What if before the city-wall I valorously front him ?
 For troth ! the body eke of *him* may by sharp brass be pierced ;
 One life is in him, and they say that *he* also is mortal,
 Tho' Jupiter Saturnius escorteth him with glory." 570

He spake, and gathering his force, stood to await Achilles,
 With valiant spirit inwardly for war and battle eager.
 As from a thicket deep may come for combat with the hunter

A panther, undismay'd in soul, tho' bark of dogs re-echo; 575
 For e'en if earlier a stab or shot of dart may wound him,
 Not, tho' the weapon pierce him thro', doth he his valour lessen,
 But that he grapple with the foe, or in the effort perish :
 So then divine Agenor, son of lordly-soul'd Antenor,
 To flee approv'd not, ere he try the prowess of Achilles. 580
 Forthwith, he held in front his shield, which equal was on all sides,
 And with the spear took aim at him, and shouting loud, accosted :
 "Gallant Achilles ! lofty hopes, I ween, thy bosom holdeth,
 That thou, forsooth, this day wilt storm the town of haughty Troians.
 O simpleton ! for many a woe must still be borne beside it. 585
 For in its fortress, warriors many and valiant dwell we,
 Who in the sake of parents dear, of consorts and of children,
 Do rescue Ilium : but thou shalt here thy fate encounter,
 Be thou however marvellous and valorous a hero."

He spake, and from his heavy hand sent forth the pointed weapon, 590
 Nor miss'd but struck him on the shank : beneath it horrid crackled
 The greave of newlyforged tin, the workmanship of heaven,
 Gift of the god; which turn'd aside the rushing brass, nor yielded.
 Then second, sallied Peleus' son against divine Agenor; 595
 But bright Apollo foil'd his hope, and cheated him of glory,
 Shrouding the foe in copious mist, and snatching him from battle ;
 Him sent he, quiet to return, from toil and danger rescued.
 Then he by guile asunder drew Pelides from the people.
 For, wholly to Agenor like, himself the Far-avorter 600
 Stood forth before Achilles' feet and to pursuit entic'd him.
 While o'er the wheatful plain he chas'd, and wound beside Scamander,
 River deepwhirling, and the god but little did outstrip him,
 Bewitching him with guileful hope, that soon his feet shall conquer; 605
 Meanwhile the other Troïans, in troops affrayed rushing,
 Gladly had refuge in the walls and fill'd with crowds the city.
 Nor longer ventur'd they to wait outside the town and rampart
 One for another, and to learn,— whó fell, and whó surviveth: 610
 But all, whom feet and knees bare off, pour'd gladly to the city.

BOOK XXII.

THUS scar'd and routed from the plain, as fawns, within the city
 They cool'd themselves from sweat, and drank, and heal'd the thirst of
 Against the noble buttresses reclining : but the Achaians [water,
 Nearer unto the wall advanc'd, with shields aslant on shoulder.
 Hector alone by deadly doom from Jupiter was fetter'd, 5
 In front of Ilium, beside the Skæan gates, to tarry.
 But bright Apollo, speaking clear, address'd the son of Peleus :

"Why, Peleus' son ! with speedy foot, thyself a mortal, chasest
 Me, an immortal son of Jove ? nor yet dost thou beknow me ;
 But hankerest unflinching. Troth ! the Troians are escaped, 10
 Whom thou didst late affray : all these into the town are crowded,
 Enjoying thy neglect ; and thou art hither gone aroaming.
 But me thou wilt not slay ; for I to Destiny am scatheless."
 To him Achilles, fleet of foot, responded, sore indignant :
 "Thou, deadliest of all the gods, hast foil'd me, Far-avert ! 15
 Who from the rampart me hast turn'd : else many an armed Trojan,
 Ere they might reach to Ilium, yonder the earth had bitten.
 But me of glory great thou now hast cheated, them reserving
 Right easily ; for free art thou from fear of after-vengeance.
 Troth, would I vengeance take on thee, if but I had the power." 20

Thus saying, he with haughty soul toward the city hied him,
 Speeding, as with the chariot may a prizebearing courser,
 Who spanking broad along the lea full easily careereth :
 So Achileus his feet and knees did ply, untir'd and supple.

But him did aged Priam's eyes first ken, as oe'r the champaign 25
 Swift rush'd he, flashing like the star, which forth in autumn cometh,
 Which was also by ancient men Orion's Dog entitled ;
 Whose rays in gloom of night appear mid many stars resplendent ;
 For he by far most brilliant is, and sign of woe is counted, 30
 And beareth fever plentiful to miserable mortals :

So brilliant was the brass upon the running hero's bosom.
 Then groan'd the aged man, and struck his head with hands uplifted,
 And call'd, imploring his dear son, who, match'd against Achilles, 35
 Before the gates for battle stood, immeasurably eager.

Him the old man, with arms outstretch'd, right piteous accosted :
 "Hector! dear child! with single might await not thou this hero
 Apart from others, lest that thou do quickly fate encounter,
 Vanquish'd by Peleus' son : for he than thee by far is stronger. 40
 Ah cruel! would that from the gods such tenderness might greet him,
 Such as from me : then quickly should vultures and dogs devour him
 Prostrate: so would my inmost heart of sorrow grim be lighten'd :
 A man, who hath bereaved me of children brave and many,
 Slaying, or selling in the mart of some far-distant island. 45
 Now too, my eyes Lycaon miss, nor Polydorus see I,
 Two children, whom Laothoë, a royal woman, bare me,
 Who stand not with the fugitives, into our city crowded.
 Now if amid the foeman's host they live, we might redeem them :
 For brass and gold is still within : for old illustrious Altes 50
 Sent many a costly purtenance, an honour to his daughter.
 But if already they be dead and in the house of Pluto,
 This to their parents grief will be, —to me and to their mother ;
 Yet to the other folk nathless more shortliv'd were the sorrow,
 Unless thou, Hector! fall alsó, by Achileus o'ermaster'd. 55
 Nay, but within the city-wall be screen'd, my child! to rescue
 The Troian dames and men of Troy, nor yield a mighty glory
 To Peleus' son and be thyself of tender life bereaved.
 Pity thou eke unhappy me, who still have thought and feeling,
 Ill-fated ; whom on steps of Eld Saturnius the father 60
 By noisome doom shall waste, when I on many a woe have gazed,—
 Sons slaughter'd, daughters torn away, and bridal chambers ravag'd,
 And infants hurl'd upon the ground in grim embrace of foemen,
 And my sons' partners rudely dragg'd by deadly hands of Argives. 65
 Me last of all before my gates raw-eating dogs shall mangle,
 When stab or shot of dart shall take the life from out my members.
 Those dogs, whom in my palace halls I feed from off my table,
 The guardians of my doors, shall lie raving upon my threshold, 70

Swilling my lifeblood. Naught for youth unseemly 'tis, in battle
 By savage Ares slain,—to lie, by the sharp weapon mangled.
 For to the warrior, in death happen what may, 'tis comely.
 But when an aged man is slain, and with immodest outrage,
 Despite of hoary head and chin, the dogs his corpse dishonour, 75
 This do I deem most piteous to miserable mortals.”

He spake ; and many a hoary hair pluck'd from his head : but Hector
 Abode unyielding : thereupon on other side his mother
 With loosen'd robe and open breast and wailing voice implor'd him. 80
 So she with tear-beflooded cheeks did winged accents utter :

“ Hector, my child ! revere my breast, and pity thy own mother.
 If e'er the soothing teat to thee I held ; dear child ! obey me.
 Ward from within the wall the foe, nor stand in front against him, 85
 Cruel ! for if he vanquish thee, never shall I bewail thee
 Upon thy pallet, darling bud ! nor thy rich-dowed consort ;
 But far from us the nimble dogs by Argive ships shall eat thee.”

Thus weeping did the parents twain address their dearest offspring 90
 With much entreaty ; nor avail'd to move the mind of Hector :
 But still he waited the approach of terrible Achilles.
 As at his den a mountain-snake, which evil bane hath eaten,
 With direful anger in his heart a man's assault awaiteth ;
 And horrid is his glance of eye, as round his den he twineth : 95
 So Hector stirr'd not from his post, possess'd by quenchless valour,
 But on the tower's shelving ledge his shining buckler propped.
 Then he with indignation spake to his own haughty spirit :

“ Ha, wretched ! if I enter now within the gates and rampart, 100
 Polydamas will earliest reproaches lay upon me,
 Who plainly counsell'd, to conduct the Troians to the city,
 During the deadly night, which first arous'd divine Achilles.
 But I his counsel follow'd not, which verily was better.
 Now, sith infatuate I was, and many lives have wasted,
 I blush before the men of Troy and trailing-robed women, 105
 Lest haply some one, than myself far worsè, say hereafter :—
 ‘ Hector the Troian folk destroy'd, on his own might reliant.’
 So will they say : thereat to me the odds were vastly better,
 Confronted with Achilles' force, to come away his victor,

Or else before the city-gate myself to die with glory. 110
 Now, if aside my bossy shield I lay, and sturdy helmet,
 And prop against the wall my spear, and venture thus, confronting
 Spotless Achilles; and behight, that I will Helen render,
 And with her all the gear, whatso within his hollow galleys 115
 Did Alexander bring to Troy;— which was the strife's beginning;—
 That I both this to Atreus' sons will yield, and give beside it,
 All of the city's hidden store, as payment to the Achaians;
 And take upon the Troïans a solemn oath of elders,
 Naught to conceal, but forward bring for common distribution 120
 The gear, whatever may be coop'd within our lovely fortress:—
 But oh fond heart! why holdest thou within me such discourses?
 Should I draw near and supplicate, yet will he know no pity,
 Nor will revere my coming; but will slaughter me, tho' naked,
 Thus helpless as a woman, when I shall of armour strip me. 125
 Nowise from oak or rock may we, as bachelour to maiden,
 Converse; as bachelour and maid hold, each with other, converse.
 Better it is, in instant strife to grapple; so we quickly
 May learn, to which the Olympian vouchsafeth higher glory." 130
 So heaving in his heart, he stood; but near him came Achilles,
 A peer to Enyalius, that warrior helm-shaking,
 And pois'd the ash of Pelion over his better shoulder,
 Dreadful; and brass upon his frame from head to ankle glitter'd,
 In semblance as a blazing fire or rising sun in splendour. 135
 But Hector, when he saw, was seiz'd with trembling; nor endur'd he
 There to abide; but left the gates behind, and fled in terror.
 But after him Pelides rush'd, on speedy feet reliant.
 As o'er the mountain-side a kite, of feather'd wights the nimblest,
 Glideth along his easy path after a trembler pigeon; 140
 Which flees beneath him; he behind with shrilly scream approaching
 Souseth right oft upon the game, with heart intent to gripe it:
 So he, all eager for revenge, flew straight; but Hector hurried
 Plying his supple knees, to course beneath the Troian rampart.

126. *From oak or rock*: i. e. from a respectful distance (?).

132. *Enyalius*; another name of Ares, as in 13, 520.

And they, within the watchman's highth, within the windy figtree, 145
 Ever beside the chariot-road under the fortress sped them.
 Then to the dainty streaming wells they came, whereat two sources
 Gush forth, that feed the silver depths of eddying Scamander.
 The one with water alway warm rilleth, and smoke around it,
 As tho' from blazing fire, aloft from off the surface riseth : 150
 The other hurrieth abroad like unto hail in summer,
 Or as the cold of melting snow, or ice from out the water.
 Here stand beside them washing-seats, broad slabs of dainty marble,
 Where wives and daughters fair of Troy did wash their shining garments
 In former days, while peace was yet, ere came Achaia's children. 156
 Hereby ran they, in flight the one, the other close pursuing.
 Brave was in sooth the man who fled, but braver the pursuer,
 And fierce their hurry ; sith, I wis, to them the prize of running
 No victim was nor hide of ox, which prizes are of swiftness ; 160
 Nay, but they scudded for the life of courser-taming Hector.
 As fleetly round the goal may race the single-hoofed horses
 Prize-bearers ; when a costly prize, a tripod or a woman,
 Is offer'd, at the burial of some deceased hero ;
 So round and round three times the twain did Priam's city compass 165
 In rapid running. All the gods look'd down to see the contest.
 Thereat the Sire of gods and men to them began discourses :
 "Ye Spirits! lo! beneath my eyes I view a loved hero
 Chas'd round his rampart ; and my heart hath pity upon Hector,
 Who never fail'd to burn to me the costly thighs of oxen, 170
 One while upon the pinnacles of dell-abounding Ida,
 Elsewhile upon the city's highth : but now divine Achilles
 With speedy feet pursueth him around the walls of Priam.
 But come, bethink you, all ye gods ! and enter into counsel,
 Whether we now from coming death shall save him, or shall quickly 175
 Beneath Achilles, Peleus' son, slay him, albeit noble."
 Hereon responsive spake to him Athene, grey-ey'd goddess :
 "Sire of the shining Thunderbolt ! what sayest thou, Dark-clouded !
 A man, who mortal is of birth, long syne by doom predestin'd,
 Him from sad-wailing Aïdes dost ponder to deliver ? 180

145. Watchman's highth ; see 2, 793. Wild figtree ; 6, 433.

Do it: but we, the other gods, not all shall praise thy doing.”
 Then cloud-collecting Jupiter reciprocal address’d her :
 “ Cheer thee, beloved, Trito-born ! not with a soul so earnest
 Have I harangue’d : and fain would I to thee, my child ! be gentle.
 Do, as thy bosom prompteth thee, and start not from thy purpose.”
 He by such charge Athene spurr’d, herself already eager, 186
 And, speedy darting, down she came from summits of Olympus.
 But swift Achilles Hector chas’d with unremitting scuffle.
 As o’er the mountains may a hound pursue thro’ glen and thicket 190
 A fawn, awaken’d from its lair ; and tho’, in bushes crouching,
 It hide, yet tracking, on he scuds, until he overhend it :
 So Hector vainly would elude the race of swift Pelides.
 Oft as toward the Dardan gates and the well-built towers 195
 He sped, in hope they might by darts scare from above his foeman ;
 So oft by intercepting rush toward the plain’ he turn’d him.
 As one who dreaming tries to run, can neither flee nor follow,
 So nor could Hector flee away, nor could Achilles catch him. 200
 Nor troth ! had Hector then so long the fates of Death evaded,
 But that Apollo first and last did faithful stand beside him,
 And breathed vigour in his heart and supple made his members.
 Then to the peoples with his head divine Achilles nodded, 205
 Forbidding others at the foe their stinging darts to shower ;
 Lest any, hitting, glory win, and *he* but follow second.
 But when the combatants arriv’d the fourth time at the fountains,
 The general Father thereupon his golden balance poised,
 And, charg’d with death slow-lingering, two fates he cast within it, 210
 For courser-taming Hector *this* ; *that* for the son of Peleus.
 He rais’d the scales ; and tilting fell the auspicious hour of Hector.
 To Pluto fled then his years, and bright Apollo left him.
 But to Achilles’ aid arriv’d Athene, grey-ey’d goddess,
 And standing near beside him, she did winged accents utter : 215
 “ Gallant Achilles, dear to Jove ! now shall we twain, I reckon,
 Unto the galleys bear away great glory for the Achaians
 By Hector’s slaughter ; tho’ he be insatiate of battle.
 Sith as no longer now from us escape to him is open,
 Not tho’ Apollo Far-averted strive with much entreaty, 220

Falling around the knees of Jove the ægisholding Father.
But stand thou now and breath regain; and I, to him proceeding,
By counsel will persuade his heart with adverse might to front thee."

So spake Athene: he obey'd, and in his soul was joyful,
And leaning on the ashen shaft barbed with brass, he halted. 225
Him then she quitted, and was found at side of godlike Hector,
With semblance of Deïphobus, in shape and voice unwearied.
There, near before his face, she stood, and winged accents utter'd:

"My gracious sir! swift Achileus too hard doth press upon thee,
Chasing with fleet-careering foot around the walls of Priam: 230
But let us stand and hold our ground, and sturdily repel him."
To him with word responsive spake great motley-helmed Hector:
"Deïphobus! eke heretofore wast thou to me far dearest
Of all my kin, whom Hecuba to Priam gave as offspring.
Now, more than ever, in my heart I purpose, thee to honour, 235
Who, when thy eyes took note of me, hast for my sake adventur'd
Out of the rampart; but the rest abide within securely."

Then him reciprocal address'd Athene, grey-ey'd goddess:
"O gracious brother! truly me my sire and queenly mother,
By turns embracing, much implor'd, —and after them my comrades,—
There to abide: so great a dread hath overmaster'd all men: 241
But still my heart was inwardly by mournful sorrow wasted.
And now with onward eagerness fight we: no stint is needed
Of javelins: so shall we know, if of our lives Achilles
Havoc shall make, and bear away a prize of gory trophies 245
Unto the smoothly-hollow ships, or by thy spear be vanquish'd."

Thro' such pretences of the lip, with guile Athene led him.
When they to nearer distance came advancing each on other,
Unto Achilles 'gan to speak great motley-helmed Hector:
"No longer, Peleus' son! will I, as heretofore, avoid thee. 250
Thrice fled I round the mighty wall of Priam, nor adventur'd
Thy coming to await: but now in turn my spirit prompteth
To stand against thee: so will I or vanquish or be vanquish'd.
But come, and gage we by the gods: these, who of all are highest,
Are eke the best of witnesses and overseers of treaties. 255
No éxtrême outrage I on thee will lay, if Jove may haply

Grant me enduring hardiment, and if I rieve thy spirit :
 But soon as I have stript away thy noble arms, Achilles !
 I to thy friends thy corpse will yield: to this be *thou* too plighted.”
 To him Achilles, fleet of foot, with scowling glance responded :
 “Of no agreements talk to me, inexpressible Hector ! 261
 As not to lions and to men is oath of faithful treaty,
 And as thro’ heart of wolf and lamb no spirit breatheth common,
 But each to other constantly hath naught but evil hatred :
 So no affection may arise twixt thee and me, nor treaties 265
 Will I engage ; but first, I ween, shall one or other falling
 Glut with his gore the warrior, unwearable Ares.
 Call to remembrance all thy skill and valour : now, if ever,
 A thorough spearman prove thyself and warrior intrepid.
 No more evasion hast thou here : straightway doth maid Athene 270
 Cast thee beneath my spear, and thou shalt in one sum repay me
 The sorrows of my comrades, whom thy frantic spear hath slaughter’d.”

He spake, and poising forward threw the spear with lengthy shadow :
 But Hector saw it opposite, and stoop’d to shun its fury ;
 So o’er him flew the brazen point, and in the earth was fasten’d. 275
 But maid Athene caught it up, and instant to Achilles
 Restor’d it : thus deluded she Hector, the people’s shepherd.

Then Hector confident address’d the spotless son of Peleus :
 “Achilles, image of the gods ! not yet my fate thou knewest
 From Jupiter ; but me thy spear hath miss’d, despite thy menace.
 Thou art, methinketh, apt of speech, and crafty in haranguing, 281
 In hope, so might I thro’ alarm forget intrepid valour.
 Not in my fleeing back shalt thou thy dart implant ; but drive it
 (If so the god have granted thee) straight thro’ my eager bosom.
 Shun now my brazen spear in turn. O might thy flesh receive it 285
 Entire ! so should the war become far lighter to the Troians
 By thy destruction ; sith to them art *thou* the direst noyance.”

He spake, and poising forward threw the spear with lengthy shadow,
 Nor miss’d ; but in the middle hit the buckler of Pelides. 290
 But from the buckler glanc’d the dart afar : then shudder’d Hector,
 Indignant, that the pointed spear he fruitlessly had urged.
 No other ashen shaft had he ; so stood he there, desponding,

And loudly summon'd to his aid Deïphobus white-shielded,
 Asking of him a lengthy spear : but nowhere near he saw him. 295
 Then Hector in his inward heart discern'd, and spake foreboding :
 "Ye Spirits! verily, I wis, the gods to death have call'd me.
 Right sure was I,—Deïphobus the hero stood beside me ;
 But him the wall doth hide, and me Athene hath beguiled.
 And now an evil death to me is near, nor longer distant : 300
 Escape is none : for thus of old, methinketh, was it pleasing
 To Jove and Jove's far-darting son, who heretofore were alway
 Zealous to rescue me ; but now in turn doth Fate o'erhend me.
 Yet would I not inglorious without a struggle perish,
 But after some achievement high for future age to talk of." 305

He spake, and drew his shining sword, which sharp and great and stal-
 Hung at his hip, then on he rush'd collected, as an eagle [wart
 High-flying thro' the murky clouds upon the plain descendeth,
 Pouncing upon a tender lamb or trembling hare ; so Hector 310
 Rush'd, brandishing his whetted sword. Against him sped Achilles,
 With savage rancour full-possess'd, and held before his bosom
 His buckler fair and curious, and nodded with the helmet
 Four-crested, all-irradiant ; for hairs of gold around it 315
 Wav'd plenteous along the ridge by handicraft of Vulcan.
 As in the sky at dusk of night the Even-star appeareth,
 The fairest stud in heaven's host ; such radiance was kindled
 From off the polish'd spear-point, which in his right hand Achilles
 Brandish'd, with thoughts of deadly bale for godlike Hector heaving, 320
 And ponder'd, where the tender skin might best admit his weapon.
 The brazen armour beauteous, which he from slain Patroclus [der,
 Had stript, did elsewhere screen his flesh : save twixt the neck and shoul-
 Beside the collar-bone and throat, where life hath quickest exit ; 325
 Therein did godlike Achileus with eager weapon pierce him,
 And thro' the tender neck its point outright behind him issued.
 Nor did the brazen-weighted ash his weazand cut asunder ;
 So should his throat avail to speak responsive to Achilles.
 Then dropt he in the dust ; whereat divine Achilles boasted : 330
 "Hector! thy thought it was, I ween, in stripping slain Patroclus,
 Secure to be, nor heldest count of me apart remaining.

O simpleton ! but *I* behind, far mightier avenger,
Was left, beside the hollow ships ; who have thy sinews loosen'd. 335
Now thee foul dogs and birds shall rend, and him the Achaians bury."

To him, with puny vigour left spake motley-helmed Hector :
"I by thy life and by thy knees implore, and by thy parents,
Give me not up, to dogs a prey, beside the Achaian galleys ;
But from my father's hands accept, and from my queenly mother, 340
Copper in many kinds, and gold, and other presents costly ;
And give my lifeless body back unto my home, that honour
From Trojan men and wives of Troy in rightful flames may shrive me."

To him Achilles fleet of foot with scowling glance responded :
"Seek not, O dog, my knees to touch, and plead not by my parents. 345
Oh that, for all thy outrages, my heart and soul permitted
To slice raw pieces of thy flesh and down my throat devour them !
So is there none, who from thy head may fray the dogs and vultures :
Not if tenfold and twenty-fold they carry ransom hither,
Of perfect weight presenting it, and more engage hereafter ; 350
Nor if Dardanid Priam claim thy flesh and bones to balance
In gifts of gold, yet even so shall not thy queenly mother
Place on the pallet and bewail Hector, her proper offspring ;
But dogs and birds foul-ravining shall all thy members mangle."

Then spake with dying breath to him great motley-helmed Hector: 355
"Right true were my forebodings then, nor mightest thou be soften'd
By prayer : verily thy soul is iron in thy bosom.
But ponder, lest from wrath of gods I bring thee woe hereafter,
What time, before the Skæan gates, by aid of bright Apollo,
The archer Paris thee shall slay, tho' peerless be thy valour." 360

While thus he spake, the end of death his mouth and voice foreclosed.
Out of his members flew his soul and reach'd the house of Pluto,
Mourning its own sad destiny, from youth and manhood parting.
Divine Achilles to the corpse a word then utter'd further :

"Die thou: but I shall *then* to Doom submit me, whensoever 365
Such is the will of Jupiter and other gods immortal."

He spake; and from his prostrate foe pull'd out the brazen weapon :
But, placing it aside, he stript the armour from his shoulders,
All bloody. Then around him ran Achaia's other children,

Who, gazing fearfully, admir'd the form and comely stature 370
Of Hector; nor came any near, but left some stab upon him.

And thus spake one, with eye that glanc'd upon some other near him :

“Ye Spirits! softer now in sooth for touch of man to handle
Is Hector, than when late he wrapt in wasting fire our galleys.”
Thus each man spake, and standing near one after other stabb'd him. 375
But when Achilles, fleet of foot, had stript the noble armour,
With winged accents he harangu'd, among the Achaians standing :

“O friends, who of the Argive folk are governours and leaders,
Sithence the gods have granted us this champion to vanquish,
Who hath more evils wrought alone, than all his gather'd army; 380
Trial behoveth it to make with arms around the city
And learn what temper doth the foe within his bosom cherish;
Whether, on such a loss, they think to quit their lofty fortress,
Or obstinate abide, altho' no Hector have they longer.
But, O fond heart! why holdest thou within me such discourses? 385
Alas! for still Patroclus' corpse beside the galleys lieth,
Unwept, unburied : ne'er will I forget him, while my spirit
Amongst the living doth abide, and while my knees support me.
Ay, if in house of Aïdes each dead forgetteth other,
Yet even yonder still will I my comrade dear remember. 390
But now, the Pæan shouting high, youths of Achaia! wend we
Unto the smoothly hollow ships, and bear this carcase with us.
Great glory have we earn'd; for we have godlike Hector vanquish'd,
To whom the Troians in their town, as to a god, made prayer.”

So spake he, and unseemly deeds on godlike Hector plotted. 395
He bor'd the gristle of his feet betwixt the heel and ankle,
And thongs of bullhide thro' them strung : so to the car he bound him,
Leaving his head to drag : aloft he plac'd the beauteous armour,
And mounting, flogg'd the steeds, not loth in flying course to speed them.
As on they dragg'd him, clouds of dust arose; his locks of purple 401
Abroad were scatter'd; all his head was in the dust betossed,
Reft of its former gracefulness : but then for éxtreme outrage
Jove unto foemen yielded him, in his own native country.

Thus in the dust was all his head defil'd : meanwhile his mother, 405
Her child beholding, rent her hair, and toss'd her dainty turban

Afar, and wail'd aloud : so eke groan'd piteous his father,
 And all around, the city-folk was fill'd with shriek and moaning :
 Such was the general face of woe, as tho' from foot to summit 410
 Brow-rearing Ilium itself did all in ashes smoulder.
 And hardly might the people then withhold the aged mourner,
 Their king, who thro' the Dardan gates would hurry to the foeman ;
 And vilely rolling in the dirt, entreated his own people,
 And singly call'd on every man, his proper name pronouncing : 415

“ O friends, refrain : and from the walls permit me in my sorrow
 Alone to issue, and to seek the galleys of Achaia.
 With prayer let me meet this man atrocious, direful worker,
 If haply he my hoary hair, and age, revere and pity.
 For *he* too such a father hath,— Peleus, who gat and rear'd him, 420
 A woe to Troians, and to me in chief a mighty mischief :
 So many children flourishing his force from me hath rieved.
 But tho' I grieve, yet not so great for all of them my anguish,
 As is for one,—sharp grief for whom shall drag me down to Pluto,— 425
 Hector !—Oh would that in my hands his spirit he had yielded !
 Then we twain parents,—I myself, and his illfated mother,—
 With tears and wailing o'er his corpse would take our fill of sorrow.”

So spake he weeping : after him the citizens moan'd also :
 But to the women Hecuba led off the dirge incessant : 430

“ My child ! and wherefore live I still, with direful anguish smitten
 By thy destruction ? thou that wast to Troian men and women
 Within the city, day and night, a mighty boast and profit !
 Who, as a god, did welcome thee ; for thou to them great glory 435
 Wast, while alive ; but now, alas ! do Death and Fate o'erhend thee.”

So spake she weeping : but his wife not yet had heard the tiding
 Of Hector ; for no messenger to her had brought announcement,
 Too true ; how that without the gates her lord to stay persisted :
 But she, withdrawn in a recess of the tall house, was working 440
 A purple tissue, double web, with motley flowers broider'd ;
 And to her dainty-braided maids she call'd within the chambers,
 An ample tripod on the fire to set, whereby should Hector
 Returning from the battle find water for warm ablution,
 O simple ! nor discern'd, that far in sooth from all ablution 445

Grey-ey'd Athene him had slain, beneath Achilles' onset.
 Then heard she shrieks re-echoing and wailings from the tower,
 And dropt upon the ground her mesh ; for fear convuls'd her members ;
 Then did she once again address her dainty-braided handmaids :

“ Come! follow, two of you, behind : I go to learn this matter : 450
 The voice of our revered queen I heard, and in my bosom
 My heart upleapeth to my mouth ; my knees beneath are palsied
 With terror : troth, a mighty woe is near for Priam's children.
 Far from my ear be such a tale ! but grim alarm doth seize me,
 Lest-that divine Achilles now have haply from the city 455
 Cut off bold Hector all alone, and o'er the plain do chase him ;
 So to the noisome bravery, which alway did possess him,
 Might direful end be set : for ne'er in the thick troop abode he,
 But far in front was wont to rush, peerless his might esteeming.”

Thus saying, from the chamber forth she rac'd, in frantic fashion, 460
 With beating heart, and after her did eke the handmaids follow.
 But when unto the troop of men she reach'd, and to the tower,
 Upon the rampart there she stood forth gazing ; and beheld him
 Before the city dragg'd around, behind the speedy coursers,
 Who to Achaia's hollow ships all-unconcern'd did drag him. 465
 A swoon of horror then her eyes in murky night enshrouded :
 Gasping she fell to earth, and dropt afar her shining headdress,
 The braids and ribbons of her tire, and woven net and turban,
 Which golden Aphrodite gave, when motley-helmed Hector 470
 Her from Eëtion receiv'd and countless dower paid him.
 But round, her female kindred throng'd, and minist'ring beside her,
 Withheld her shatter'd spirit's flight. With breath and mind returning,
 She deeply heav'd a moan, and spake among the Troian women : 475

“ Hector ! alas ! unhappy me ! one destiny, methinketh,
 Forth brought us both ; thee here in Troy, within the halls of Priam,
 And me in sacred Thebe's wall, beneath the woody Placus,
 In chambers of Eëtion ; who nurtur'd me when little, 480
 Unhappy father, hapless child : would never had he got me !
 But now to Aïdes' abode, in Earth's profound recesses,
 Thou goest, and desertest me a widow in thy chambers
 To hateful mourning : and thy child is still a helpless infant,

To whom, my Hector! birth we gave, ill-fated! for no profit 485
 Mayest thou be to him, nor he to thee; sith Death hath riev'd thee.
 For even if his life escape Achaia's tearful battles,
 Yet toil and sorrow afterward never will fail to hunt him;
 For, all thy acres broad and fair will others from him ravish.
 Upon the day of orphanhood a boy his equals loseth: 490
 His eyes dejected close their lids; his cheeks with tears are flooded;
 And indigent returneth he unto his father's comrades.
 One then he pulleth by the cloak, another by the tunic.
 Then one, from those who pity him, awhile a cup forth holdeth,
 Which barely moisteneth his lips, but wetteth not his palate. 495
 The boy with double parent blest him from the banquet driveth,
 With blows of fist bemauling him, and chiding with reproaches:
 'Off to ill luck with *this*! for not with us thy father feasteth.'
 Then weeping, back the boy doth wend unto his widow'd mother.—
 Astyanax, who heretofore on knees of his own father 500
 Did only upon marrow feed and tender fat of wethers;—
 And when thro' weariness of sport slumber might steal across him,
 Then he upon a couch would sleep, within his nurse's bosom,
 Or downy pillows, when his heart with daintiness was filled:—
 But henceforth will he suffer much, bereft of his dear father, 505
 He, whom the Troïans have call'd Astyanax by surname,
 For-that thou only diddest guard our gates and long defences.
 Now from thy parents far apart, beside the crested galleys,
 When that the dogs have ta'en their fill, the crooked worms shall eat thee,
 All-naked. Yet are garments here within thy chambers stored, 510
 Fine-spun alike and graceful, wrought by women's handy cunning.
 But verily in wasting fire I thoroughly will destroy them:
 For, sav'd, they useless are to thee, sith not in them thou liest;
 But, burn'd, they honour thee, in sight of Trojan men and women."

So spake she weeping: after her with moans the women answer'd.

BOOK XXIII.

So they with moan incessant fill'd the city : but the Achaians
 When to their galleys they had reach'd and to the sea of Helle,
 Partly were scatter'd on the strand, each to his proper galley ;
 Only the bands of Myrmidons Achilles kept assembled,
 And from his bosom spake a word to his war-loving comrades : 5
 "O charioteering Myrmidons, my own beloved comrades !
 Loose we not yet beneath the cars the single-hoofed horses ;
 But with our chariots and steeds near to his body coming,
 For slain Patroclus pour the tear, which is the dead man's honour.
 But after, when with deadly wail we have our sorrow sat'd, 10
 Then let our steeds unharness'd be, and meet ye here for supper."

He spake ; and they in company did moan : Achilles led them.
 Three times around the corpse they drave the glossy-coated horses,
 And wept amain ; for Thetis rous'd the love of wail within them.
 With tears the very sands were wet, with tears their martial armour ; 15
 Sith they for such a hero mourn'd, such counsellor of terror.
 To them did Peleus' son lead off the dirge of ceaseless sorrow,
 Casting his hero-slaying hands around his comrade's bosom :
 "E'en in the courts of Aïdes, all hail from me, Patroclus !
 Now shall I everything fulfil, which erst to thee I plighted,—
 Hither to drag, and raw to dogs deal forth, the corpse of Hector ;
 And that before thy pile would I, by loss of thee embitter'd,
 Sever twelve heads of living men, bright children of the Troians."

So spake he, and unseemly deeds on godlike Hector plotted,
 Stretching him prostrate in the dust beside Patroclus' pallet. 25
 The others, each did lay aside his brazen armour sparkling,
 And loos'd the lofty-neighing steeds ; then countless, by the galley
 Of swift Æacides sat down, for the heart-soothing banquet,
 Patroclus' funeral repast, dealt forth to all his comrades.
 Then sprawled many a sprightly bull along the edge of iron, 30

30. *Iron.* Elsewhere the Homeric knives are brass. Possibly it should rather be translated, "around the spit of iron."

In slaughter ; many a bleating goat, and many a fatted wether,
 And many an ivory-tusked boar, luxuriant in fatness,
 Huge scorching carcases, were stretch'd across the flame of Vulcan ;
 The blood from all sides, caught in cups, around the dead was streaming.
 Meanwhile, the master of the feast, Peleus' swift-footed offspring, 35
 Him did Achaia's chieftains lead to godlike Agamemnon,
 Hardly persuading his stern heart, embitter'd for his comrade.
 But when at Agamemnon's tent, conducting him, they enter'd,
 Then instantly commanded they the clear-intoning heralds,
 An ample tripod on the fire to set, in hope that quickly 40
 Pelides from his skin would wash the gory stains of battle.
 But firmly he refusal spake, and swear an oath upon it :
 "Nay, not by Jupiter, who is of gods the Best and Highest :
 Water of washing, none to come near to this head behoveth,
 Before that I Patroclus lay in fire, and raise a barrow, 45
 And shear my tresses : sith again never so fierce an anguish
 Into my heart shall pierce, while I among the living count me.
 Now to this melancholy feast surrender is befitting :
 But Agamemnon ! prince of men ! command thou in the morning
 Firewood to bring ; and all things else afford thou, which 'tis seemly 50
 For a dead man to carry down beneath the murky darkness :
 Whereby more quickly *him* indeed the unwearied fire shall swallow
 Out of our sight, and eke the folk to their own works betake them."
 He spake ; and they all zealously did listen and obey him.
 Thereat, when each with busy skill his supper had prepared, 55
 They banqueted ; nor did their soul lack well-proportioned banquet.
 But when desire importunate of food and drink was ended,
 The others to their proper tents, to take their rest, departed ;
 But Peleus' son upon the strand of much-brawling water
 Lay mid a troop of Myrmidons, still toss'd with heavy sorrow, 60
 On a clear space, whereat the waves against the banks were washing ;
 When slumber seiz'd him,—loosening the strain upon his spirit,—
 Shed balmy round him : for in sooth, with chasing after Heëtor
 Around the windy Ilium, his gallant limbs were weary.
 Then, hovering, upon him came the soul of sad Patroclus, 65
 Like to the man in everything, in voice and noble eyen

And stature ; and around its form like garments did it carry :
 And right above his head it stood, and spake a word complaining :
 "Dost slumber? and entirely hast forgotten me, Achilles?
 No longer live I, but am dead,— I, whom thou disregardest. 70
 To pass the gates of Aïdes, quick burial desire I.
 There, souls of corpses duly shriv'd, shadows of men departed,
 Repel me, nor beyond the stream to mix with them, allow me :
 But vainly wander I, across Pluto's broad-gated mansion.
 Give me thy hand,—with tears I pray : for never backward wend I 75
 To thy embrace from Aïdes, when once to flames ye give me.
 Nor surely shall we sit alive, apart from dear companions,
 For canny counsel : but on me, once thy beloved comrade,
 The melancholy doom hath yawn'd, from my first birth predestin'd.
 Yea, and thyself, beneath the wall of noble-hearted Troians, 80
 Achilles ! image of the gods ! thou destin'd art to perish.
 Another word and charge I speak, in hope of thy compliance :
 When burn'd I am, place not my bones apart from thine, Achilles !
 But, as together we were rear'd within thy father's mansion,—
 When to your country and your house Menoetius from Opus 85
 Carried me, still a boy, in flight thro' melancholy slaughter,
 (For that, enrag'd about the dice, I slew a boyish playmate,
 Son of Amphidamas, nor meant such deed in childish folly ;)
 Then, in his home receiving me, did charioteering Peleus
 Rear me with gentle tenderness and name me thy attendant :— 90
 So let a single coffer hold the bones of both together,
 The golden double-handled urn, gift of thy queenly mother."
 But him Achilles, fleet of foot, reciprocal accosted :
 " Wherefore, thou dear familiar ! art hither come before me ?
 Why are such charges needed now ? but I, as thou commandest, 95
 Will straitly everything fulfil, and duteous obey thee.
 But come, and nearer draw to me : by mutual embraces
 And deadly wailings let us now a moment sate our sorrow."
 This having said, with loving hands he stretch'd him to Patroclus,
 But fail'd to catch him : for the soul, like smoke, to realms infernal 100
 Shrieking departed. Starting up in quick surprize Achilles
 His hands together clapt, and straight spake piteous, replying :

“Ye Spirits! then within the courts of Aïdes resideth

A soul and image, yet within wanting is sense entirely.
For o’er me stood with tearful wail the soul of sad Patroclus 105
All night, and special biddings gave, and was divinely like him.”

So spake he, and in all of them awoke the love of sorrow.
And they still pitiful did weep, when rosy-finger’d Morning
Shone over them, around the dead: but royal Agamemnon 110
Summon’d from all Achaia’s tents both men and mules, to carry

Wood for Patroclus’ pile. Thereat arose a noble hero,
Meriones, the squire who serv’d Idomeneus kind-hearted;
And forth they wended: but their hands bare timber-hewing axes
And chains firm-plaited; and in front the mules in order marched. 115

Up steep and down, sidewise and slant, thro’ many a path they hied them.
But when the buttresses they reach’d of rillbestreamed Ida,
Straightway with lengthy edge of brass, urgent, they chopt asunder
The stems of lofty leaf-hair’d oaks; the which with mighty echo
Fell crashing. These the Achaïans thereat did split asunder, 120

And bound upon the mules. But these with steps the ground outmea-
Plodding thro’ many a coppice thick, to reach the flat dale eager. [sur’d,
And every timber-hewer eke bare faggots; (so commanded
Meriones, the squire who serv’d Idomeneus kind-hearted;)
And there in order on the shore pil’d them, where for Patroclus 125
And for himself Achilles plann’d a great sepulchral barrow.

But when they had on all sides cast faggots in heaps uncounted,
Sitting they on the spot abode assembled: but Achilles
To the warloving Myrmidons straightway made urgent bidding,
That each beneath the chariot should yoke his steeds, and gird him
In brazen armour. Quick they rose, in martial trim accoutred, 131
And on the cars the charioteers and warriours beside them
Mounted: in front the horsemen went; a cloud of footmen follow’d,
Innumerable; and in the midst his comrades bare Patroclus.

Then sheared they their locks of hair, and on the carcase strew’d them
Right thickly: godlike Achileus the head behind supported, 136
Moaning; for he to Pluto’s realm his blameless friend was bearing.

But, at the spot arriv’d, whereof Achilles gave them notice,
Resting the corpse, they quickly heap’d a pile to soothe his spirit.

Then did the moody chieftain's heart one other thought imagine. 140
 For, standing from the pile aloof, he shear'd his auburn tresses,
 Which for Spercheius' sacred flood luxuriant he nurtur'd;
 Then, gazing on the purple deep, indignant he exclaimed:

"Spercheius! vainly then to thee my father Peleus vowed,
 That I, when thither safe return'd to my dear native country, 145
 A sacred hecatomb would serve, and shear to thee my tresses,
 And fifty rams would consecrate, beside thy very sources,
 Whereat a choice domain thou hast and incense-breathing altar.
 So vow'd the aged man: but thou his notion hast not accomplish'd.
 But now, sith homeward wend not I to my dear native country, 150
 Grant me, my locks to yield as gift in meed of brave Patroclus."

He spake, and plac'd into the hand of his beloved comrade
 The tresses; and in all the troop awoke the love of sorrow.
 Then on their wailing and lament had come the shades of sunset,
 But that Achilles sudden spake, by Agamemnon standing: 155

"Atrides! (for to thy command, in chief, the Achaian people
 Doth hearken,) whilom may there be even a glut of wailing.
 Now from the burning pile aloof disperse them, with commandment
 To care for dinner: we, to whom the dead in chief belongeth,
 Will busy us hereon: with us let also captains tarry." 160

But Agamemnon, prince of men, unto his counsel hearken'd,
 And to their even-balanc'd ships instant dispers'd the people;
 But the chief mourners there abode behind, and heap'd the faggots.
 The pile, this way and that, they fram'd, a hundred feet of firewood,
 And on the very summit plac'd the corpse, distraught with anguish.
 Many fat sheep and clumsyfooted crumplehorned cattle 166
 With due observance flayed they; and mighty-soul'd Achilles
 Took out from all of them the fat, wherewith the corpse he cover'd
 From head to ankle, piling round the victims newly flayed.
 On them he rested bulging jars of unguent and of honey, 170
 Tilted toward the pallet: next four lofty-crested horses
 He earnest added to the pile, and heav'd with mighty sorrow.
 Nine dogs as favourites were fed beneath the master's table:
 Eke two of these into the flames he cast, with necks dissever'd,
 And after them, twelve gallant sons of mighty-hearted Troians, 175

Whom he by brazen edge laid low, a dire achievement plotting :
 So to the iron heart of fire he yielded them as fodder.
 Thereafter, groaning, panted he, and nam'd his dear companion :
 "E'en in the courts of Aïdes all hail from me, Patroclus !
 Now shall I everything fulfil, which erst to thee I plighted. 180
 Lo ! in the fire twelve gallant sons of mighty-hearted Troians
 With thee together swallow'd are ; but Hector son of Priam
 Not for the fire's devouring jaws, but for the dogs reserve I."

So threaten'd he : yet not the dogs around the chief were busy ;
 But, watching near him day and night, Jove's daughter Aphrodite 185
 Frayed the dogs away, and him with rosy oil anointed,
 Ambrosial ; nor troth ! endur'd that any drag and rend him ;
 And bright Apollo over him a cloud of blue extended
 From heaven to the plain below, the spot entire enshrouding,
 Whereon repos'd the carcase ; lest the sun with force pervading 190
 The hero's body parch away with sinews and with members.

Yet still did not the flames consume the pile of dead Patroclus.
 Then did the moody chieftain's heart one other thought imagine.
 For, standing from the pile aloof, to the two Winds he prayed,
 To Boreas and Zephyrus, and victims fair behighted ; 195
 And from a golden goblet eke he pour'd libations many,
 Imploring, that in speed they come, the corpse with fire to kindle,
 And that the fuel haste to catch. Then, his petitions hearing,
 Hied to the Winds as messenger the swift-descending Iris.
 But they, assembled in the halls of fiercely blaring Zephyr, 200
 Feasted in banquet : thereupon, Iris shot in among them,
 And on the marble threshold stood. They, when their eyes beheld her,
 All started on their feet, and each her to his throne invited.
 But to be seated she refus'd, and spake her word before them :

"No seat for me : hence wend I forth unto the streams of Ocean
 To the far land of Æthiops, where hecatombs they offer 206
 Unto the immortals : eke would I upon the victims banquet.
 But Achileus to Boreas and shrilly-rustling Zephyr
 Maketh entreaty that ye come, and victims fair behighteth,
 If that ye hurry to consume the pile, whereon is lifted 210
 Patroclus, after whom the heart of all Achaia heaveth."

Such message spoken, parted she: they with almighty clamour
 Uprose asudden, hurtling on the stormy clouds before them.
 Over the deep free course they found to blare, and heav'd the surges
 With shrilly-whistling breath: but next to loamy Troas came they, 215
 Falling upon the pile: and dire the flame's unearthly hooting.
 Then fiercely puffing all night long fann'd they the fire together;
 And swift Achilles, all that night, with goblet doubly hollow
 Out of a golden bowl did teem the sacred wine, and wetted 220
 The earth around him, calling aye the soul of sad Patroclus.
 As, when a bridegroom's sudden fate may grieve his wretched parents,
 The father, who his bones must burn, outmoaneth heart-bestricken;
 So then Achilles, who the bones of his companion burned,
 Pacing beside the pile, bemoan'd, with sigh incessant heaving. 225
 But when, announcing light on earth, the star of day proceeded,
 Whom shortly saffron-vested Dawn tinging the sea doth follow;
 Then droop'd the blazing of the pile and all its splendour faded.
 The Winds upon their courses hied unto their homes returning
 Over the sea of Thrace: but it with roaring billow raved. 230
 But Peleus' son on other side asunder from the burning
 Reclin'd all-weary: quickly there sweet slumber stole across him.
 Meanwhile the chieftains were in troop around Atrides gather'd,
 And as toward him these advanc'd, their clank and hubbub woke him.
 So, raising him, upright he sat and spake his word before them:
 "O son of Atreus, and the rest, chieftains of Panachaia, 236
 First, wheresoe'er along the pile the flame abideth, quench ye
 With sparkling wine its force, throughout: thereafter let us gather
 The bones of Menœtiades Patroclus,—well discerning.
 (And easy is discernment: sith in the mid pile we plac'd him: 240
 Apart, promiscuous, the rest were burnt, both men and horses.)
 Them in two folds of fat will I within a golden flagon
 Keep, until I myself in turn hide in the courts of Pluto.
 Meanwhile no overweening mound to heap aloft exhort I, 245
 But suited;—*such* the height: and ye, Achaians, will hereafter
 A broad and lofty barrow rear, whoso, when I am perish'd,
 Survivors may behind be left on many-benched galleys."
 So spake Pelides fleet of foot, and they compliant hearken'd.

First, wheresoe'er along the pile the flame abode, they quenched 250
 With sparkling wine its force, throughout; and heavy fell the ashes.
 Then into double folds of fat within a golden flagon
 The white bones of the kindly chief with tears they duly gather'd,
 And stor'd them in Achilles' tents, and veil'd with flimsy linen;
 And fram'd a circle for the tomb, and laid in front foundations 255
 Around the pile itself. Thereon fresh earth they heaped urgent,
 And when the tomb was all embank'd, departed.—But Achilles,
 Seating in ample theatre, arranged the crowded people,
 And from his galleys bare to view the prizes of the contest,
 Cauldrons and tripods, steeds and mules, and bulls with valiant forehead,
 And iron's rigid hoariness, and dapper-girdled women. 261

First for the speedy charioteers propos'd he brilliant prizes.
 The foremost victor should receive a woman taught discreetly
 In blameless work, and tripod ear'd, of two-and-twenty measures.
 The next, an untam'd six-year mare, a mule within her bearing. 265
 For the third driver, in the midst he plac'd a beauteous cauldron,
 Four measures holding, new to fire, all in its pristine whiteness.
 For him whose coursers fourth might be, he set two golden talents;
 But for the fifth a double urn, new to the fire, he destin'd. 270
 Upright then stood he forth, and spake his word before the Argives:

“O son of Atreus, and the rest of dapper-greav'd Achaians!
 Such prizes lie in theatre, the charioteers awaiting.
 Now if the Achaians contest held in other hero's honour,
 Myself the chiefest prize, I trow, unto my tent would carry; 275
 For surely know ye, how by far my steeds surpass in goodness.
 For they immortal are: of yore landshaking Neptune gave them
 Unto my father Peleus: he in turn to me vouchsaf'd them.
 But doubtless I aloof shall stay with single-hoofed horses:
 So noble was the charioteer whose loss they yet are mourning,
 A lord so kindly, who full oft with streams of cleanly water 281
 Did bathe their manes, unsparingly with liquid oil anointing.
 The twain immoveable abide, and weep: the ground supporteth
 Their heav'nly manes: so stand they there, with hearts by anguish stricken.
 But ye, the others of the host, stand forth, whoso of Argives 285
 Trusteth the goodness of his steeds and chariots well-joined.”

So spake Pelides : at the word swift charioteers stept forward.
 Of them Eumelus, prince of men, uprose by far the foremost,
 Admetus' darling offspring, who in horsemanship was signal.
 After him rose the son of Tydeus, stalwart Diomedes, 290
 Who led beneath the yoke the steeds of Tros, which from Æneias
 He late had taken, tho' their lord was by Apollo rescued.
 After him, Atreus' Joveborn son, the auburn Menelaüs,
 Stept forward : he beneath the yoke led nimblefooted coursers,
Spryfoot and *Blazer*, horse and mare : the mare was Agamemnon's ; 295
 Which Echepólus paid as gift to royal Agamemnon,
 Exemption buying from the war, that there he might disport him,
 Nor sail for windy Ilium : for he, Anchises' offspring,
 Great riches held from Jove, and dwelt in Sikyon broad-acred.
 Her, keen persistent in the course, then Menelaüs harness'd. 300
 Fourth did Antilochus array the dapper-coated horses,
 Antilochus, the brilliant child of a highminded father,
 Their master Nestor, Neleus' son ; whose nimblefooted horses,
 At Pylos nurtur'd, drew the car. His father, near him standing,
 Wisely advis'd to good the youth, himself already wary : 305
 "Antilochus! thee verily have Jove and Neptune loved,
 Albeit young thou art, and thee in horsemanships instructed
 Of every fashion : therefore thou no great monition needest.
 Well knowest thou around the goal to wind : natheless thy coursers
 Are slowest in the race: whence eke, I deem, may come disaster. 310
 But of the rest the steeds in sooth are quicker; yet the drivers
 Know not more fully than thyself to deal in sage devices.
 But come, dear fellow! in thy heart cast every form of counsel
 Right crafty, lest from out thy hand the prizes slip asudden.
 Far more by counsel than by strength the timberhewer winneth. 315
 By counsel and by might of mind doth eke the pilot safely
 Over the purple waters guide his tempestshaken galley.
 Counsel doth also charioteer from charioteer distinguish.
 But whoso, on his nimble steeds and chariot relying,
 Hither and thither, illadvise'd, in lengthen'd courses windeth, 320
 His coursers wide extravagant are spent, nor aught prevails he.
 But whoso worser steeds may drive, yet gainful arts upholdeth,

With eyes fasten'd on the goal wheeleth right close, nor ever
 Forgetteth, when he earliest the thong of ox should tighten;
 But holdeth steadily his place, and for his victor lurketh. 325
 A mark, right easy to discern, behold: thou shalt not miss it.
 A fathom high above the earth a harden'd block of timber
 Standeth,—a trunk of oak or pine, which rotteth not by showers;
 And near it, two white slabs of stone on either side are planted
 Just in the narrows of the road; but smooth the course is round them.
 This hath divine Achilles made the racers' goal: and haply 331
 Such was it eke of yore, or mark'd where some dead man was buried.
 Right close to this approaching, drive thy chariot and horses.
 In the welljoined car thyself must leftwise gently lean thee, 335
 And to the right steed yield the reins, and freely lash and urge him.
 But let the courser on the left so swerve toward the pillar,
 That, troth! the centre of thy wheel may doubt to graze the surface
 Of the rough stone. Shun thou to prove its perilous encounter, 340
 Lest that the chariot it break, and wound withal thy horses.
 Disgrace unto thyself were this, and triumph to thy rivals.
 But keen, my son! and wary be: for if, inside the others,
 Thou round the goal, not one of them pursuing shall o'erhend thee; 345
 Not even if behind thy heels he drave divine Areion,
 Adrastus' nimblefooted horse, which was a brood of heaven,
 Or the proud steeds of Tros, which here of all are noblest reared."

After such words, back to his seat return'd Neleian Nestor,
 When charges to his proper son he had especial given. 350
 But fifth did Merion array the dapper-coated horses.

Then mounted they the chariots and cast their lots together.
 Achilles shook them: Nestor's son gain'd the first lot for starting.
 Royal Eumelus after him receiv'd his post as second.
 After him, third, was Atreus' son, spear-famous Menelaüs: 355
 Next after him Meriones was rang'd: but last Tydides,
 Himself by far the chiefest, came, to drive his horses hindmost.
 When thus in row drawn up they stood, Achilles mark'd the limits,
 In the wide level seen afar; and station'd godlike Phœnix, 360
 His father's minister, as watch and teller of the contest. [them
 Then rais'd they all their scourges high and lash'd the steeds, and urg'd

With eager menace : speedily the breadth of plain travérs'd they,
 Far from the galleys ; but the dust beneath their breasts uplifted 365
 Stood as a cloud, or like a squall ; and from the horses' shoulders
 Along the breezes wav'd the manes : the cars, at one while vanish'd,
 Sunk in the manyfeeding earth ; elsewhile aloft they bounded.
 Up stood the drivers from their seats, with hearts for conquest panting :
 Each shouted to his steeds, and they in dusty tempest scuffled. 371
 But when, fulfilling their career, the coursers fleetly scudding
 Back to the hoary brine would come, then were the odds apparent
 And worth of each ; for hard was stretch'd the race forthwith : and quickly
 The rapid mares of Pheres' stud foremost of all outstarted. 376
 Behind, the stallions of Tros by Diomed were driven
 So near, they alway seem'd as tho' they on the car would mount them.
 Eumelus' back and shoulders broad were warm beneath their panting ;
 For aye against him lay their heads, as close behind they gallop'd. 381
 And now they haply would have pass'd, or doubtful left the contest,
 But bright Apollo, wroth of old against the son of Tydeus,
 Struck from his hands the shining scourge : then tears from out his eyen
 Fell in his anger, when the mares onward and onward winning 386
 He saw ; while, of the lash bereft, his own career was damag'd.
 Nor did Athene fail to mark Apollo's fraudulent dealing
 Against Tydides : quickly she the people's shepherd chased,
 And gave him back the scourge, and breath'd into his horses vigour ; 390
 Then, wrathful with Admetus' son, pursued, and brake asunder
 His yoke : down fell the pole : the steeds this way and that were parted.
 Out of the chariot himself beside the wheel was rolled
 On to his elbow : nostrils, mouth, forehead, and brow were mangled,
 His eyen were with tears brimful, his throat was drain'd of juices. 396
 Then past him Tydeus' son held on the singlehoofed horses,
 Beyond the others far ahead forth springing : for Athene
 Into his horses vigour breath'd, and on himself put glory. 400
 After him kept the son of Atreus, auburn Menelaüs.

Then did Antilochus rebuke the horses of his father :
 " Step on, ye also ; strain to speed. I claim not, that the coursers
 Of Tydeus' skilfulhearted son ye vanquish ; sith Athene 405

376. *Pheres* was father of Admetus and grandfather of Eumelus.

To them hath swiftness granted now, and on himself put glory.
 But overhend Atrides' steeds and be not left behind them,
 Quickly; lest in disgrace ye sink, if *Blazer*,—she, a female,—
 Outstrip you in the race. And why fall ye behind, my bravest?
 For roundly will I say,—and this shall be a fact accomplish'd: 410
 No longer shall ye twain receive grooming and food with Nestor
 The people's shepherd: he forthwith by the sharp brass will slay you,
 If by your heartlessness a prize inferiour we carry.
 But keep ye pace and follow hard and scud with éxtrême effort:
 And I myself will machinate and will espy to complish, 415
 If in the narrows of the road I find a place to pass him."

So spake he earnest: they beneath their lord's upbraidment quailing,
 Ran swifter on, awhile; but soon Antilochus war-biding
 Saw, where the road was rent away and hollow'd by a torrent, 420
 Whose pent-up waters sapp'd the ground and narrow left the passage:
 Hereby did Menelaüs drive, concourse of wheels avoiding.
 But devious his rival held the singlehoofed horses,
 Pressing by shorter cut oblique to meet within the narrows.
 Then to Antilochus aloud Atrides cried in terror: 425
 "Antilochus! infatuate thy course: hold-in thy horses,
 While narrow is the road; and soon, where it is broader, pass me;
 Lest on the chariot thou strike and bring on both disaster."

So spake he; but Antilochus drave nearer still and nearer,
 Urging the horses with the scourge, alike as tho' he heard not. 430
 Then, far as may a youthful man, his stalwart vigour trying,
 Over his shoulder fling the quoit, so far they onward hurried.
 But Atreus' son in mid career refrain'd his speed on purpose,
 Lest that the singlehoofed steeds within the road be tangled, 435
 And overturn the chariots welljoined: so the drivers
 Would in the dust themselves be cast, for victory too eager.
 Then auburn Menelaüs spake a word of bitter chiding:
 "Antilochus! of all mankind none is than thee more deadly.
 Avaunt to ruin! falsely do the Achaians hold thee prudent. 440
 But I will challenge thee to oath, and of the prize despoil thee."

After such words, with cheery voice he to the coursers shouted:

424. I express what I suppose to be the poet's meaning.

"Stay not behind, nor wait to think, albeit griev'd, my gallants !
 To them far earlier, I trow, will feet and knees be weary, 444
 Than unto you : for from them both the strength of youth is parted."
 So spake he earnest: they beneath their lord's upbraidment quailing,
 Ran swifter on, and speedily came nearer, and yet nearer.
 Meanwhile in theatre behind abode the Argives, watching
 The coursers, who across the plain in dusty tempest scuffled.
 The Cretan chief Idomeneus did first espy the horses ; 450
 For he beyond the company to scan around sat forward,
 And heard the charioteer afar, and knew his loud upbraidment,
 And saw a signal horse in front, who else was bay of colour,
 But bare a white spot, like a moon, upon his forehead blazing. 455
 Then stood Idomeneus upright, and spake before the Argives :
 "O friends, who of the Argive folk are governours and leaders,
 Do I alone the coursers view, or eke do ye descry them ?
 Another pair of steeds than erst, methinketh, now are foremost;
 Ay; and another charioteer appeareth : but the others 460
 I ween, met damage on the plain, which thitherward had vantage.
 Surely ahead I saw the mares around the pillar bending :
 But them I nowhere now may ken, albeit that my eyen
 Turn, as I gaze, on every side over the plain of Troas.
 Either the charioteer his reins hath dropt, or round the pillar 465
 Could not his coursers duly hold and fail'd to wheel discreetly.
 There(bodeI) forth he fell, and brake his chariot's equipments,
 And from the road his mares, possest by untam'd spirit, started.
 But ye, arising, eke yourselves behold ; for not distinctly
 My eyen may beknow : yet here, methinketh, is a hero 470
 Ætolian of birth, who yet mid Argive princes reigneth,
 The courser-taming Tydeus' son, stouthearted Diomedes."
 Then Ajax swift, Oileus' son, with insult base revil'd him :
 "Idomeneus! wherefore too soon dost bluster? o'er the level
 Hither the nimblefooted mares speed far afront of others. 475
 Among the Argives thou, I ween, art not so much the youngest,
 Nor peer thy eyen from thy head the keenest in the army ;
 But thou with words of bluster aye dost prate : and wherefore need we
 Thy endless prating? here around are many talkers abler.

Still the same coursers hold the lead, which at the turn were foremost,
Eumelus' mares, and in the car himself the ribbons holdeth." 481

To him with anger, front to front, the Cretan leader answer'd :
"O Ajax, ill-deviser, skill'd in jibes ; beneath the Argives
In all beside thou fallest, sith ungracious is thy temper.
Come ! for a wager stake we now a tripod or a cauldron, 485
And let us both as umpire take Atrides Agamemnon,
Which steeds are foremost: so shalt thou discover by repayment."

So spake he : but Oïleus' son, swift Ajax, rose asudden
In anger, ready to retort with words of fierce contention.
And now had haply farther gone the strife betwixt the chieftains, 490
But that Achilles' self arose and spake a word before them :

"No longer with reproachful words of fierce contention answer,
O Ajax and Idomeneus : nor, troth, is it beseeeming :
Yea, with another were ye wroth, who should such deeds adventure.
But ye in theatre abide to watch the steeds' careering. 495
Soon will they hither come themselves, with rivalry excited ; [cond."
Then each the coursers shall beknow, —which first, and which are se-

He spake: but Tydeus' son drew near, right urgent : on the shoulder
He alway lash'd the steeds: but they tossing aloft accomplish'd 500
Their speedy course: the charioteer with daubs of dust was powder'd ;
And, as instinct, the chariot with gold and tin bedizen'd
Follow'd the nimble-footed steeds: and scarce a track behind them
In the thin dust the wheel had left; so flew they o'er the champaign. 505
He in mid company drew up ; and from the horses trickled
Abundant sweat down to the ground, from crests and flanks and bosom.
Then from the shiping chariot himself to earth outspringing
Hanged upon the yoke his scourge. Without delay, on instant 510
The valiant Sthenelus stept up, and seiz'd the prize behoten,
And to his comrades high of heart handed the skilful woman
And eared tripod, for their lord : but he the steeds unharness'd.
Next did Antilochus arrive, Neleian horses driving,
Who Menelaüs had by craft outstript, but not by swiftness : 515
Yet even so with nimble steeds clung Menelas behind him.
As wheel is parted from the horse, who on the champaign straining
Draweth his master with the car ; whose outmost tailhair brusheth

The running tire: (no mighty space, however far he gallop :) 520
 So far by Nestor's spotless son was Menelaüs distanc'd ;
 So far alone: yet was he once a full quoit-throw to rearward.
 Yet quickly won he back the loss; for more and more the vigour
 Wax'd brave in Agamemnon's mare, the glossy-coated *Blazer*. 525
 And if for both the chariots the race had farther lasted,
 Full surely had she overpast, nor doubtful left the contest.
 Fourth came the bonny Merion, Idomeneus' attendant,
 Who a spearthrow was left behind high-honour'd Menelaüs:
 For slowest were of all the field his glossy-coated horses, 530
 And, as a charioteer, himself upon the lists was weakest.
 Latest of all, with long delay arriv'd Admetus' offspring,
 Dragging the beauteous chariot, from far his coursers driving.
 Godlike Achilles, fleet of foot, beheld the chief with pity,
 And to the Argives standing forth harangu'd in winged accents: 535
 "A noblest hero driveth last his single-hoofed horses.
 But come ye; upon him a prize bestow we, as is seemly,
 In second rank: but Tydeus' son must with the first be honour'd."
 So spake he: then the chieftains all unto his word assented.
 And now had he the mare on him bestow'd; (for so the Achaians 540
 Approv'd;) but that Antilochus, greathearted Nestor's offspring,
 Arose, and challeng'd to account Achilles, son of Peleus:
 "Achilles! troth, shall I with thee be wrathful, if thou com-
 This word: for of my proper prize thou thinkest to despoil me,
 In pity, that his speedy mares and chariot were crippled 545
 And that himself is worthy: yet his duty was, to offer
 Vows to th' immortals; never then had he been thrown to rearmost.
 Pity and love to gratify, thy tents have gold in plenty,
 And brass and sheep and servant-maids and single-hoofed horses: 550
 Of these thou mayest afterward take greater prize to give him,
 Or even now before us: so the Achaians shall approve thee.
 But I to none will yield the mare: whoever would pretensions
 To her adventure, must with me prepare to enter combat."
 So vaunted he, and drew a smile from Achileus swiftfooted, 555
 Delighting in Antilochus, who was his dear companion.
 Thereat reciprocal to him he winged accents utter'd:

“Antilochus! if verily thou biddest to Eumelus
 Fresh prize from out my stores to give, this also will I complish :
 A corslet I on him bestow, which from Asteropæus 560
 I took: of brass the substance is, but wreath'd around the margin
 Are streams of shining tin; and this a goodly price would yield him.”

He spake, and to Automedon, his comrade dear, gave order
 To bear it from his tent: but he quickly return'd, and brought it,
 And plac'd it in Eumelus' hands; and he with joy receiv'd it. 565

But Menelaüs, sore at heart, hereon stood forth among them,
 In wrath against Antilochus unmeasur'd: but a herald
 Into his hand a sceptre plac'd, and challeng'd all the Argives
 To silence: then the godlike man spake out his heart before them:

“Antilochus! who heretofore wast sage; what now hath ail'd thee?
 Loss to my coursers hast thou wrought, and to my skill dishonour, 571
 Thrusting thy horses to the front, which were by far the worsen.

But come now! ye who leaders are and governours to Argos,
 Pass ye a sentence in the midst for both, with even fairness;
 Lest that hereafter haply one of brazen-clad Achaïans 575
 Say,—Menelaüs did by lies Antilochus o'erpower,
 And carried off the mare, altho' his steeds were far the worsen,
 Only that he himself in might and majesty was grander.

Or else,—come! I myself will judge; nor do I ween that any
 Of Danaï will this reprove; for fair shall be my trial. 580

Antilochus! Jove-nurtur'd! hark! as seemly is and rightful,
 Stand thou before the chariot and coursers: hold beside thee
 The lash wherewith thou dravest: touch the steeds, and swear by Neptune
 Landshaking, that thou diddest not by guile my car entangle.” 585

But him did sage Antilochus confronting gently answer:
 “No more of this; for, troth, am I than thee, prince Menelaüs!
 Younger by far, and thou than me art loftier and braver.
 Well knowest thou, how youthful men in trespasses are tangled;
 For quicker their perceptions are, but flimsy is their judgment. 590
 Therefore thy heart will bear with me. Also to thee resign I
 The mare, which I had won: and eke if more thou shouldst ask me
 From my own stores to bring, this too at once would I present thee
 Right willing, rather than with thee, Jove-nurtur'd! meet displeasure

All days, and an offender be before the unseen powers." 595

So spake greathearted Nestor's son, and led the mare and plac'd her
In hands of Menelaüs: then his royal heart was melted.

As in a growing crop of wheat, when all the acres bristle,
A dew, descending genial, the ears doth warm and soften,
So, Menelaüs! then to thee the heart within was soften'd. 600

Thereat the prince accosting him did winged accents utter:

"Antilochus! now unto thee myself will yield my anger:
For never wast thou heretofore askew, nor airy-witted.

Youth hath thy mind o'ercome: henceforth shun thou to trick thy betters.

Other Achaian man mayhap had not so lightly calm'd me. 606

But troth, much thou endured hast for me, and much hast toiled,

As thy good sire and brother too; therefore to thy entreaty

Will I comply: yea, and the mare, albeit mine,—I yield her: 610

So shall these learn, that ne'er my heart was stern and overweening."

He spake; and to Noëmon's hands, Antilochus' companion,
Gave up the mare, and took himself the all-resplendent cauldron.

And Merion, who fourth drave in, gat the two golden talents.

But the fifth prize, which still was left, the double urn;—to Nestor 615

Achilles thro' the Argive throng bare it, and spake beside him:

"Here now! let this to thee alsó, old friend! be made a keepsake

For record of Patroclus' grave: for never among Argives

Himself shalt thou again behold. And hark! this prize I give thee

Gratis! for neither race of foot nor darting wilt thou enter, 621

Wrestling, nor boxing: for on thee stern Eld already presseth."

He spake, and plac'd it in his hands; and he with joy receiv'd it,

And unto him reciprocal harangu'd in winged accents: 625

"Ay, verily; all this, my child! discreetly hast thou spoken.

For friend! their early hardihood hath fail'd my limbs: no longer

The feet rush agile, nor the hands on either side my shoulders.

O that I still were só in youth, and unimpair'd my vigour,

As when the Epeians did of yore king Amarynkeus bury, 630

And in Buprasium his sons set forth the royal prizes.

Then no one might with me compare, neither among the Epeians

Or mighty-soul'd Ætolians, nor from my native Pylos.

Then Clytomedes conquer'd I in boxing,—son of Enops;

To wrestle next Ankæus rose, of Pleuron : him o'erthrew I. 635
 Then Iphiclus, tho' swift he was, yet did my feet outrun him,
 And with the spear I overpitch'd Phyleus and Polydorus.
 Only the sons of Actor then outdrove me with their horses,
 Who two to one against me were, on fire with zeal of conquest,
 Sith as the noblest prizes yet the charioteers awaited. 640
 Twin bretheren were these: and one did ever hold the bridles,
 The bridles alway manag'd he, the other scourg'd and shouted.
 Such once was I: but now in turn let younger men betake them
 To such achievements: Nestor's head to Eld unkind must bow him :
 'Tis fitting : but in days of old signal was I mid heroes. 645
 Do thou by games of funeral pay honour to thy comrade ;
 And willing I this gift accept ; yea, and my heart is joyful,
 That alway thou my kindly soul well knowest, nor forgettest
 What honour seemly is for me among Achaia's children.
 For this, on *thee* may heav'nly gods bestow heartsoothing favour." 650

So spake he : and Pelides hied thro' the thick crowd of Argives,
 When he unto the whole address of Neleus' son had listen'd.
 Then of the painful boxing match did he propose the prizes :
 First, a toilbearing mule, untam'd, —six years its age,—which hardest
 Is to be tam'd, this led he in, and tied, mid full assembly. 655
 Next, to the vanquish'd forth he set a goblet doubly hollow.

Upright he stood, and spake his word before the assembled Argives :

"O sons of Atreus, and the rest of dapper-greav'd Achaians,
 Two men, whoever bravest are, invite we for these prizes,
 Raising aloft the first, to box : and to whiche'er Apollo 660
 Constant endurance shall vouchsafe in sight of all the Achaians,
 His the toilbearing mule shall be, unto his tent to lead it :
 But to the vanquish'd I beight the goblet doubly hollow."

So spake he : then forthwith arose a man both huge and comely
 Epeius, son of Panopeus, of old well skill'd in boxing. 665
 Who touch'd the toilenduring mule, and thus spake forth his challenge :

"Near let him come, who means to get the goblet doubly hollow :
 But none, I trow, by strength of fist from me the mule shall carry
 Of all Achaians ; sith I boast in boxing to be ablest.
 In battle of the spear and sword I yield : doth that content you? 670

Never may man in every work alike, I ween, be skilful.
 For roundly will I warning give of that which I will accomplish :
 His flesh asunder will I rip, and crush the bones within him.
 Here let his kinsmen wait around, assembled to receive him
 And bear his shatter'd frame away, beneath my onset fallen." 675

Thus did he threaten: thereupon they all were dumb in silence.
 Alone Euryalus arose, a godlike man, to meet him,
 Whose sire the prince Mekisteus was, and Talaüs his grandsire :
 Who, when in former days at Thebes slain Ædipus was buried,
 Came to the games, and conquer'd there the stoutest of Cadmeians. 680
 And now Tydides spear-renown'd was busy to array him,
 And hearten'd him with words: for much his victory desir'd he.
 A girdle fitted to his loins first handed he; thereafter
 Presented wellcut thongs of hide stript from a bull fieldroaming.
 So then the two wellgirded came amid the ring of gazers, 685
 And rush'd together in affray, with sturdy hands uplifted.
 Dire was the crackle of their chaps; sweat dripp'd from all their members.
 Until divine Epeius mark'd his rival's eyen straying,
 And rising, smote upon his cheek: nor long the blow endur'd he; 690
 For on the spot his gallant limbs sank staggering beneath him.
 As on the weedy beach a fish, by the dark billow cover'd,
 Outleapeth, if with Boreas the topmost sea do shudder;
 So with the blow upleaped he: but mighty-soul'd Epeius
 Rais'd him with both his hands. Around his dear companions crowded,
 Who led him thro' the gazing ring, trailing his feet behind him, 696
 Spitting thick blood between his teeth, his head on one side drooping,
 Half-stunn'd and wandering; but quick they seated him among them,
 And hasted, to his tent to fetch the goblet doubly hollow.
 Then to the Danaï anew the son of Peleus quickly 700
 For painful wrestling, forward set a third award of prizes.
 A tripod, on the fire to stand, design'd he for the victor,
 Precious; and it the Achæians did at twelve oxen value:
 The vanquish'd to repay, he set a woman in the middle,
 In various achievement skill'd: four beeves her price they counted.

679. The epithet given to Ædipus shows that Homer followed a totally different tale from that of the Attic tragedians.

Upright he stood, and spake his word before the asssembled Argives :

“ Arise ! whatever pair may list eke in this game to try them.”

So spake he : instantly arose great Telamonian Ajax,
And next, a man of cunning deep, Ulysses much-devising.
Thereat the two well-girded came amid the ring of gazers, 710
Fronting ; and clasp'd with sturdy hands the elbows, each of other :
As when, within a lofty house, the force of wind averting,
A famous artizan may frame twin rafters, crossembracing.
Their backs in hardy tustle crack'd ; from head to foot sweat trickled,
And many a wale, blood-purple, ran along their sides and shoulders :
Yet alway eager still they strain'd, to win the featful tripod.
Nor might Ulysses, artful, cast unto the ground his rival,
Nor Ajax ; for, all-sinewy, Ulysses aye resisted. 720
But when at length their struggle pain'd the dapper-greav'd Achaians,
Then, to Ulysses, challenge spake great Telamonian Ajax :

“ Son of Laertes ! Jove-deriv'd ! Ulysses much-contriving !

Let one or other lift his man ; then Jove the rest shall settle.”

He spake, and lifted him : with guile long-practis'd, then Ulysses 725
Struck him within the knee, behind, and tripp'd and cast him backward,
And fell upon his breast : thereat the people gaz'd admiring.
Second, the much-enduring man, Ajax to lift, made effort ;
But barely stirr'd him from the ground ; until his knee he twisted, 730
And both together fell to earth, and were with dust defiled.
Again upspringing from their fall, a third time would they wrestle ;
But that Achilles' self arose, and by his word withheld them :

“ No longer strain your noble hearts, nor wear yourselves with hardship.

The victory to both is due : both equal prizes taking, 736
Retire ye : so may eke the rest adventure for the prizes.”

Thus spake he : they right-willingly did listen and obey him,
And wiping off the dust, sat down, clad in their rightful tunics.

Then for the swift of foot anew Pelides nam'd his prizes. 740
A bowl of silver featly wrought was first : it held six measures ;
And for its beauty, all the earth no peer of it could furnish,—
So gorgeous its workmanship, by men of Sidon labor'd.
But o'er the hazy breadth of sea Phœnicians had borne it,

And lodg'd it safe on Lemnos' shore, a gift to honour Thoas. 745
 As purchase-price for Priam's son Lycaon, did Euneüs,
 Offspring of Jason, yield it up into Patroclus' keeping;
 And now Achilles set it forth, —a prize, his friend to honour,
 For him, whoso with rapid feet might of the host be nimblest.
 Next, for the second brought he out an ox well-fed and portly; 750
 But half a talent's weight of gold for the last prize he destin'd.
 Upright he stood, and spake his word among the assembled Argives :
 "Arise, whomever it may list eke in this game to try them."
 So spake he : then Oileus' son, swift Ajax, rose asudden,
 Also Ulysses much-devising : last, the son of Nestor, 755
 Antilochus, who with his feet mid all the youths was signal.
 Ranged abreast they stood : thereat, Achilles mark'd the limits.
 At very start full speed they made, and foremost nimble Ajax
 Darted ; but close upon his heels divine Ulysses follow'd.
 As when some dapper-girdled wife near to her bosom holdeth 760
 The spindle, whence she draweth out the rove, beyond the sliver ;
 So near Ulysses kept, and trod the very prints of Ajax,
 Ere dust could fill them ; o'er his head, behind, Ulysses panted, 765
 And, eager to outstrip, press'd on, while all the Achaians cheer'd him.
 But when at length the last career they sped to close, Ulysses
 Unto grey-ey'd Athene pray'd within his secret bosom :
 "O goddess ! be my good ally, and to my feet show favour." 770
 So utter'd he the word of pray'r, and maid Athene heard him :
 His limbs,—both feet and hands above—nimble she made and buxom.
 But when they quickly were about to dart upon the prizes,
 Athene cheated Ajax' hope, and cast him slipping, rolling,
 Where lay the offal of the bulls deepplowing, which Achilles 775
 Slew for Patroclus : nose and mouth were fill'd with noisome ordure.
 So, earlier in-rushing, came Ulysses muchenduring
 And lifted up the bowl : the ox was won by gallant Ajax,
 Who, blowing from his lips the filth, in hand the horn enclasped 780
 Of the field-roaming ox, and spake before the assembled Argives :

745 *Thoas*, king of Lemnos ; the father of Hypsipyle, mother of Euneüs : see 7, 469, and 14, 230.

761. I do not certainly understand the description of the Greek, but I think *spinning*, not *weaving*, is intended.

“Ye Spirits! troth, the goddess-maid ruin’d my steps, who alway,
Like to a mother, stands beside and succoureth Ulysses.”

So spake he moanful: him they all with pleasant laughter greeted.
After them came Antilochus to claim the prize remaining, 785
Who, smiling jocund, spake a word before the assembled Argives:

“My friends! well know ye,—yet will I pronounce it; now, as ever,
The immortals on more ancient men delight to lavish honour.

For Ajax is in years to me superiour a little;
But this one is of elder birth, —an age entire before us. 790
A *raw* old man, they say, he is: with him, of all the Achaians
None easily in speed may vie, except it be Achilles.”

So to Pelides fleet of foot he by his words gave glory.
Thereat with word reciprocal Achilles him accosted:

“Antilochus! thy merry praise shall not in vain be utter’d: 795
But a full talent now of gold I give, for half the talent.”

He spake, and plac’d it in his hands: and he with joy receiv’d it.
Thereafter Peleus’ son brought in a spear with lengthy shadow,
And shield, and triplecrested helm, the armour of Sarpedon,
Which, late, Patroclus stript from him. In theatre he cast them, 800
And upright stood, and spake his word before the assembled Argives:

“Two men, whoever bravest are, invite we for these prizes,
Clad in full panoply, to fight amid the throng of gazers,
And each of other trial make with point of brass fleshpiercing.
Then whichsoever earlier may strike the tender body 805

And reach to graze the cover’d parts, till blood the armour sully;

Him with this falchion of Thrace, fair, weighty, silver-studded,

Will I adorn; the which I took from slain Asteropæus.

But let the twain in common bear this armour of Sarpedon,

And in our tents will we beside with a rich banquet grace them.”

So spake he: instantly arose great Telamonian Ajax, 811

And after him rose Tydeus’ son, stout-hearted Diomedes.

But soon as, from the throng apart, the twain were well-accoutred,

In middle of the folk they both met, eager for the combat,

With dreadful glances. Deep amazement held the Achaians gazing. 815

But when, advancing each on each, they came to shorter distance,

Thrice sally did they make, and thrice they clos’d in nearer battle.

Then Ajax struck upon the shield which equal was on all sides,
 Nor reach'd the flesh behind ; but it the corslet still defended.
 But Tydeus' son at Ajax' neck above the mighty buckler 820
 With changeful flash of javelin was alway fiercely aiming.
 Thereat the Achæians, smit with dread lest aught go wrong with Ajax,
 Bade them their rivalry to stay and take the prizes equal.
 Yet to Tydides Peleus' son the mighty sword presented,
 Bearing it, with the thongs well-carv'd, ensheath'd within its scabbard.

Thereafter, Peleus' son set forth a native mass of iron, 826
 Which the stout king Eëtion was wont to hurl aforetime :
 But him in sooth divine Achilles' foot-reliant slaughter'd,
 And on his galleys carried it along with other chattels.
 Upright he stood, and spake his word before the assembled Argives : 830

“ Arise, whomever it may list eke in this game to try them.
 If one, in country far remote, many fat acres holdeth,
 For five revolving years enough of iron this shall yield him
 For rustic needs : from his estate shall none thro' lack of iron,
 Shepherd or ploughman, seek the town ; but give supply to others.” 835

So spake he : instantly arose war-biding Polypoetes
 Uprose also that match for gods, the sturdy-soul'd Leonteus,
 And Ajax son of Telamon, and the divine Epeius.
 Abreast they rang'd them ; thereupon Epeius seiz'd the iron,
 And whirling flung it : all the crowd did naught but mock his effort. 840
 Again Leonteus, branch of Ares, vainly threw it, second :
 Then a third throw with sturdy hand great Telamonian Ajax
 Bravely essaying, over-pitch'd the tokens of the others.
 But when the rugged mass was hurl'd by warlike Polypoetes,
 So far as may a herdsman fling his crook, which twirling flieth 845
 Amid the kine, so far he shot past all. The Achæians shouted,
 And, rising, the companions dear of stalwart Polypoetes,
 Unto the smoothly hollow ships the royal prize escorted.

Then for the archers forth he set blue steel in twenty axes ; 850
 Ten double were, and single ten : and on the sands at distance
 He plac'd a blue-prow'd galley's mast, whence with thin cord he fasten'd
 A trembler pigeon by the foot, and bade them aim toward it.
 Whoso might hit it, to his tent should bear the double axes ; 855

But if one miss'd the bird, yet shot into the cord his arrow,
 He should the single axes take, sith as his skill was meaner.
 So said he: instantly arose the might of princely Teucer,
 And up rose bonny Merion, Idomeneus' attendant. 860
 Then in a brazen-plated helm the lots were duly shaken,
 And the first lot to Teucer fell. Forthwith he shot an arrow
 Right forcibly: nor yet did he unto the prince Apollo
 Vow, an illustrious hecatomb of firstling lambs to offer.
 The bird he miss'd, sith as the god begrudged him to reach her; 865
 Yet went his arrow thro' the cord, whereby the bird was fasten'd.
 The cord was sever'd by the shot; so, earthward, down it dangled:
 The pigeon darted heaven-ward, and all the Achaians shouted.
 But Merion all-eager drew the bow, whereon his arrow 870
 Lay fix'd already; and forthwith unto the prince fardarting
 Vow'd, an illustrious hecatomb of firstling lambs to offer.
 Wheeling aloft amid the clouds he saw the trembler pigeon,
 And pierc'd her thro' beneath the wing: the arrow, back descending, 875
 Stuck in the ground before his feet; the bird from high alighted
 Upon the blueprow'd galley's mast; but quick from out her members
 Fleeted the life: she droop'd the neck, and her thick feathers huddled.
 So fell she far away: thereat the people gaz'd admiring. 881
 The double axes, ten complete, to Merion were given,
 And Teucer to the hollow ships bare off the single axes.
 Thereafter Peleus' son brought in a spear with lengthy shadow
 And eke a cauldron new to fire and wrought with artful flowers,—
 A full ox-worth,—in theatre; to honour skilful darting. 886
 Then up did Atreus' son arise, wide-ruling Agamemnon,
 And up rose bonny Merion, Idomeneus' attendant.
 Godlike Achilles, fleet of foot, then spake a word before them:
 "O son of Atreus, well we know how eminent thy puissance, 890
 Who art alike in majesty and eke in darting foremost.
 Thou shalt my chieffer prize possess and to the hollow galleys
 Escort it: but the spear we give to Merion the hero,
 If pleasant to thy heart it be: for I do greatly urge it."
 Achilles spake, and won consent from princely Agamemnon. 895
 Forthwith to Merion he reach'd the brazen spear; but summon'd
 Talthylbius, the herald sage, to take the brilliant cauldron.

BOOK XXIV.

So was the concourse of the games dissolv'd : forthwith the people
 To the sharp galleys several were scatter'd : they for supper
 And for delight of slumber sweet bethought them ; but Achilles
 Wept, at remembrance of his friend muchlov'd : nor *him* did slumber
 All-vanquishing possess ; but he hither and thither toss'd him, 5
 And of Patroclus alway thought, how manly and how bonny ;
 Rememb'ring all the toils and schemes, which they together ravell'd,
 On many a hero-battlefield or cleaving noisome billows :
 So, tender tears he dripp'd, reclin'd on side, on face, or backward. 10
 Then rising upright off he reel'd delirious, and wander'd
 Along the strand, where early Dawn above the sea was gleaming.
 Then he beneath the chariot would yoke his nimble horses,
 And Hector fasten to the car to trail behind their gallop ; 15
 And, when around his comrade's tomb he three times thus had dragg'd
 Again within the tent would rest, but left his foeman prostrate [him,
 With face cast forward in the dust : yet still for him Apollo
 Warded all outrage of the flesh, in pity for the hero
 Even tho' dead, and all around with golden ægis screen'd him, 20
 Lest that the skin be stript away by oft-repeated draggings.
 So he in mood of fury wrought on godlike Hector outrage ;
 Of whom the blessed gods aloft had pity, as they view'd him ;
 And much they urg'd the Argicide, keenest of spies, to steal him.
 To all the others pleasing was such deed ; but not to Juno, 25
 Nor to landshaking Neptune's heart, nor to the Grey-ey'd maiden :
 But alway, sacred Ilium with changeless hate pursued they,
 And Priam's self and all his folk, for Alexander's frenzy,
 Who, when the goddesses approach'd his yard, had *her* approved
 Who fann'd his baleful wantonness, but he the others jeered. 30
 But when thereafter came around the twelfth-revolving morning,
 Then bright Apollo spake his thought among the gods immortal :
 "Cruel ye gods and harmful are : did not upon your altar

Hector unceasing burn the thighs of perfect goats and oxen?
 But now that he is hent in death, heart ye have not, to save him 35
 For wife and mother to behold, for child and father Priam
 And for the people; who would quick in sacred fire consume him.
 But unto deadly Achileus ye gods are bent on succour,
 Who neither rightful is in mind nor may his breast be melted, 40
 But brutal as a lion is; which, urg'd by haughty spirit,
 Sallies with mighty force to clutch the flocks and glut his hunger.
 So Achileus hath pity lost nor bashfulness admitteth,
 Which greatly profiteth mankind or whilom greatly harmeth. 45
 Mayhap another loseth one, who nearer is and dearer,
 Either of common mother born, or e'en his proper offspring;
 Yet after many a tear and wail he verily remitteth:
 For in the breast of men the Fates a patient heart have planted.
 But this man, day by day sithence the pleasant life he rieved 50
 From godlike Hector, tieth him behind the car, and draggeth
 Around his dear companion's tomb: whence earneth he not honour,
 But danger; lest, tho' brave he is, *we* with him be indignant.
 For on a heap of senseless clay his fury poureth outrage."
 To him in angry mood replied the whitearm'd goddess Juno: 55
 "Lord of the silver bow! thy word mayhap will meet approval,
 If equal honour ye shall put on Achileus and Hector.
 Yet Hector mortal was of birth and suck'd the breast of woman;
 But Achileus for mother hath a goddess, whom I nourish'd 60
 Myself, and fondled tenderly, and gave her as a consort
 To Peleus, whom of mortal men the immortals chiefly honour'd.
 And in their wedding all ye gods took part: thyself among them,
 Comrade of rascals! harp in hand didst feast, O alway faithless!"
 Then cloud-collecting Jupiter addressing her responded:
 "Let not thy anger, Juno, burn against the gods excessive. 65
 Diverse the honour of the twain shall be: but also Hector,
 Of men who dwelt in Ilium, was dearest to the immortals;
 As eke to me: for-that he ne'er was scant of grateful presents.
 For never did my altar lack a well-proportion'd banquet,
 And fragrant fat and streams of wine; which are our proper honour. 70
 To steal bold Hector, pass we o'er: and secret from Achilles

It may not be : for day and night his mother watcheth near him.
 Therefore, if some one of the gods would Thetis summon near me ;
 So might I speak a canny word of counsel, that Achilles 75
 Ransom from Priam may accept and Hector's corpse deliver."

So spake he : then to bear his word rush'd stormy-footed Iris,
 Who in mid course from Samos' isle to craggy-clifted Imbros
 Leapt in the black expanse of the sea ; and all the waters echoed.
 She to the bottom sank forthwith, like to a leaden plummet, 80
 Which, in the horn of roaming ox, brings fate to greedy fishes.
 In a smooth hollow grot she found Thetis ; and all the others,
 Nymphs of the brine, assembled sat around : she in the middle
 Was weeping for her spotless son, whom Destiny appointed 85
 Upon the loamy clods of Troy far from his home to perish.
 Then Iris fleet of foot drew near, and stood, and spake her message :

"Thetis! arise: Jove calleth thee, who changeless counsel kenneth."
 Thereat to her responsive spake the silver-footed goddess: [tals

"And wherefore doth that mighty god command me? with the immor-
 I fear to mingle ; for my heart is full with woes uncounted.
 Yet go will I ; nor shall the word be vain, whate'er he utter."

Then in a veil of dusky blue, than which no garb is darker,
 After such words, her form divine she wrapt, and hied to speed her.
 Fleet stormy-footed Iris led : the wave of sea around them 95
 Shrunk ; and emerging on the beach they mounted unto heaven,
 And found widesighted Saturn's child seated, and in assembly
 Eke all the other blessed gods eternal sat around him.
 So she by father Jove sat down ; for unto her Athene 100
 Yielded the seat : with cheery words eke Juno did to Thetis
 Hold a fair golden cup : but she reach'd out the hand, accepting.
 Thereat the Sire of men and gods to them began discourses :

"Unto Olympus art thou come, albeit in thy bosom
 Holding inexpressible grief, oh Thetis : I too know it : 105
 Still will I utter, even so, wherefore I hither call'd thee.
 Nine days a controversy hath among the immortals risen
 O'er city-rieving-Achileus and o'er the corpse of Hector.

81. The lead, with the end of the cord attached to it, was enclosed in a cow-horn (they say) that the fish might not bite it off, with the hook.

And some would urge the Argicide, keenest of spies, to steal him :
 But on Achilles here anew I noble honour fasten, 110
 In reverence of thee, and eke thy after friendship guarding.
 Quick to the army hie, and give unto thy son commandment.
 Say, that the gods are wroth with him, and that of all immortals
 Chiefest am *I* in anger ; sith with frantic mind he holdeth
 Hector beside the crested ships, nor gave him back for ransom : 115
 So haply may he fear from me, and yield the corpse of Hector.
 But *I* will Iris send alsó to mighty-hearted Priam,
 Bidding him, for his son's release, to seek the Achaian galleys
 And costly presents bear, the which may soothe Achilles' bosom."

He spake, nor uncompliant found the silverfooted goddess, 120
 And, speedy darting, down she leapt from summits of Olympus,
 Hasting to reach her proper son. Within his tent she found him
 Incessant groaning : all around stood his belov'd companions,
 Busy in diverse diligence, to break their fast preparing.
 They a huge shaggy ram, within the tent, had newly slaughter'd : 125
 But she, his queenly mother, close before himself did seat her,
 And soothing him with hand and voice she spake, his name pronouncing :

"My child! how long in tears and wail, by sorrow overmaster'd,
 Eatest thy heart away, nor aught to taste of food rememb'rest,
 Nor woman's love? yet good it is in sweet embrace to mingle, 130
 Somewhile: for short to me thy life abideth ; yea, already
 Doth crimson Death stand near to thee, and Destiny resistless.
 Now speedily discern my word : from Jove I bring a message,
 To say, the gods are wroth with thee, and that of all immortals
 Chiefest is he in anger ; sith with frantic mind thou holdest 135
 Hector beside the crested ships, nor yieldest him to ransom.
 But come; release the carcase dead, and take a costly present."

Then her Achilles, fleet of foot, address'd in words responsive :
 "So be it! whoso gifts may bring, eke let him take the carcase,
 If so himself the Olympian with earnest purpose urgeth." 140

Thus did the mother and the son beside the galleys' concourse
 With winged accents, each to each, discourses hold alternate.
 But Jove to sacred Ilium sent Iris, onward urging :
 "Hie! hurry! leave Olympus' seat, fleet Iris! and report thou

Within the walls of Ilium, to mighty-hearted Priam, 145
 Our word, that for his son's release he seek the Achaian galleys
 And costly presents bear, the which may soothe Achilles' bosom.
 But let him lonely wend, nor take escórt of Troian heroes.
 Companion of his way, alone may go some elder herald,
 The mules and wheeled car to guide, and back unto the city 150
 To bear the hero's body, whom divine Achilles vanquish'd.
 Let not his bosom meditate on death, nor other terror :
 For, such a comrade of his road the Argicide we grant him,
 Who by his side will stay, until he bring him to Achilles.
 But when within Achilles' tent king Priam shall present him, 155
 The hero will no outrage do, but will all others hinder.
 For neither is he fatuous nor thoughtless nor a scorner ;
 And with much sweetness will he spare a suppliant unarmed."

He spake ; then on her message sped fleet stormy-footed Iris,
 And to the house of Priam came : there din and wailing found she. 160
 The sons around the father sat within the court, distaining
 With tears their garments : in the midst the aged prince lay prostrate.
 Wrapt in a cloak, his shape was mark'd ; and round his head & shoulders
 Was dung, which plenteous his hands had newly pack'd together. 165
 His daughters in the chambers wide and his sons' wives were mourning,
 Pierc'd with remembrance of the brave, who, many, lay unburied,
 Bereaved of their tender lives beneath the hands of Argos.
 Then by the side of Priam stood Jove's messenger, and speaking 169
 In accents low accosted him ; but trembling seiz'd his members :

"Dardanid Priam, courage take, and let not dread possess thee.
 Hither arrive I, no alarms to thee O prince, foreboding,
 But fill'd with thoughts of kindness : from Jove I bring a message,
 Who, far asunder, yet for thee great care and pity feeleth.
 The Olympian doth thee command to ransom godlike Hector, 175
 And costly presents bear, the which may soothe Achilles' bosom.
 But lonely thither wend, nor take escórt of Troian heroes.
 Companion of thy way, alone may go some elder herald,
 The mules and wheeled car to guide, and back unto the city
 To bear the hero's body, whom divine Achilles vanquish'd. 180
 Let not thy bosom meditate on death or other terror :

For,—such a comrade of thy road the Argicide he sendeth,
 Who by thy side will stay, until he bring thee to Achilles.
 But when within Achilles' tent with reverence thou show thee,
 The hero will no outrage do, but will all others hinder: 185
 For neither is he fatuous nor thoughtless nor a scorner;
 And with much sweetness will he spare a suppliant unarmed."

So utter'd Iris fleet of foot, and with the word departed.
 Then to his sons the king gave charge, unto the wheeled carriage
 The mules to harness, and on it to bind the wicker basket: 190
 But he himself departing sought his lofty-roofed chamber,
 Perfum'd, of cedar-timber pight, which many a marvel treasur'd:
 There to his consort Hecuba he call'd, her name pronouncing:

"A messenger of Jove is come, O lady, from Olympus,
 Bidding me, for my son's release to seek the Achaian galleys 195
 And costly presents bear, the which may soothe Achilles' bosom.
 But come: thy counsel speak to me, how to thy mind it seemeth.
 For of myself my heart and soul is sorely urgent, thither
 Unto the ships to hie, within Achaia's ample army."

So spake he: then his consort wail'd, and with reply address'd him:
 "Ah! whither is thy wisdom gone, for which in lands of strangers
 Renowned wast thou formerly and with thy proper lieges.
 What! meanest thou alone to seek amid Achaia's galleys
 The presence of a man, by whom thy children brave and many
 In deadly strife were slain? in sooth thy heart within is iron. 205
 For if this faithless cannibal shall set on thee his eye
 And catch thee, he no reverence will show to thee, nor pity.
 Let *us* now pour the tear apart within our chamber sitting;
 But *he*, as forceful Destiny, when to the light I bare him,
 Spun on his thread of birth, that he, afar from his own parents, 210
 The sprightly-footed dogs should glut, beside a man unyielding;—
 On whom oh might I fasten me, and gorge his inmost liver!
 So for my child were vengeance ta'en; whom not the coward playing
 Nor plotting shelter or escape he slew, but forward standing 215

194. *O lady*. The Greek word is that which I have elsewhere rendered *elf-possessed*: it here has its degenerate Attic use. Nearly the same remark holds of *sorely* (for *greatly*) in v, 198.

In front, to rescue men of Troy and ample-bosom'd women."

Then aged Priam, peer of gods, did thus in turn address her :

"Check not my eagerness to go, lest for an evil omen
Thyself within my chambers be : nor mayest thou persuade me.
For if of men who tread on earth some other had announc'd it,—220
Diviner, sacrificing seer, or priest some temple holding,—
We might pronounce it falsity, and rather shun the speaker.
Now, sith myself have heard the god and front to front have seen him,
I go ; nor shall his word be vain. But if beside the galleys
Of brazen-clad Achaïans my doom it be to perish, 225
This wish I. Soon as I in arms my son have clasp'd, and vented
My love of sorrow, instantly then let Achilles slay me."

So speaking, of the cabinets the beauteous lids he open'd.
Thence twelve of every sort he took,—robes splendid of adornment,
Carpets and single-woven cloaks, tunics and pleasant mantles : 230
Of gold ten talents duly weigh'd he bare : resplendent tripods
Two brought he out, and cauldrons four ; beside, a beauteous goblet,
A grand possession. Men of Thrace on him of yore bestow'd it,
When he on embassy went forth. But now, in zeal to ransom 235
His much-lov'd son, the aged man spar'd nothing in his chambers :
And from the porch with railing words he flouted all the Troians :

"Away, ye rascal worthless rout ! is it, because no sorrow
At home ye have, that therefore now ye hither come to plague me ? 240
Rejoice ye, that Saturnius to me hath anguish given,
Tearing from me my noblest son ? but ye yourselves will learn it :
For by his death the Achaïans will lighter toil encounter
To slay you. As for *me*, before these eyes behold my city 245
Betoss'd and spoiled, oh may *I* the house of Pluto enter !"

He spake, and with his staff dispers'd their tumult : forth they hasted
Before the old man's ire : but he did sternly charge his children,
Reproaching godlike Agathon and Helenus and Paris,
And eke Polites good at need, Antiphonus and Pammon, 250
Deïphobus, Hippothoüs,
Unto these nine the aged man address'd command and menace :

"Hither in haste, ye evil brood ! children who shame your parents !
Would that ye all before the ships were slain instead of Hector !

Alas my hapless fate ! for I the noblest sons had gotten 255
 Of all in widespread Troy : of whom not one, I say, remaineth.
 Such were car-fighting Troilus and lofty-hearted Mestor,
 And Hector, who mid men below was as a god, nor seemed
 A child of mortal parents, but some progeny of heaven.
 These Ares hath destroy'd for me, and left disgraces only,— 260
 Liars and dancers ; harlequins, who daintily can foot it ;
 Men who to plunder lambs and kids are terrible in prowess.
 Will ye not stir you speedily to furbish me a carriage,
 And stow all these my wares on it, our journey to 'accomplish ?"

So spake he earnest : they, beneath their sire's upbraidment quailing,
 With sturdy effort lifted out the mules' well-wheeled carriage,
 Dapper and newly fram'd ; and bound the wicker basket on it.
 Then from the peg aloft they took the yoke, for mules adapted,
 Boxen, which rear'd a boss on high, with bridle-eyen furnish'd.
 Together with the yoke, a strap of cubits nine they carried : 270
 This to the polish'd pole they join'd, upon its farthest summit,
 And o'er the staple hook'd the ring : thrice on each side they girded
 Around the boss : then bound it fast, the tongue beneath inserting.
 Next, from the chamber carrying, on the well-polish'd carriage 275
 They pil'd the boundless ransom-gifts for Hector's body destin'd,
 And yok'd the flinty-hoofed mules, —trained to work in harness,—
 Which erst the Mysians bestow'd, as brilliant gifts, on Priam.
 Thereafter brought they neath the yoke the horses which the monarch
 Was wont to fondle tenderly at the well-polish'd manager. 280
 These, Priam and the herald old, both fraught with canny counsel,
 Themselves would harness to the car within the lofty mansion ;
 When close beside them Hecuba came up, distraught in spirit,
 Holding amid her better hand within a golden goblet
 Wine heart-assuaging ; whence to make libation, ere departing. 285
 Before the horses, there she stood, and spake, his name pronouncing :
 " Here ! make to Father Jupiter libation, and beseech him
 That back from foemen ye may come safe homeward ; sith thy spirit
 Unto the galleys urgeth thee, though *I* be sore unwilling.
 But to the gloomy-clouded child of Saturn raise entreaty,— 290
 To Ida's monarch, who the whole of Troas-land surveyeth.

Ask for a lucky messenger, —the swiftly-flying omen,
 Which dearest is of fowls to him and mightiest of power,—
 On the right hand : so shall thyself, discerning with thy eye,
 On this reliant, seek the ships of charioteering Argives. 295
 But if wide-sighted Jupiter his messenger deny thee,
 Then would I surely urge on thee with exhortation earnest,
Not to the Argive ships to go, however keen thy longing.”

Then aged Priam, peer of gods, did thus in turn address her :
 “ O lady, sith thou urgest it, herein will I obey thee : 300
 Hands unto Jove to raise, is good, if haply he may pity.”

Then to the keeper of his house the aged man made bidding,
 That she upon his hands should pour fresh streams of holy water.
 And she beside him quickly stood, basin and ewer holding.
 With hands thus cleansed, he receiv'd the goblet from his consort ; 305
 Then, standing in the midmost court, he pray'd and made libation,
 With eyes to heaven upward cast, and his entreaty utter'd :

“ Oh Father Jove, from Ida ruling, glorious and greatest !
 Grant me, Achilles' tents to reach with pity and with friendship,
 And send a lucky messenger,— the swiftly-flying omen, 310
 Which dearest is of fowls to thee and mightiest of power,—
 On the right hand : so shall myself, discerning with my eye,
 On this reliant, seek the ships of charioteering Argives.”

So he his prayer spake ; and Jove, the Counsellor, did hearken. 314
 Straightway an eagle sent he forth, of feather'd wights most perfect,
 Swift-gliding hunter, dun of plume, which eke they call the Dusky.
 Widely as spread the doors, amid the lofty-roofed chamber
 In mansion of some wealthy man, with massy bolt well fitted
 So far his wings apart were spread ; and, thro' the city darting,
 Rightwise he seem'd to them to sheer : but they, to see the omen, 320
 Were comforted ; thus to them all the heart within was gladden'd.

Then on the polish'd chariot the aged man did mount him,
 Earnest: so drave he from the porch and echoing piazza.
 On the four-wheeled car in front Idæus skilful-hearted
 Guided the mules with costly load ; the coursers after follow'd, 325
 Which down the city with the whip the old man plied : behind him
 With many a wail his dear ones mov'd, as tho' to death he wended.

When thro' the city they were come and reach'd the open country,
 The train, returning on their path, to Ilium betook them, 330
 His children and his sons-in-law. But Jupiter wide-sighted
 Notic'd the pair, upon the plain appearing : then he pitied
 The aged man, and thus address'd Hermes, his proper offspring :

“O Hermes ! sith to thee in chief the ministry pertaineth,
 Companionship with men to make ; and thou, to whom thou willest,
 Dost hearken : hie thee ! and untó Achaia's hollow galleys 336
 King Priam so conduct, that none may notice and descry him
 Of all the other Danaï, ere that he reach Pelides.”

He spake, nor found his minister the Argicide reluctant.
 But *he* straightway beneath his feet did bind the dainty sandals, 340
 Golden, ambrosial : which him alike o'er water carry,
 And o'er the boundless reach of Earth, fleet as the tempest bloweth.
 So took he eke the rod, wherewith the eyes of men he witcheth,
 Whome'er it listeth him ; elsewhile, the slumbering arouseth.
 This in his hand engrasping, flew the valiant Argus-killer. 345
 Quickly to 'Troas' land he came and to the flood of Helle,
 And hied to speed him, like in guise to youth of princely station,
 Of age most graceful, when the down doth first the lip encircle.
 But they, when past the mighty mound of Ilus they had driven,
 Halted the horses and the mules, to drink, beside the river. 350
 Over the earth just then the dusk fell, when the anxious herald
 Hermes advancing near beheld, and spake a word to Priam :

“Offspring of Dardanus, beware ! 'tis work for cautious dealing ;
 Near us a man I see, and think he presently will slay us. 355
 But let us with the coursers flee ; or else, with supplication
 Touching his knees, his pity seek, if haply he may spare us.”

He spake, and with appalling dread the aged man confounded,
 Whose every hair upright arose along his flexile members.
 Aghast he halted. Thereupon himself, the god of lucre, 360
 Approaching, seiz'd the old man's hand, and spake salute and question :

“Whither, O father, boldly thus thy mules and horses guidest
 In dusk of night ambrosial, when other mortals slumber ?
 With heart unquailing meetest thou the Achaians fury-breathing,
 Who nigh thee round about are spread, implacable and forceful ? 365

And if, thro' night's swift-rushing gloom, of these should one espy thee,
 Such load of treasures carrying, what then would be thy counsel?
 Neither thyself art young of years, and aged is thy comrade
 The arms of foemen to repel, whoso may rise in anger.
 But *I* no mischief will on thee inflict, but e'en from others 370
 Will I thy safety guard : for thee to my dear sire I liken."

Then aged Priam, peer of gods, did thus in turn address him :
 "In truth so standeth all the case, dear child, as now thou sayest :
 But over me some god, I wis, his hand hath kindly holden,
 Who forward sent such traveller as thee for my encounter, 375
 Auspicious, who might envied be for tallness and for beauty,
 And art of understanding sage and born of blessed parents."

To him in turn the minister, the Argicide, responded :
 "Yea, verily all this, old sire, discreetly hast thou spoken.
 But come, explain thou this to me, and truthfully declare it : 380
 Dost haply treasures rich and large convey with thee to dwellers
 In foreign land ; that of thy stores so much may safe be hoarded ?
 Or out of sacred Ilium do all of you in terror
 Hurry to flee, now as thy child, (such warrior!) is perish'd,
 Signal ; who never fail'd to match the battle of Achaia ?" 385

Then aged Priam, peer of gods, reciprocal address'd him :
 "Noblest of mortals, who art *thou*, and of what parents comest,
 That hast so truly named the doom of my illfated offspring ?"

To him in turn the minister, the Argicide, responded :
 "Of godlike Hector, aged sire, thou askest but to try me : 390
 Oft have these eyes thy son beheld in man-ennobling combat
 Warring ; and when against the ships he drave the trembling Argives
 Mangled beneath his weapon keen : and we stood by admiring :
 Sith Achilles our arms withheld, enrag'd against Atrides. 395
 For to Achilles squire am I : one well-built galley brought us :
 And I a Myrmidon am call'd. Polyctor is my father,
 Who doth in varied wealth abound, and, like to thee, is aged.
 Six sons around him still abide, and I to him am seventh :
 And I, when lots we cast, was ta'en hither the host to follow. 400
 Now from the galleys o'er the plain I come : for in the morning
 Ye round the city must confront the curling-ey'd Achaians.

For, sitting idle, with annoy they pine; nor can the chieftains
 Hold back Achaia's ample host, all eagerness for battle."
 Then aged Priam, peer of gods, a question spake responsive: 405
 "If on Achilles, Peleus' son, as minister thou waitest,
 Come, all the truth recount to me; whether beside the galleys
 My son abideth yet entire: or haply hath Achilles
 Him to the dogs already cast, piecemeal his members cutting?"
 To him in turn the minister, the Argicide, responded: 410
 "Him, aged sire, not yet the dogs nor hateful birds have tasted:
 But so he lieth in the tents beside Achilles' galley
 Still, as at first. Already now twelve times the morning riseth,
 Sithence he there is stretch'd: nor yet at all his flesh is rotted,
 Nor eaten is by worms, which feed on heroes slain in battle. 415
 Him verily around the tomb of his beloved comrade
 Achilles draggeth ruthlessly, when heav'nly dawn appeareth;
 Yet outrage none upon his flesh may rest. A sight of marvel
 Thyself would judge it; how the gore from all his skin is washen;
 How fresh he lieth, not impure; but clos'd are all the gashes, 420
 Tho' plentiful: for many a man with brazen weapon stabb'd him.
 So do the blessed gods on high care for thy bonny offspring,
 Even tho' life is fled: for, him with friendly heart they cherish."
 So spake he: but the aged man rejoic'd, and sagely answer'd:
 "Oh! good it is, my child, to give unto the gods immortal 425
 Presents auspicious. Never yet, while as my son was living,
 Forgat he in his halls the gods, who dwell upon Olympus:
 Therefore have they remember'd him, even when death hath conquer'd.
 But come! this cup so fairly wrought, out of my hand receive thou;
 And for my rescue and defence, with aid of gods, escort me, 430
 Till I within the tent arrive before the son of Peleus."
 To him in turn the minister, the Argicide, responded:
 "Younger am I, old man, than thee: yet vainly dost thou tempt me:
 Who biddest me from thee accept rich gifts, without Achilles.
 Sorely his anger I revere, and in my heart do shudder 435
 To plunder him; lest aught of ill may afterward befall me.
 But unto thee as escort, I even to famous Argos
 Would follow pleasantly,—on foot, or on the coursing galley:

No spoiler shall on thee be lur'd, disparaging thy convoy."

So spake the lucre-giving god; then on the car and horses 440

Quickly upspringing, in his hands he caught the scourge and bridles,

And in the horses and the mules inspir'd a noble vigour.

But when unto the moat they came and ramparts of the galleys,

Whereat the sentinels around were on their suppers busy,

Over them all the minister the Argus-killer poured 445

Slumber; and backward push'd the bolts, and open threw the portals;

So with the wain and brilliant gifts in he conducted Priam.

But when the tent of Peleus' son they reach'd,—a tall pavillion,

Which for their lord the Myrmidons had built with beams of larches, 450

And from the meadow heap'd aloft a roof with rushes downy;

But round, with closely planted stakes a mighty yard they fashion'd,

Whose door a single beam of larch did bar, which three Achaïans

(Three of the common sort) would lift to fasten or to open; 455

But only Achileus might raise the mighty bar unaided:—

There lucre-giving Hermeas unto the old man open'd,

And for Pelides fleet of foot brought in the noble presents,

And, from the car on to the earth dismounting, spake his message:

"Know that from heaven, aged man! I come, a god immortal, 460

Hight Hermeas; sith as my sire to thee as convoy sent me.

But truly now upon my path return I, nor will enter

Achilles' presence in thy train: for troth! it were a scandal,

If, face to face, immortal gods salute should make to mortals.

But enter thou and clasp his knees, and, by his bright hair'd mother 465

And sire and child, entreaty make: so shalt thou move his bosom."

Such errand spoken, Hermeas straightway to long Olympus

Departed: Priam to the ground from off the car alighted,

And left Idæus there behind: for he the mules and horses 470

Stay'd to make fast; but the old man straight hied him to the chamber,

Where sat Achilles, dear to Jove; and duly there he found him.

Apart his comrades had their seats; and two alone attending

Did minister to Peleus' son; Automedon the hero,

And, branch of Ares, Alkimus. But newly had he ended 475

A meal of food and drink; and still a tray remain'd beside him.

Tall Priam pass'd them both unseen, and stood beside Achilles,

And stooping clasp'd the hero's knees, and kiss'd the hands so dreadful,
 Hands that were many a time distain'd with blood of Priam's children.
 As when within his proper folk one man hath slain another, 480
 He fleeth, smit with thick remorse, unto some stranger people
 And wealthy mansion: deep amaze the hearts of gazers holdeth:
 Eke so amaz'd was Achileus to see the godlike Priam.
 Aghast the others were likewise and each to other looked.
 Then Priam to the hero-king his supplication utter'd: 485
 "Achilles, image of the gods! thy proper sire remember,
 Who on the deadly steps of Eld far on, like me, is carried.
 And haply him the dwellers-round with many an outrage harry,
 Nor standeth any by his side to ward annoy and ruin.
 Yet doth he verily, I wis, while thee alive he learneth, 490
 Joy in his soul, and every day the hope within him cherish,
 His loved offspring to behold, return'd from land of Troas.
 Mine is a direr fate; for I the noblest sons had gotten
 Of all in wide-spread Troy: of whom not one, I say, remaineth.
 Fifty I had, when first arriv'd the children of Achaia: 495
 Of these a score complete, save one, came from a single mother,
 My proper queen: the rest were born from women in my chambers.
 Beneath fierce Ares, most of them with knees unstrung are fallen;
 But him who was my only guard to kin and folk and city,
 Him, fighting for his native land, thyself hast lately vanquish'd,—500
 Hector. And therefore now I seek the galleys of Achaia,
 From thee his body to redeem, and brilliant ransom bear thee.
 But, Achileus! revere the gods, and for my years have pity,
 Thy proper sire remembering: but sadder far my portion,
 Who have endur'd, what none beside of men on earth would venture, 505
 Unto my lips to raise the hand which hath my children slaughter'd."
 He spake, and in the hero's heart arous'd a love of wailing
 For his own sire: he with his hand repell'd the old man gently.
 Then thickly gush'd the tear from both: Priam, before Achilles
 Laid prostrate, wept in memory of hero-slaying Hector: 510
 Achilles for his proper sire, and afterward alternate
 Wept for Patroclus: from the twain the moaning fill'd the chambers.
 But when divine Achilles' heart was satiate with sorrow,

And love of wailing left his frame, from off his seat he started,
 And, pitying the hoary head and hoary beard, uplifted 515
 The aged man, and with address did winged accents utter :
 " Ha, wretched sire! troth, many a woe thy inmost soul hath suffer'd.
 How hast thou dar'd, alone to seek amid Achaia's galleys
 The presence of a man, by whom thy children brave and many 520
 In deadly strife were slain? in sooth, thy heart within is iron.
 But come, repose thee on a seat; and we, tho' stung with anguish,
 Leave we our sorrows anygait unstirr'd within the bosom.
 For, fruit is none of chilling wail; and so to wretched mortals 525
 The gods a life of grief have spun: but they themselves are griefless.
 For in the hall of Jupiter two urns upon his pavement
 With twofold charge of gifts are fill'd, —of pleasant, and of evil.
 These, thunder-loving Jupiter to one man mingled giveth;
 So, such a man of fair and foul alternate hath his portion. 530
 But if unmingled ill he give, in misery he whelmeth,
 And with vile famine driveth him o'er Earth divine an outcast:
 Thereon to wander, not by gods nor yet by mortals honour'd.
 So eke to Peleus from his birth the gods gave brilliant presents.
 For, prince among the Myrmidons, in men and wealth excelling, 535
 Tho' mortal, from the gods he won a goddess for his consort.
 Yet upon him also an ill by heav'nly doom is fallen,
 In-that no ruling race of sons was born within his chambers:
 One only son begat he;—me short-fated; who shall never 540
 Comfort his failing years: for I, far from my native country,
 Here sit in Troas' land, a curse to thee and all thy children.
 Thou too, old man, of yore (we hear) a blessed fortune haddest,
 Who didst in sons and wealth excel, from Lesbos, home of Macar, 545
 As far as Helle's endless stream and Phrygia's high country.
 But now, sithence the Heav'nly ones upon thee brought this noyance,
 Alway around thy city-wall are fights and hero-slaughters.
 Bear up; nor droop within thy mind by unremitting sorrow:
 By grieving for thy bonny son thou naught of vantage winnest,
 Nor wilt upraise him, ere thyself some other mischief suffer." 551
 Then aged Priam, peer of gods, did thus in turn address him:
 " Not on a seat, Jove-nurtur'd prince! place me, so long as Hector

Untended lieth in the tents ; but in all speed release him,
 And let me see him with my eyes : and thou, receive the ransom, 555
 Ample, which unto thee we bring. And mayest thou enjoy it,
 Safe to thy native land return'd ; sith thou hast first allowed
 Myself confronting thee to live, and see the light of heaven."
 To him Achilles, fleet of foot, with frowning glance responded :
 "Old man! no more my temper fret. Ransom to take for Hector, 560
 Myself am minded : so, to me from Jupiter descending,
 The daughter of the Ocean Sire, my proper mother, counsell'd.
 Yea, Priam ! in my heart I know, nor mayest thou deceive me,
 That to Achaia's galleys sharp some god from heaven led thee.
 For thro' the army mortal none, albeit young and stalwart, 565
 Might well adventure, nor escape the keenness of the watchers,
 Nor lightly of our proper doors the barriers unfasten.
 Therefore, no further stir thou up the soreness of my spirit,
 Lest, tho' within my tents, old man, as suppliant thou camest,
 Still I endure thee not, but sin, despising Jove's commandment."

Before his word the old man quail'd obedient in silence : 571
 But Peleus' son with lion-spring forth issued from the chamber,
 Not unattended ; for the squires behind his footstep follow'd,—
 Automedon and Alkimus, two heroes, whom Achilles,
 When death had ta'en Patroclus, most of all his comrades honour'd. 575
 These from the chariot and wain unyok'd the mules and horses
 And to the tents the herald led, who crier was to Priam,
 And on a settle seated him : then from the well-tir'd carriage
 They brought the costly ransom in, the price of Hector's body.
 Two robes alone behind they left, and a well-woven tunic, 580
 So might he duly shroud in them the dead, for carriage homeward.
 Then handmaids call'd he forth, and bade to wash the corpse and oint it,
 Uplifting it apart, conceal'd ; lest Priam, pierc'd with anguish,
 The sight beholding, vent his ire, and Achileus be wrathful, 585
 And slay him on the spot, and sin, despising Jove's commandment.
 When thus the handmaids duteous the washen corpse had ointed,
 And round it cast a mantle fair, over a tunic folded,

578. *Well-tir'd.* The *tires* of wheels are made prominent, 5, 725, and elsewhere.

Himself Achilles thereupon uprais'd it on a pallet,
 And with his comrades lifted all to the well-polish'd carriage. 590
 Thereafter, groaning, panted he and nam'd his dear companion :
 "Patroclus! be not wroth with me, if in the halls of Pluto
 The tiding come to thee, that I have godlike Hector yielded
 To his dear father; who in sooth paid no uncomely ransom :
 Whereof unto thyself will I a seemly part attribute." 595
 So spake he : then intó his tent return'd divine Achilles
 And on a chair of crafty work, on other side the chamber,
 Whence he had risen, seated him; and spake a word to Priam :
 "Even as was thy will, old man, behold ! thy son is ransom'd.
 Upon the pallet is he laid : and with the dawn of morning 600
 Thyself shalt see and take him: now to supper pay we duty.
 For even brighthair'd Niobe of needful food bethought her :
 Who by a doom disastrous lost twelve children in her chambers ;
 Six of them, sons of manly age, but six were blooming daughters.
 The sons were by Apollo slain from silver bow; the daughters 605
 By arrowpouring Artemis, with Niobe enraged,
 For-that she deem'd herself a peer to dainty-cheek'd Latona,
 Who but to twain gave birth: but ~~she~~ a mother was to many.
 So they, albeit twain alone, did all her children slaughter.
 Nine days in carnage lay they, nor was any left to bury : 610
 For Saturn's child to stones had turn'd the folk : but on the tenth day
 The gods of heaven buried them. Then she, outworn with weeping,
 Of food bethought her. Now, I ween, in solitary mountains,
 Amid the rocks of Sipylus, where (say they) are the couches
 Of the nymph-goddesses, who once round Achelôus sported ; 616
 There she, albeit turn'd by gods to stone, her griefs beguileth.
 Then, godlike Elder ! eke let us on food bestow remembrance.
 And if to Ilium thou bear thy loved son, thou mayest
 After bewail him : many a tear, I wis, from thee he claimeth." 620
 So spake Achilles, fleet of foot ; thereon, upstarting, slaughter'd
 A white fleec'd sheep; and straight his squires did skin and duly dress it,
 And many a canny cutlet slash'd, and spitted every morsel,
 And broil'd them all right cleverly and drew them off perfected.
 Automedon the table serv'd with bread from dainty baskets: 625

Himself Achilles, following, the shares of meat apportion'd.
 On the good cheer before them laid the ready hand they darted.
 But when desire importunate of drink and food was ended,
 Then Priam, sprung from Dardanus, admiring view'd Achilles,
 What was his stature and his mien; how like to gods his presence. 630
 Alsó did Achileus in turn admire Dardanid Priam,
 Gazing upon his good aspéct and pondering his sayings.
 But when, with looking each on each, they had their pleasure filled,
 Then royal Priam, peer of gods, did earlier address him :

“Unto my couch, Jovenurtur'd prince! do now in speed dismiss me,
 That we our spirit may assuage, in slumber sweet reposing, 636
 At last: for never yet my eyes have clos'd beneath my eyelids,
 Sithence by thy assault my son was of his life bereaved.
 Thenceforward alway do I moan and brood on countless sorrow,
 Within the cloisters of my yard amid a dunghheap rolling. 640
 But now, behold! I tasted have of food, and wine resplendent
 Adown my throat have pass'd; the which afore I had not tasted.”

So spake he: then Achilles bade his comrades and the handmaids,
 For the old man a bed to lay beneath the broad piazza,
 Fair purple coverlets above, and carpets o'er them, spreading,
 And eke, soft curlyhaired cloaks to add for night-apparel. 646
 Then, torches carrying in hand, the women from the chamber
 Forth issued, and with busy zeal array'd two pallets quickly.
 Thereon Achilles, fleet of foot, accosted him with banter :

“Outside my dwelling, dear old man, repose; lest some Achaian, 650
 High-councillor, may visit me; such as do alway hither
 (As duty sendeth them) arrive, to ask and proffer counsel.
 But if, thro' night's swift-rushing gloom, should one of these behold thee,
 And bear the word to Agamemnon, shepherd of the people;
 Then, to the ransom of the dead mightest thou meet postponement.
 But come, explain thou this to me, and faithfully declare it;— 656
 For godlike Hector's funeral how many days ye destine?—
 That I so long myself may stay, and eke withhold the people.”

Then aged Priam, peer of gods, did thus in turn address him :
 “If me thou willest to complete the rites for godlike Hector, 660
 By such arrangement, Achileus! thou wilt my bosom lighten.

The fuel on the mountains lies afar; and *we*,—thou knowest,
 How we within the walls are hemm'd: and great the Trojan terror.
 Nine days would we my son bewail within our secret chambers,
 But on the tenth would bear him forth, and give the folk their banquet.
 The next day o'er him would we raise a monument and barrow: 666
 But on the twelfth, if Fate and Need require, renew the battle."

To him in turn divine Achilles, foot-reliant, answer'd:
 "All things shall even so be done, old Priam! as thou biddest:
 For, as is thy petition now, so long the war withhold I." 670

Thus having spoken, thereupon, to calm the old man's terror,
 He by the wrist his right hand clasp'd. Then, in the porch outjutting
 Slept Priam and the herald old, both fraught with canny counsel.
 But in the chamber closely pight, within a niche Achilles 675
 Slumber'd; and by his side was laid the dainty-cheek'd Briseïs.

Now all beside, both gods above, and men with crests of horsetail,
 Kept thro' the livelong night repose, by gentle sleep o'ermaster'd.
 But not the lucregiving god might be to slumber captive,
 Within his bosom pondering, how should he from the galleys 680
 Send forth king Priam, and deceive the sacred band of watchers.
 So right above his head he stood, and spake a word of counsel;

"Old man! of ill thou thinkest not, I ween; to see thee sleeping
 Amid the beds of foemen, sith as Achileus hath spar'd thee.
 Now thy dear son hast thou redeem'd, and costly ransom given: 685
 But, for thyself, while still alive, thy sons behind remaining,
 Threefold as much of ransom-price will pay, if Agamemnon
 The son of Atreus know thee here, and all the Achaïans know it."

Hearing his word, the aged man in fear arous'd the herald.
 Quickly for them did Hermeas the mules and horses harness, 690
 And thro' the army guided them himself; nor any knew it.

But when unto the ford they reach'd of the fair-streaming river
 Xanthus much-eddying, to whom immortal Jove was father,
 Thereat departed Hermeas, to long Olympus mounting.
 But when the saffron-vested Dawn o'er all the earth was scatter'd, 695
 They to the city drave the car with groaning and with wailing:
 The mules, behind, the corpse convey'd: nor earlier did any
 Learn of their coming; neither men nor brilliant-girdled women;

But first Cassandra, like in mien to golden Aphrodite,
 Mounting the highth of Pergamus, descried her loved father 700
 Standing within his car, and eke the attendant herald-crier ;
 But Hector saw she on the mules, extended on his pallet,
 Thereat she cried aloud with grief, and wail'd to all the city :

“ Women of Troy, and Troian men, come ye, and look on Hector,
 If ye in him alive rejoic'd, to see him come from battle : 705
 For, troth, a mighty joy was he to all the folk and city.”

So spake she ; then not any man within the city tarried,
 Nor woman : for on all of them came sorrow uncontrolled.
 So, near before the gates they met the wain that bare the carcase.
 For Hector, first his consort dear and queenly mother, rushing 710
 Unto the wheeled carriage, tare from off their head the tresses.
 The people weeping stood around. And now the wail for Hector
 Before the gates the livelong day till set of sun had lasted,
 But from his car the aged man spake forth unto the people : 715

“ Open ! and yield my mules a way : but when into his chambers
 I have my dead brought back, then ye your heart shall glut with weeping.”

Hereat the people parted them, and yielded to the carriage.
 But when within his noble halls they reach'd, then lodg'd they Hector
 Within the perforated beds, and plac'd beside him minstrels,
 Leaders of dirges, who with chant of melancholy ditty 721
 Fram'd the lament, whilst in accord also the women moaned.
 To them white-arm'd Andromache led off the dirge of sorrow,
 Claspings within her hands the head of hero-slaying Hector :

“ Husband ! thou in thy youth of days art perish'd ; and hast left me
 A widow in thy halls, and eke thy child a helpless infant, 726
 Whom thou and I illfated gave to light of life : nor deem I
 That he to manhood will attain ; for sooner shall the city
 Be from the summit riev'd : for thou, its guardian, art perish'd,
 By whom of yore its pleasant wives were sav'd, and infant children ;
 Who soon upon the galleys' backs shall ride, and I among them. 731
 But thou, my child, shalt follow me, to work at works unseemly,
 Toiling to serve some foreign lord : or haply, some Achaian
 To sad destruction thee shall give, down from a tower hurling, 735
 Enrag'd, whose brother Hector slew mayhap, or son, or father :

For, on the immeasurable plain, from out the Achaian army
 Full many a man by Hector's skill the sod beneath hath bitten :
 Sith that in melancholy fray not gentle was thy father.
 Wherefore for him the peoples all mourn loud along the city. 740
 So on thy parents, Hector! thou accursed wail and sorrow
 Hast brought; but unto me in chief hast rueful griefs entailed,
 Nor diddest, dying, from the bed reach out thy hand to touch me,
 Nor whisper any canny word, which I, thy lone survivor,
 Might every day and every night in tears and plaint remember." 745

So spake she weeping: after her, also the women moaned.
 To them anew did Hecuba lead off the wail incessant :
 "Hector, of all my sons wast thou far to my heart the dearest.
 Thou even to the gods wast dear, while thou in life abodest ;
 And therefore had they care of thee, even when death had conquer'd. 750
 Whomso Achilles, fleet of foot caught of my other children,
 Them was he wont for gear to sell across the cropless billows
 To Samos, or to Imbros; else to stranger-hating Lemnos.
 But when from *thee* with lengthy spear the life he had bereaved,
 Ruthless he trail'd thee many a time around his comrade's barrow ; 755
 Nor even so to life restor'd Patroclus, whom thou slewest.
 Now in thy chambers liest thou all fresh, as tho' Apollo,
 With noble weapons visiting from silver bow, had slain thee."

So spake she weeping, and arous'd lament unintermitting. 760
 Then Helen, after them, the third led off the dirge of sorrow :
 "Hector! of all my husband's kin far to my heart the dearest !
 Lord now to me is verily the godlike Alexander,
 Who unto Troy conducted me : oh ! sooner had I perish'd !
 Sithence my native land I left, the twentieth year now circleth ; 765
 Yet never did I hear from thee an evil word or slighting.
 But if some other might perchance within the chambers taunt me,
 Whether of husband's bretheren or longrob'd female kindred,
 Or e'en thy mother ; (but thy sire is gentle as my father, 770
 Always;) then wouldest thou with words dissuade, and eke restrain them
 Both by thy native nobleness and utterances noble.
 Therefore lament I both for thee, at once, and me illfated,
 Heart-smitten; sith not one beside in all the breadth of Troas

Friendly or mild abideth yet; but all that meet me shudder." 775

So spake she weeping: after her the countless people moaned.

Then aged Priam to the folk address'd a word of bidding:

"Now from the forests, Troians! bring fuel into the city;

Nor fear from Argive ambuscade: for verily Achilles,

When from the dusky galleys back he sent me, gave commandment, 780

On us to wreak no noyance, till twelvetimes the Morn have dawned."

So spake he: then beneath their wains they yok'd the mules and oxen,

And quick before the city-walls thereafter were assembled.

Nine days successive heaped they a boundless store of fuel:

But when the Morn a tenth time rose to carry light to mortals, 785

Then they with weeping bare abroad bold Hector from his chambers,

And lodg'd upon the topmost pile his corpse, for flames to kindle.

But when the rosy-finger'd Morn, the Early-born, returned,

Then round illustrious Hector's pile the folk was duly summon'd.

And soon as they assembling came and all were met together, 790

First, wheresoe'er along the pile abode the flame in fury, [after

With streams of sparkling wine throughout they quench'd it; but there-

His kinsmen and companions duly his white bones gather'd,

All plaintive, and adown their cheek did the fresh teardrop trickle.

These, wrapt in purple raiment soft, within a golden casket 795

They lodg'd, and to a hollow pit entrusted: but above it

A broad foundation paved they of mighty stones and many;

And on it rais'd a barrow-mound, while watchers sat around it,

Lest earlier a raid advance of dapper-greav'd Achaians. 800

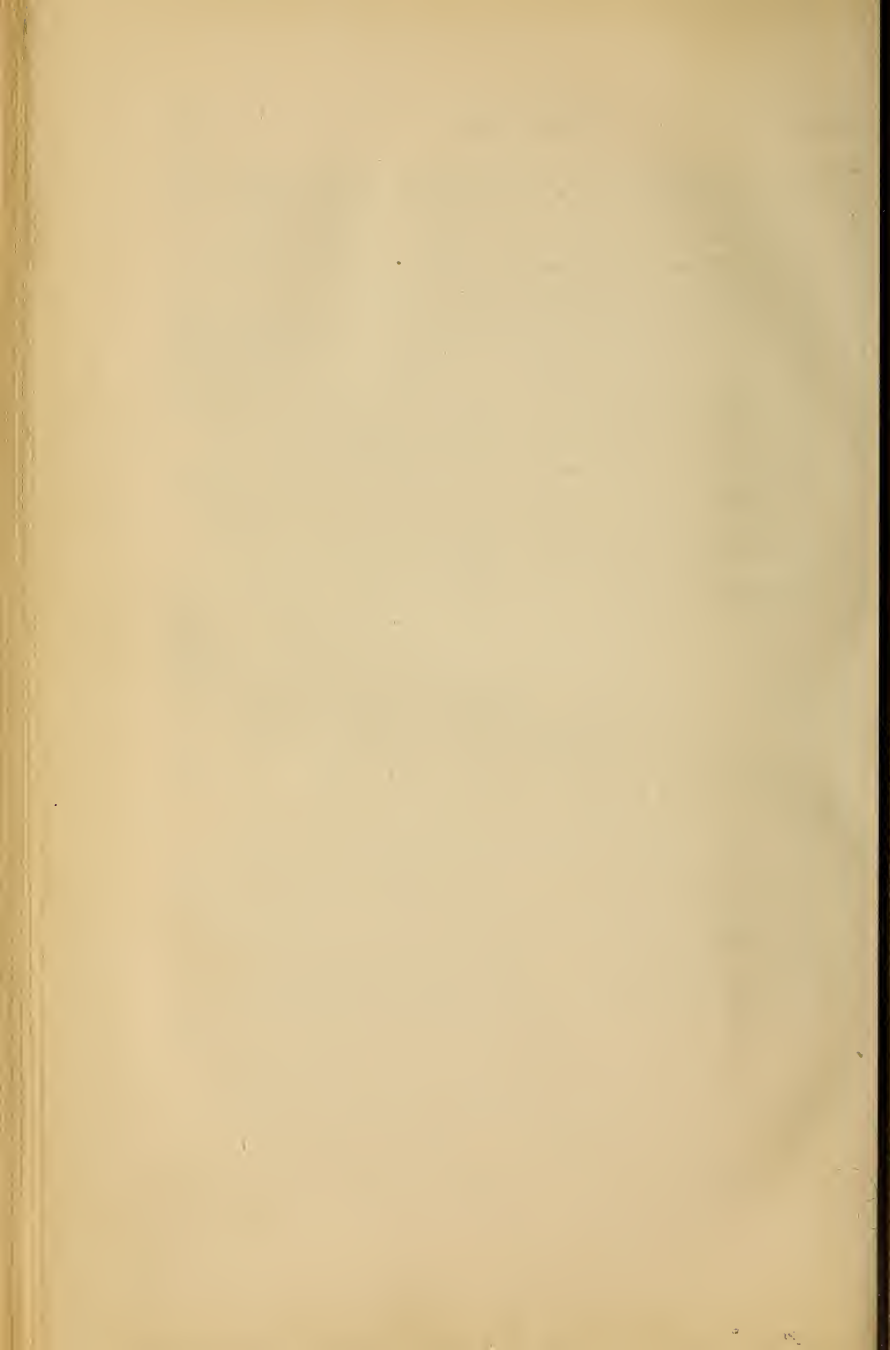
Then, when the tomb was rais'd, again they parted; but thereafter,

With due celebrity recall'd, to Hector's honour feasted

Full royally, within the halls of Priam, godlike monarch.

So tended they the burial . of courser-taming Hector.

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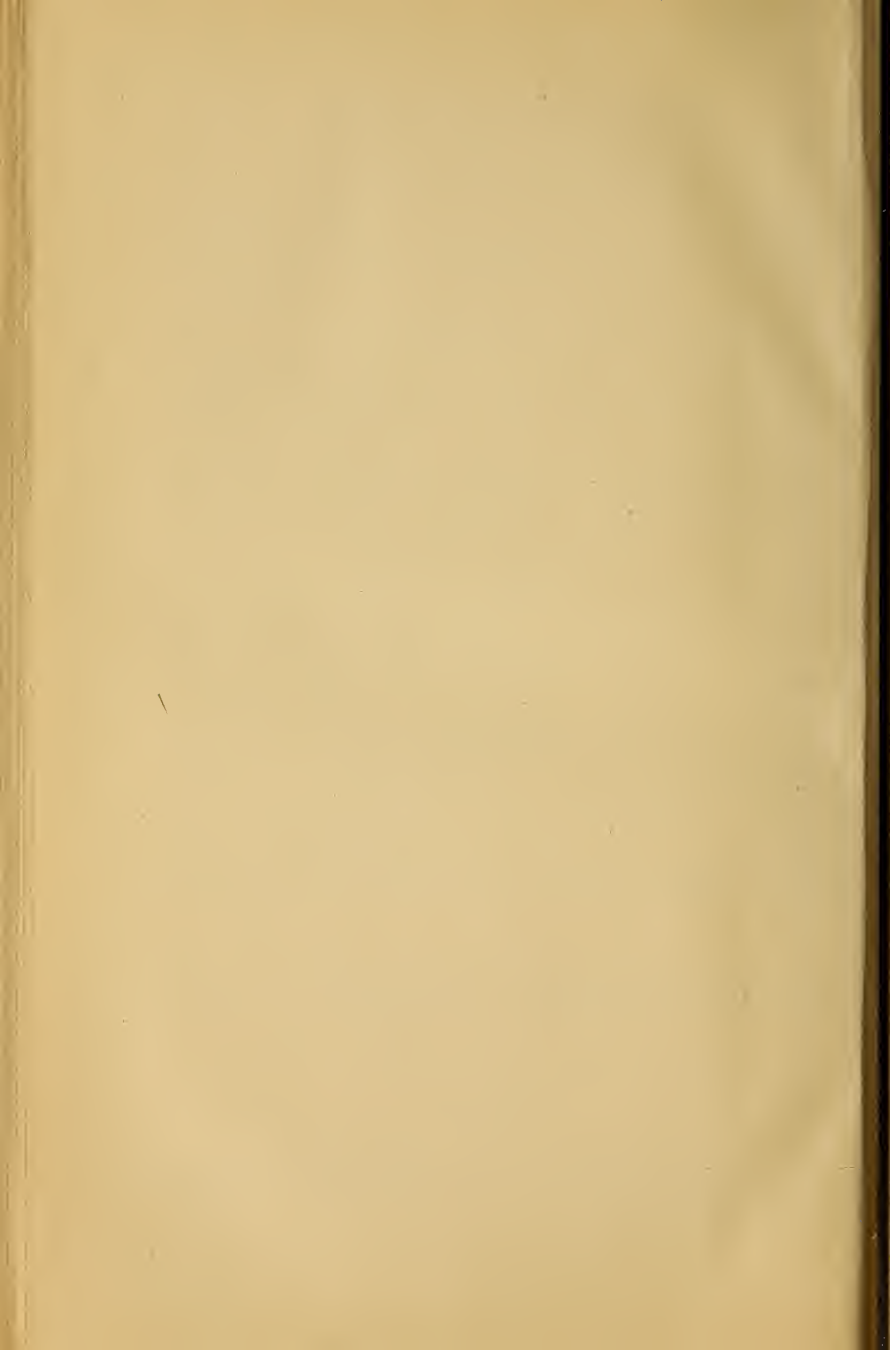
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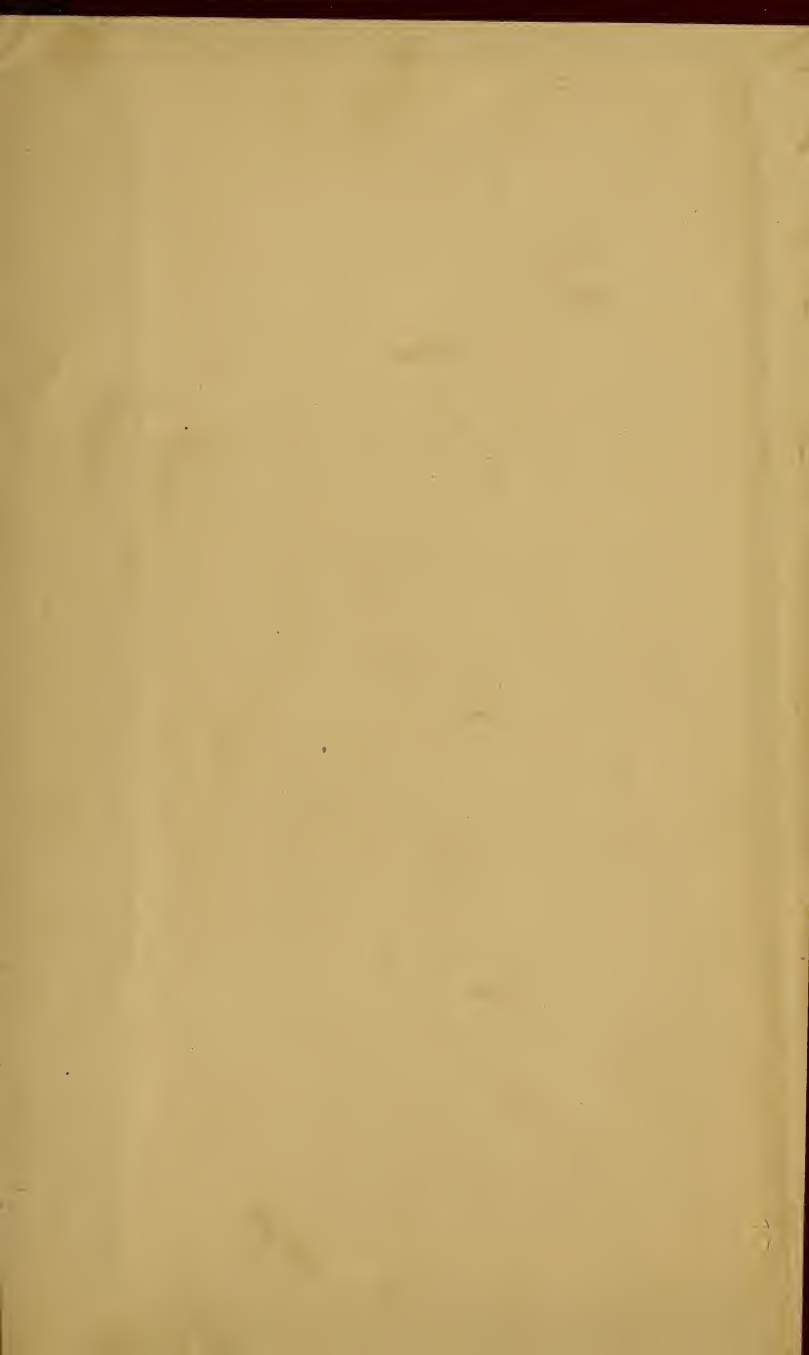
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